

Life ^{and} Service

Hymns



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Life ^{and} Service Hymns

A new collection of 370 hymns that are melodious, singable, reverent and permanent in value—rich in hymns that appeal for dedication of life to Christian service. Compiled from suggestions asked from 900 pastors, evangelists and Christian workers, and includes the cream of the church classics and the best product of modern hymn writers.

A choice list of absolutely new hymns by prominent authors appears for the first time in this book.

Contains 40 hymns for the Beginners, Primary and Junior Departments.

Mr. Bentley D. Ackley (for eight years secretary and accompanist of "Billy" Sunday) a song writer of nation-wide reputation, is our musical editor. His latest and best hymns appear in this book. Music edition only.

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Life and Service Hymns



Compiled by
B. C. Magill

Musical Editor
Bentley D. Ackley

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Va.

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Music Edition

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Foreword

WITH a happy balance "things new and old" are blended in "Life and Service Hymns," with the result that it is an ideal book for use in the Church, in the Sunday School: in Evangelistic Services, Young People's Meetings, and in the home.

The real significance of the title will become increasingly apparent as the book is used, for it abounds in selections appealing for the dedication of "Life" to our Saviour and Lord, and the life thus dedicated must respond to the insistent calls for "Service" ringing like bells throughout the entire book.

A large section of the book is devoted to the classic old hymns of the Church, sacred in association, effective in appeal, and which should become the permanent possession of our young people through memorization.

Each succeeding generation finds new terms and methods for expressing spiritual emotions and aspirations, and the Psalmist and Prophets but voiced an age-long desire when they exclaimed "Sing unto the Lord a *New Song*."

Modern song writers have therefore a warrant for their efforts to interpret the spiritual longings and experiences of their day; and when both words and melody appeal to head and heart and stimulate faith and good works, a real contribution has been made to Christian Hymnology.

Martin Luther's stately words and involved melodies served their purpose in Reformation days, the Rouse version of the Psalms expressed the faith of their time, the Wesley hymns voiced the deep emotions of the closing years of the eighteenth century, as Sankey and Bliss expressed the revival glow of the later years of the nineteenth century, and the present day hymn writers are interpreting the twentieth century as faithfully as the earlier composers interpreted their age.

We have drawn very liberally upon the compositions of well known modern hymn writers and have selected hymns that have proven their value by the test of use under widely varying conditions, and a number of compositions by able hymn writers appear for the first time in our book.

We count ourselves fortunate in having secured Mr. Bentley D. Ackley as musical editor for this book, as his wide experience as a musical composer and publisher made his counsel invaluable in the selection of usable and melodious hymns. As a composer Mr. Ackley has made a great contribution to Christian hymnology and his songs are probably more widely used to-day than those of any living American Hymn writer. His best compositions appear in this book and a number of the selections appear for the first time in our publication.

A feature of great value to workers in the elementary department of the Sunday School is the section devoted to choice, singable hymns for children, a need that is but poorly met in the average hymn book.

The work is offered with the earnest prayer that it may be used of God in leading a multitude of souls into the Christian life and that it may promote Fruitful Christian Service.

THE PUBLISHERS.

Life and Service



Hymns.



1

A Witness For Jesus.

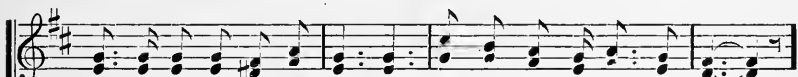
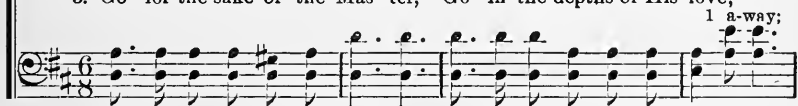
FANNY J. CROSBY.

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Words and Music.

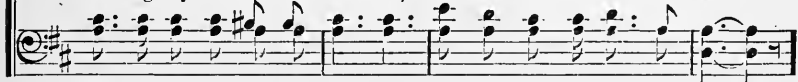
B. D. ACKLEY.



1. Go as a wit-ness for Je-sus, Take up the cross and a - way;
2. Go as a wit-ness for Je-sus, Go to the sad and op-pressed;
3. Go for the sake of the Mas-ter, Go in the depths of His love;



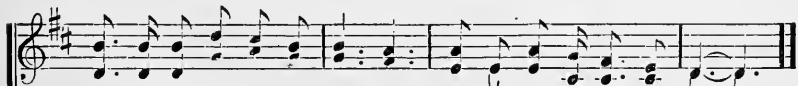
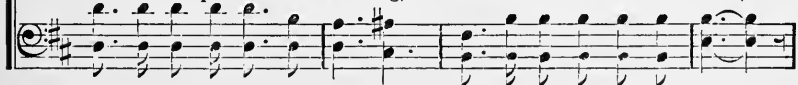
Go, by the Spir-it di-rect-ed, Hasten on thy mis-sion to-day.
Tell of a bless-ed Re-deem-er, Car-ry His mes-sage of rest.
Giv-ing thy life to His serv-ice, Thou shalt have treas-ure a-bove.



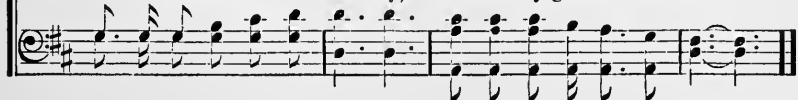
CHORUS.



Tell how He pit-ies the err-ing, Tell how He cleanseth from sin;



Lead to the door of His mer-cy, Ten-der-ly gath-er them in.



Showers of Blessing.

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JENNIE GARNETT.

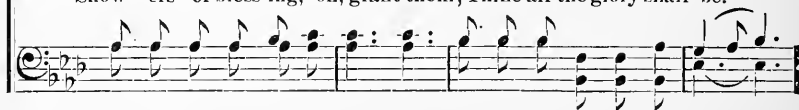
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Here in Thy name we are gathered, Come and re-vive us, O Lord;
2. O that the showers of blessing Now on our souls may descend,
3. There shall be showers of blessing, - Promise that never can fail;
4. Show-ers of blessing, - we need them, Showers of blessing from thee;



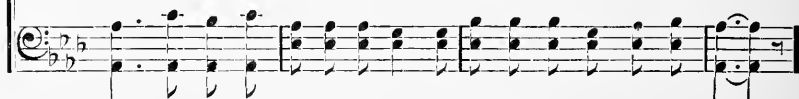
“There shall be showers of blessing” Thou hast declared in Thy word.
 While at the foot-stool of mercy Pleading Thy promise we bend!
 Thou wilt re-gard our pe-ti-tion; Sure-ly our faith will pre-vail.
 Show-ers of blessing, - oh, grant them; Thine all the glory shall be.



CHORUS.



Oh, gracious-ly hear us, Gracious-ly hear us, we pray:
 gra-ciously hear us



Pour from Thy windows upon us Show-ers of blessing to-day.
 Lord pour up-on us



Tell Somebody To-day.

Rev. ALFRED BARRATT.

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B. D. ACKLEY.



1. If Je - sus has pardoned all your sin, Tell somebod - y to - day;
2. If now you be - lieve in Je - sus' name, Tell somebod - y to - day;
3. If Je - sus has fill'd your life with song, Tell somebod - y to - day;



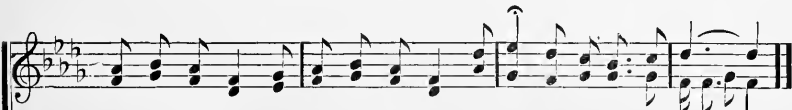
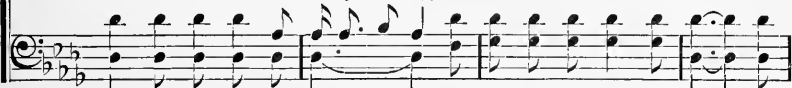
If in your own heart the light shines in, Tell somebod - y to - day.....
 His won - der - ful love with joy proclaim, Tell somebod - y to - day.....
 'Twill brighten the hours the whole day long, Tell somebod - y to - day.....
to-day.



CHORUS.



Tell somebod - y to - day,..... Somebod - y up - on life's way; Your
 some - bod - y to - day,



tell - ing may win An - oth - er from sin; O tell somebody to - day!.....
somebody to-day!

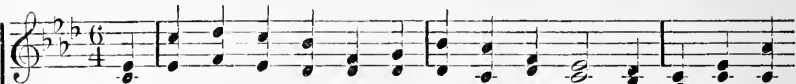


In His Likeness.

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C. H. G.

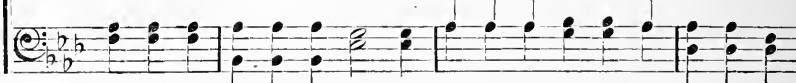
Owned by Presbyterian Committee of Publication CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Some day, with my face t'ward the gold-tint-ed west, I'll see the light
2. With friends I have loved and have lost for a - while, A - gain I shall
3. Where death never comes, where none ev-er grow old, Where all are at



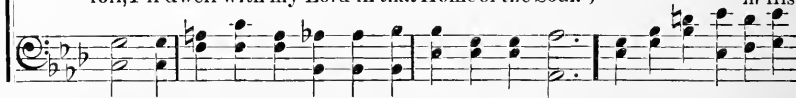
fade, and lie down to my rest, But O what a joy when the morning shall
meet where no sorrows beguile; Thro' a - ges un-end-ing His glo - ry to
rest in that Cit - y of Gold, 'Tis there, where the years of e - ter - ni - ty



CHORUS.



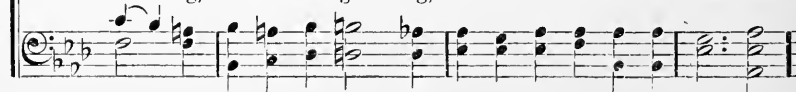
break, And I in His likeness made glorious awake. } When I a-wake,
sing, To worship and praise at the feet of my King. } in His
roll, I'll dwell with my Lord in that Home of the Soul. }



when I a-wake, When I a-wake in His like - ness; O what a
like - ness, When I a-wake, a-wake in His like-ness;



meet-ing, O what a greet-ing, When I a-wake in His like-ness.

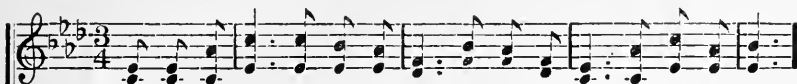


Higher Ground.

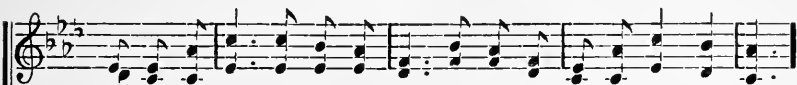
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Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

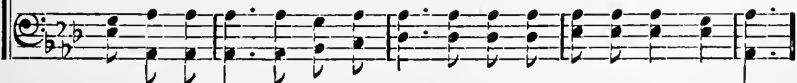
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I'm pressing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dismay;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurl'd;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glory bright;



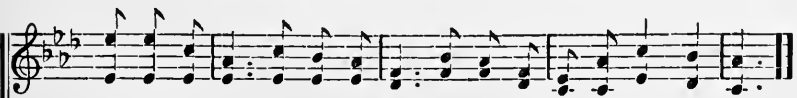
Still praying as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
 Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is higher ground.
 For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
 But still I pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."



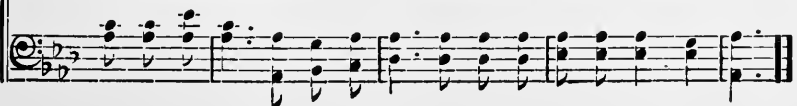
CHORUS.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta-ble-land.



A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.



Have You Prayed it Through.

Rev. W. C. POOLE.

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B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Have you pray'd all night, Till the break of day, And the morn-ing light
 2. Did you pray it through Till the an-swer came? There's a prom-ise true
 3. As the Mas-ter pray'd In the gar-den lone, Let your pray'r be made

Drove the dark a-way? Did you lin-ger there, Till the morning dew, In pre-
 For your faith to claim, At the place of pray'r, Je-sus waits for you, Did you
 To the Fa-ther's throne, If you seek His will, He will answer you; Are you

CHORUS.

vail-ing pray'r—Did you pray it through?
 meet Him there, Did you pray it through?
 trusting still, Have you pray'd it through? } Did you pray till the an-swer

came, Did you plead in the Sav-iour's name? Have you
 till it came, in His name,

pray'd all night till the morning light, Did you pray till the answer came?

7 He Will Abundantly Pardon.

E. E. HEWITT.

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B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Let the wick-ed for - sake his way, God will a - bun-dant - ly
 2. Come, ye thirst - y, O drink and live, God will a - bun-dant - ly
 3. O how pre - cious His thoughts of love! God will a - bun-dant - ly
 4. He will lead you to joy and peace; God will a - bun-dant - ly

par - don; Let him turn to the Lord to - day, He will a -
 par - don; Life e - ter - nal, He'll free - ly give; He will a -
 par - don; High - er still than the heav'ns a - bove, He will a -
 par - don; All rich bless - ing to you in - crease, He will a -

CHORUS.

bun-dant - ly par - don. Come to this won - der - ful Sav - iour,

Je - sus so faith - ful and true;..... He will a -
 so faith - ful and true;

bun-dant - ly par - don, He will have mer - cy on you.....
 have mer - cy on you.

Is It Not Wonderful?

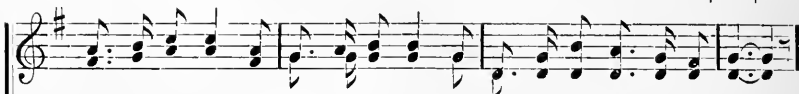
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E. A. H.

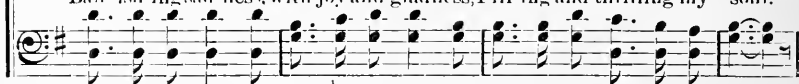
Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. Won-drous it seem-eth to me, Je-sus so gracious should be,
 2. Heart of mine nev-er could know, Je-sus such peace could be-stow,
 3. Once I was full of all sin, Now, thro' the blood I am clean;
 4. Long I re-sist-ed His grace, In my heart gave Him no place;
 5. He doth my new heart con-trol, Cleansing and keeping me whole;



Mer-cy re-veal-ing, comfort-ing, heal-ing, Blessing a sin-ner like me.
 Till the dear Saviour showed me His favor, Cleansed my heart whiter than snow.
 Will-ing to save me, par-don He gave me, And I am hap-py with-in.
 But Je-sus sought me till He had brought me, Pen-i-tent, seeking His face.
 Ban-ish-ing sad-ness, with joy and gladness, Fill-ing and thrilling my soul.



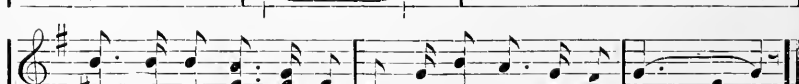
CHORUS.



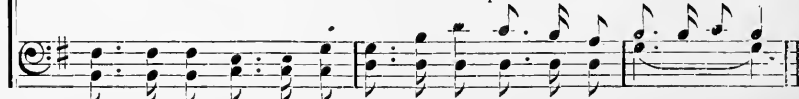
Is it not won-der-ful, is it not won-der-ful Je-sus so



gra-cious should be?..... Yes, it is won-der-ful
 lov-ing and gra-cious should be?



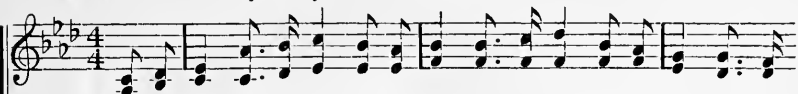
strange and so won-der-ful That He should save e-ven me!.....
 par-don and save e-ven me!



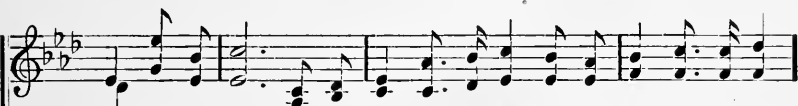
9 Will I Bring Any Sheaves?

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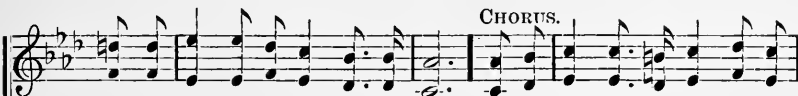
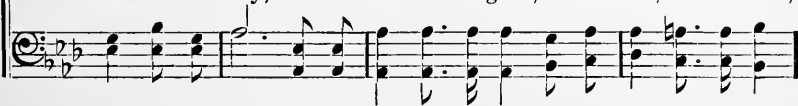
E. E. HEWITT. Owned by Presbyterian Committee of Publication CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



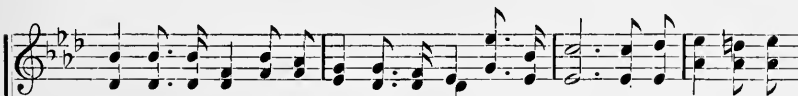
1. When the sun- set of time fades a-way in the sky, And the fields yield their
2. Not the joy of the har-vest for those who neglect The sweet service of
3. Let me sow precious seed, let me nurture the grain; Let me toil, as He



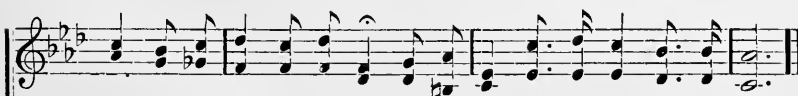
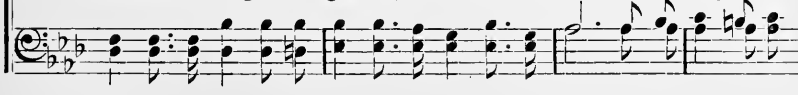
har-vest so fair; When the ranks of the reap-ers shall gath-er on high,
Je - sus be - low; But for those who go forth, as His word shall di-rect,
shows me the way; He will make it to grow, in the sun, in the rain,



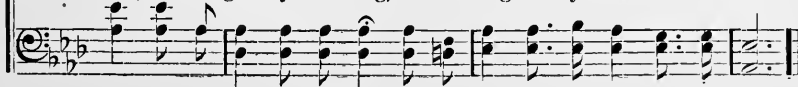
Will I bring any sheaves with me there?
With the love of the Mas-ter a-glow. } Any sheaves for the Lord, an-y
And some sheaves will I bind "in that day."



sheaves will I bring To the garner, e-ter-nal and fair? When the reapers shall



sing, and the glo - ry - bells ring, Will I bring an - y sheaves with me there?



Jesus Wants to Help You.

INA DULEY OGDON.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley.
Words and Music

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Je - sus wants to help you with your heav-y load of care, For He
 2. Je - sus wants to help you as you vain-ly strive with wrong, Wants to
 3. Je - sus wants to help you, of your tri - als to re - lieve, Seek and

knows without Him you must fail; Let this Friend who loves you in your
 com - fort you in sorrow's hour; Joys of earth and heaven all thro'
 find Him, and your needs unfold; Je - sus wants to help you, ask of
 1. you must fail;

ev - 'ry bur - den share, In His strength a - lone can you pre - vail.
 Him to you be - long, For in Him are mer - cy, grace and pow'r.
 Him, you shall re - ceive, No good thing from you will He with - hold.

CHORUS.

He will help you, if you let Him, If you will not for - get Him, And

all your burdens try to bear a - lone; He will help you, if you let Him,
 bear alone;

Jesus Wants to Help You.—Concluded.

O how can you for-get Him? For Je-sus is the best Friend ev-er known!

11 Be With Me All My Journey.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

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B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Be with me all my jour - ney, Sav - iour mine;
 2. Go with me through temp - ta - tion, Sav - iour dear;
 3. Go with me through the tem - pest, King of kings;
 4. Go with me all my jour - ney, Pre - cious Friend.

And let the light of glo - ry O'er me shine.
 O let me feel thy pres - ence Ev - er near.
 Hid - ing me in the shad - ow Of Thy wings.
 Guid - ing me, safe - ly guid - ing, To the end.

CHORUS.

Be with me ev - 'ry mo - ment, Be with me ev - 'ry hour;
 ev - 'ry mo - ment,

Up-hold, pro-tect and keep me, By Thine al-might-y ' power.

The Saviour at the Door.

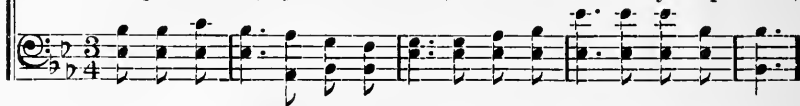
J. K. R.

Rev. J. K. Roberts, owner. Used by per.

Rev. J. K. ROBERTS.



1. The Saviour stands outside the door, In lov-ing mer-cy wait-ing there;
2. He knocks with hands all rent and torn With cruel spikes nailed to the tree,
3. Accept Him now, thy Saviour, Friend, While there is time thy lamp to trim,



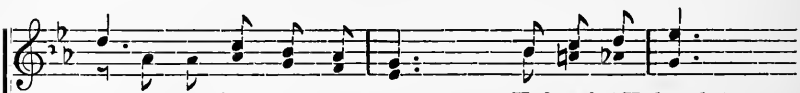
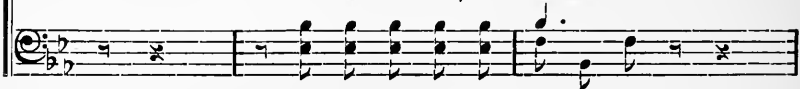
And longs to pass the threshold o'er, To free thy life from earthborn care.
And in His bod-y there hath borne The pen-al-ty of sin for thee.
Lest woe shall be thine aw-ful end For hav-ing thus re-ject-ed Him.



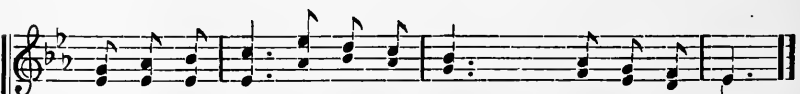
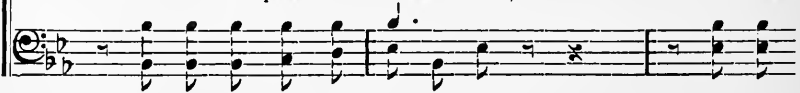
CHORUS.



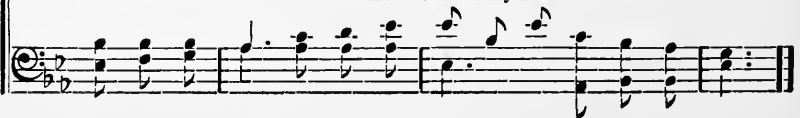
He knocks! He knocks! un-bar the door, Lest He de-
He knocks! un-bar, un-bar the door.



part for - ev - er - more; He knocks! He knocks!
Lest he de-part for - ev - er - more; He knocks!



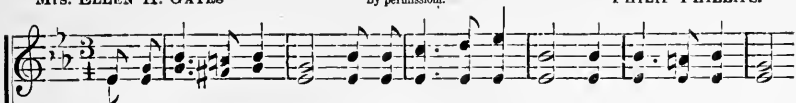
O let Him in, He'll cleanse thy heart from ev-'ry sin.
He'll cleanse thy heart



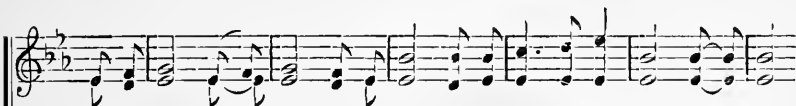
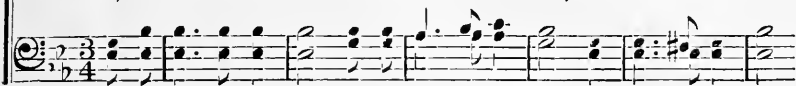
Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES

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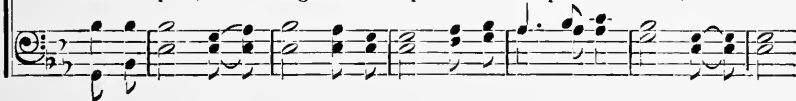
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



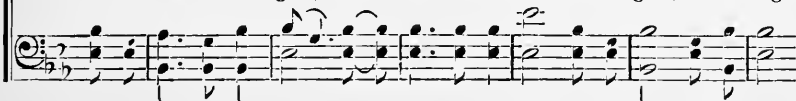
1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way home
2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vis-ions and dreams, It's bright, jas-per walls
3. That un-chang-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of Naz-
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all sor-



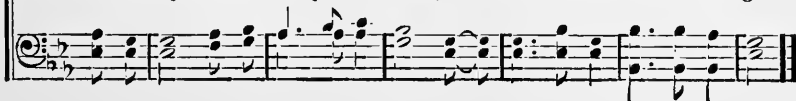
of the soul, Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-tering strand, While the years I can see; Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be-tween ar-eth stands, The King of all king-doms for-ev-er is He, And He hold-erow and pain; With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet



of e-ter-ni-ty roll, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll; Where no storms the fair cit-y and me, Be-tween the fair cit-y and me; Till I fan-eth our crowns in His hands; And He hold-eth our crowns in His hands, The King one an-oth-er a-gain, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain; With songs



ev-er beat on the glit-tering strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll. cy but thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair cit-y and me. of all king-doms for-ev-er is He, And He hold-eth our crowns in His hands. on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain.



14 At Evening Time it Shall be Light.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1915.*

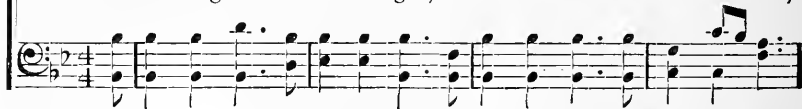
Copyright, 1915, by Wm. Howard Doane.

W. H. DOANE.

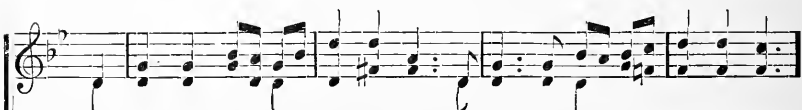
Gently.



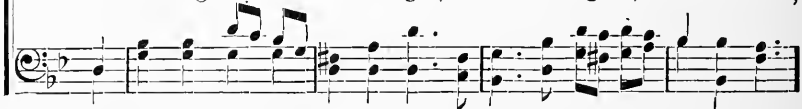
1. At eve-ning time it shall be light; When fades the day of toil a - way,
2. At eve-ning time it shall be light; We'll gather flow'rs from rural bow'rs;
3. At eve-ning time it shall be light; No cares shall harm no fears a - larm;



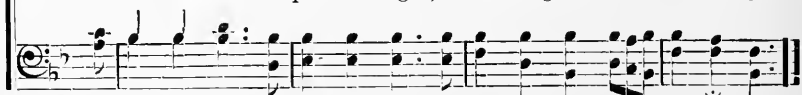
No shadows deep, no wea-ry night, At eve-ning time it shall be light.
O sa-cred hope of glo-ry bright, At eve-ning time it shall be light.
If one in Christ, our souls u-nite; At eve-ning time it shall be light,



At eve-ning time it shall be light; Im-mor-tal love from realms a-bove,
At eve-ning time it shall be light; Sweet evening time of joy di-vine,
At eve-ning time it shall be light; The heart will glow, no tears will flow,



Is breathing now the promise bright, At eve-ning time it shall be light.
That makes the Christians life so bright, At eve-ning time it shall be light.
It can - not lose its promise bright, At eve-ning time it shall be light.



* The last hymn written by Fanny Crosby, 1915. Musical setting by W. H. Doane.

He Gave Himself For Me.

J. W. V.

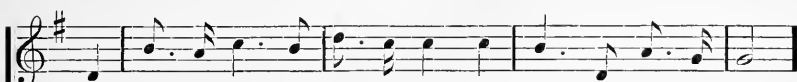
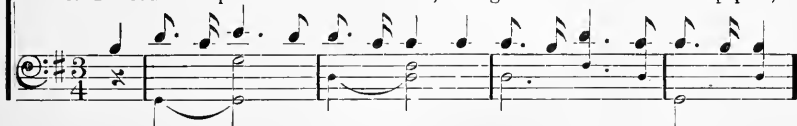
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J. W. VAN DEVENTER.

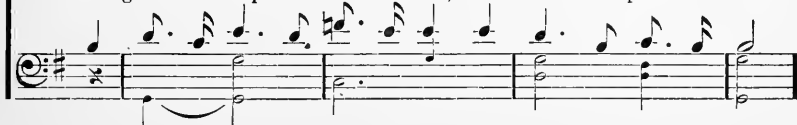
DUET.



1. The debt I owed I could not pay, For I was help-less from the fall;
2. The way was dark, I could not see, My hope was gone, my faith was small;
3. By faith I saw His ag - o - ny, That dreadful day I now re-call,
4. He saved my soul that once was lost, He res-cued me, a worthless thrall;
5. I found a place with-in His care, The gates of death can-not ap-pall;



Yet still I heard the Spir - it say That Je - sus paid it all.
 Un - til the Word re-vealed to me, That Je - sus paid it all.
 When noth-ing else could sat - is - fy, Then Je - sus paid it all.
 I won-der when I count the cost Why Je - sus paid it all.
 His grace will keep me o - ver there, For Je - sus paid it all.



CHORUS.



He paid my debt up - on the cross, He died to set me free;



When noth-ing else could pay the loss, He gave Him-self for me.



Let Us Pass Over the River.

KATE CAMERON.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. When our work is end-ed, we shall sweetly rest 'Mid the saint-ed spir-its,
 2. Earth hath ma-ny sorrows, but they can-not last, And our greatest troubles
 3. When the storm is o-ver, sweet will be the calm; After life's long bat-tle,

safe on Je - sus' breast; All our tri - als o - ver, we shall glad - ly sing,
 quickly will be past; If we look to Je - sus, He will give us strength;
 bright the victor's palm; And the cross of anguish which now weighs us down,

CHORUS.

Grave! where is thy vict'ry? Death! where is thy sting?
 By His grace we shall be conquer-ors at length. } Tho' the dark waves roll
 We'll exchange in heaven for a shin - ing crown. }

high, we will be un - dismayed; "Let us pass o - ver the riv - er, And

rest under the shade, rest under the shade, Rest under the shade of the trees."

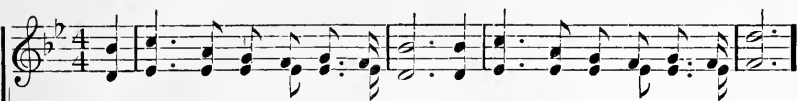
NOTE.—This hymn was suggested by the dying words of a famous general in the late Civil War.

I Know!

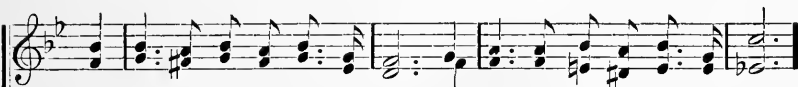
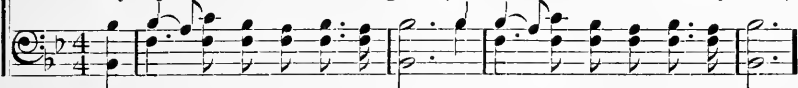
"But I Know!" Copyright, 1907, by Charles M. Alexander.
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FRED. P. MORRIS.

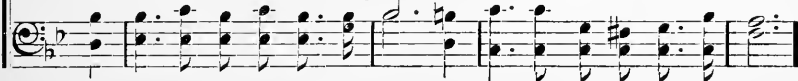
ROBERT HARKNESS.



1. They say my Lord was but a man Who struggled on like you and me
2. They say my Sav-iour could not be The Son of God my Lord di-vine;
3. They say the world has wis-er grown; He could not suf-fer in my stead;



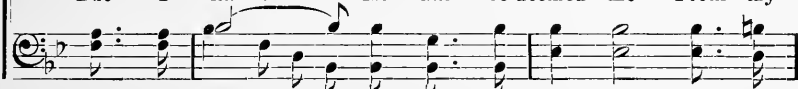
To give the world a per-fect plan Of what a per-fect man should be,
That He was but a man like me, With passion in His heart like mine,
Nor could He for my sin a-tone, For me His blood could not be shed.



CHORUS. *With spirit.*



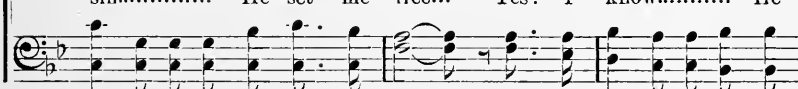
But I know. He has re-deemed me From my



Yes I know



sin..... He set me free... Yes! I know..... He

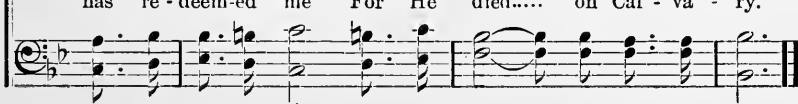


from my sin

yes! I know



has re-deem-ed me For He died.... on Cal - va - ry.



When Your Life Rings True.

A. PRINTZLAN BOWEN.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley.
Words and Music

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Does your life ring out for Je - sus with a note of cheer, Tell - ing
2. You may think the world ig - nores you as you pass a - long, Car - ing
3. You may nev - er know that you have help'd someone to win, In the

to the world He dai - ly grows more dear; It will vi - brate thro' the
noth - ing for your stand a - gainst the wrong; But no mat - ter what your
strug - gle for the vic - t'ry o - ver sin; You may nev - er see the

distance with His love for you, And come back a joy - ous ech - o, when your
sta - tion, or what you may do, Worldly friends are quick to know it, when your
fruit of lov - ing deeds you do, But there is an ech - o somewhere, when your

life rings true. When your life rings true, When your life rings true,

There will be an ech - o, com - ing back to you; When your life rings true,

When Your Life Rings True.—Concluded.

When your life rings true; There will be an ech-o, when your life rings true.

19 Talk it Over with Jesus.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley.
Words and Music.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL, JR.

1. When the bur-den is hard to bear, Talk it o-ver with Je-sus;
2. When you're tempted to yield to sin, Talk it o-ver with Je-sus;
3. Are you weep-ing for lov'd ones lost? Talk it o-ver with Je-sus;
4. Would you la-bor for Him to-day? Talk it o-ver with Je-sus;
5. Would you en-ter those mansions blest, Talk it o-ver with Je-sus;

If you're bear-ing a load of care, Talk it o-ver with Je-sus.
 When the tempt-er your soul would win, Talk it o-ver with Je-sus.
 If in sor-row your soul is toss'd, Talk it o-ver with Je-sus.
 He will all of your toil re-pay, Talk it o-ver with Je-sus.
 With your Sav-iour for-ev-er rest, Talk it o-ver with Je-sus.

CHORUS

Talk it o-ver with Je-sus, Go and tell Him all;

He will an-swer when'er you call, Talk it o-ver with Je-sus.

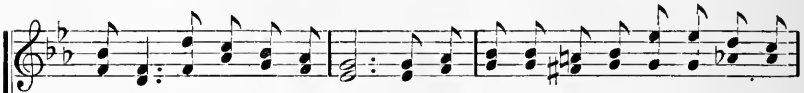
Tell It Everywhere You Go.

Copyright, 1914, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

HERBERT BUFFUM Owned by Presbyterian Committee of Publication CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. If your sins have been for - giv - en you in Je - sus' bless - ed name,
2. If you've found the Saviour pre - cious in your ev - 'ry time of need,
3. If the love of God is sweet - er than the pleas - ure found in sin,



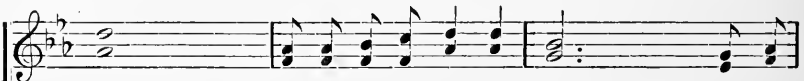
Tell it ev - 'ry - where you go; It may help some oth - er wea - ry heart to
 Tell it ev - 'ry - where you go; Tell the world that He will always prove He
 Tell it ev - 'ry - where you go; There are souls who dwell in darkness whom to



CHORUS.



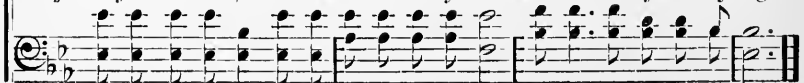
seek and find the same, Tell it ev'rywhere you go. } Tell it ev'rywhere you
 is a Friend indeed, Tell it ev'rywhere you go. } Tell it, tell it,
 Je - sus you may win; Tell it ev'rywhere you go. } Tell it, tell it,



go, Tell it ev - 'ry - where you go, As you
 ev - 'ry - where you go, Tell it, tell it ev - 'ry - where you go,



journey here below, Let the world around you know, Tell it ev'rywhere you go.



21 I Know I Love Thee Better, Lord.

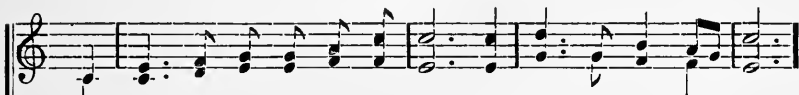
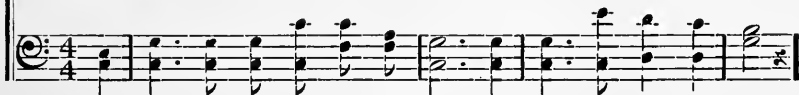
Copyright, 1881, by R. E. Hudson. By per.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

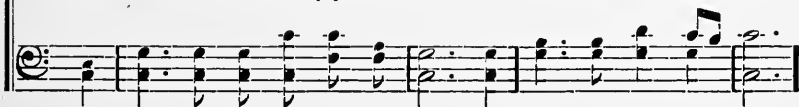
R. E. HUDSON.



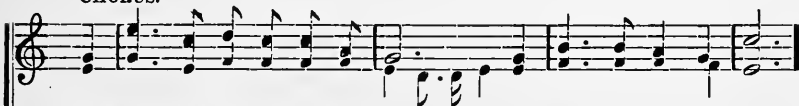
1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an - y earth - ly joy;
2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than an - y earth - ly throng;
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then may I well be glad!
4. O Sav - iour, precious Saviour, mine! What will Thy pres-ence be,



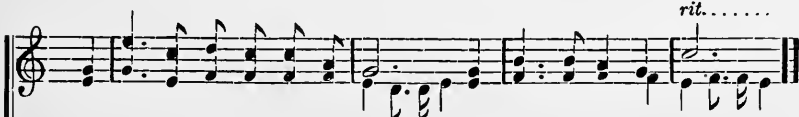
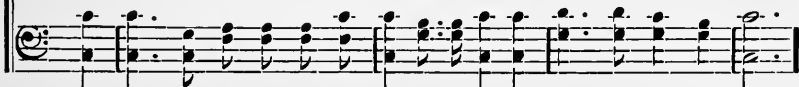
For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
And sweet - er is the thought of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.
With - out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?



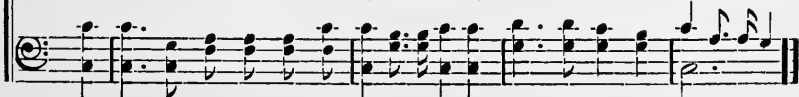
CHORUS.



The half has nev - er yet been told, Of love so full and free!
yet been told,



The half has nev - er yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me!
yet been told, cleanseth me!



I Give Myself To Thee.

(Consecration Hymn.)

Copyright, 1917, B. D. and by A. H. Ackley.

A. H. A.

Rev. A. H. ACKLEY.

Prayerfully.

1. Bless-ed Je - sus O I need Thee, Friends of earth can - not a - vail,
2. I am trust-ing in Thy prom-ise, Humbly kneel-ing at Thy feet,
3. Cru - el stripes were laid up - on Thee, More than Thy dear form could bear,
4. And if one so high and ho - ly, Could stoop down so low for me,
5. I will love Thee, I will serve Thee, Till at last my soul shall stand,



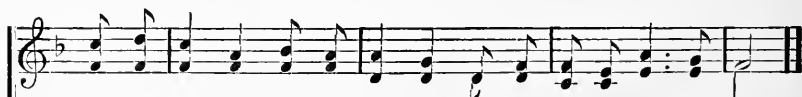
Love di - vine a - lone can save me, Hu-man love is weak and frail.
 Touch me with Thy hand of mer - cy, Make my bro - ken heart com-plete.
 There was none to share Thy sor - row, Or to shed a pity-ing tear.
 I will make a full sur - ren - der, Thine for - ev - er more to be.
 In the pres - ence of Thy glo - ry; When I cross the bor - der-land.



CHORUS.



Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast done so much for me,



Now be - liev - ing on Thy prom - ise, Lord I give my - self to Thee.



Jesus Saves.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

Copyright, 1914, W. J. Kirkpatrick Renewal By per.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Let the na - tions now re - jice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
 Sing ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves,

On - ward, 'tis our Lord's com - mand, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

He Will Hide Me.

Copyright, 1906, James McGranahan. Renewal.
By per. Charles M. Alexander.

M. E. SERVOS.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. When the storms of life are rag-ing, Tempests wild on sea and land,
2. Tho' He may send some af - flic-tion, 'Twill but make me long for home;
3. Eu - e - mies may strive to in - jure, Sa - tau all His arts em - ploy;
4. So, while here the cross I'm bear-ing, Meet-ing storms and bil-lows wild,

I will seek a place of ref - uge In the shad-ow of God's hand.
For in love and not in an - ger, All His chast-en-ings will come.
He will turn what seems to harm me In - to ev - er - last-ing joy.
Je - sus for my soul is car - ing, Naught can harm His Father's child.

CHORUS.

He will hide me, He will hide me, Where no

He will hide me, He will hide me,

harm . . . can e'er be-tide me; He will hide me, safe-ly

Where no harm can e'er be-tide me; He will hide me,

He Will Hide Me.

hide me In the shad - - - ow of His hand.



safe - ly hide me In the shad - ow of His hand.



25

In the Hour of Trial.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

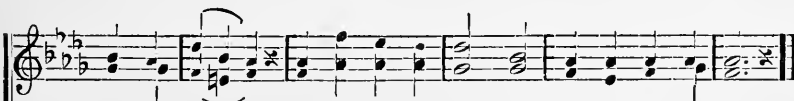
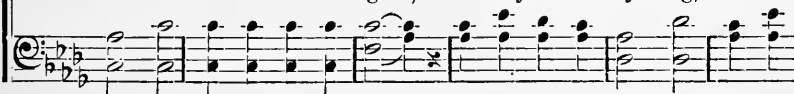
SPENCER LANE.



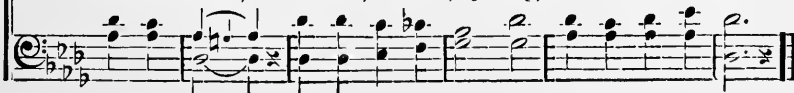
1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead with me; Lest by base de -
2. With for - bid - den pleas - ures Would this vain world charm; Or its sor - did
3. Should Thy mercy send me Sor - row, toil, and woe; Or should pain at -
4. When my last hour cometh, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust re -



ni - al I de - part from Thee, When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a
treasures, Spread to work me harm; Bring to my re - mem - brance Sad Geth -
tend me On my path be - low: Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy
turn - eth To the dust a - gain; On Thy truth re - ly - ing, Thro' that



look re - call, Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
sem - a - ne, Or, in dark - er sem - blance, Cross - crown'd Calvary.
hand to see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
mor - tal strife, Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.



The Hand that Holds Me Steady.

Rev. W. C. POOLE.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley.
Words and Music.

B. D. ACKLEY.

Tempo di marcia.

1. There's a hand that safe - ly guides me O - ver all the unknown way;
2. There's a hand that ev - er shields me, When the tempt - er would a - larm;
3. There's a hand that leads to heav - en, Safe - ly thro' a world of sin;

And no mat - ter what be - tides me, This the hand I love to - day;
There's a hand that ev - er helps me, Guarding me from sin and harm;
'Tis the hand that o - ver Sa - tan Shall at last the vic - t'ry win;

There's a hand that ev - er holds me, 'Tis the hand that keeps me true;
O the pre - cious hand of Je - sus, That was pierc'd on Cal - va - ry;
There's a hand reach'd out to sin - ners, In their sin and need to - day;

'Tis the nail - pierc'd hand of Je - sus, That was wound - ed once for you.
I will go where - e'er it lead - eth, With a will - ing heart, and free.
There's a hand that leads them homeward, Where - so - e'er their feet may stray.

CHORUS.

There's a hand that holds me stead - y, Wound - ed once for you and me;

The Hand that Holds Me Steady.—Concluded.

And my heart cries I am read - y, Bless - ed Lord, to follow Thee.

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves.

27 Poor in Spirit, Pure in Heart.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley.
Words and Music.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Poor in spir - it, pure in heart, Liv - ing all for Thee;
2. Poor in spir - it, pure in heart, Pre - cious words of Thine;
3. Poor in spir - it, pure in heart, Keep, O keep my soul;
4. Poor in spir - it, pure in heart, Then my tri - als past;

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves.

Meek and low - ly as Thou art, Sav - iour, I would be.
They shall see Thy face a - bove, May that joy be mine.
Let me feel Thy bound - less love, Like an o - cean roll.
Thou hast promised I shall sing, Vic - to - ry at last.

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves.

CHORUS.

Thou who know - est all my care, Help me thro' this world of sin;

Musical notation for the chorus, including treble and bass staves.

Pa - tient - ly my cross to bear, Till the crown of life I win.

Musical notation for the final system, including treble and bass staves.

Labor On.

Copyright, 1870, in "Songs of Devotion." By per.

W. H. DOANE.

O. R. BLACKALL.

Spirited.

1. In the har-vest field there is work to do, For the grain is
 2. Crowd the gar-ner well with its sheaves all bright, Let the song be
 3. In the glean-er's path may be rich re-ward, Thro' the time seems
 4. Lo! the Har-vest Home in the realms a - bove Shall be gained by

ripe, and the reap-ers few; And the Mas-ter's voice bids the work-ers true
 glad, and the heart be light; Fill the precious hour, ere the shades of night
 long, and the la - bor hard; For the Mas-ter's joy, with His chos - en shar'd,
 each who have toil'd and strove, When the Master's voice, in its tones of love

CHORUS.

Heed the call that He gives to - day.
 Take the place of the gold - en day.
 Drives the gloom from the darkest day.
 Calls a - way to e - ter - nal day.

La - bor on! la - bor
 la - bor on!

on! la - bor on! Keep the bright re - ward in view; For the

Mas - ter has said, He will strength renew; Labor on till the close of day.

Saved, Saved!

J. P. S.

Copyright, 1911, by Robert H. Coleman
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J. P. SCHOLFIELD.

1. I've found a Friend who is all to me,..... His
2. He saves me from ev-'ry sin and harm,..... Se-
3. When poor and need - y and all a - lone,..... In

love is ev - er true;..... I love to tell how He
cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean - ing strong on His
love He said to me,..... "Come un - to me and I'll

lift - ed me, And what His grace can do for you.
might - y arm; I know He'll guide me all the way.
lead you home, To live with me e - ter - nal - ly."

CHORUS.

Saved..... by His pow'r di-vine, Saved..... to new life sublime!
Sav'd by His pow'r, Sav'd to new life,

rit.
Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, for I'm Saved, saved, saved!

1. Friend without Je - sus, why strive in vain? Why car - ry bur - dens
 2. Friend without Je - sus, why do you wait? Why are you stand - ing
 3. Friend without Je - sus, why still de - lay? He says, "My lost child

and sins that stain? Je - sus is read - y burdens to lift, Darkness to
 out - side the gate? He is the One the Father has sent, He calls "Come
 - trust me to - day," His arms shall welcome to realms a - bove, Friend without

CHORUS.

scat - ter, all clouds to rift. } Friend without Je - sus, He died for
 home" all ye who re - pent. }
 Je - sus, yield to His love. }

thee, From sin's long bond - age He'll make you free; "All of thy

bur - dens rest now on me," Friend without Je - sus, He died for thee.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Down life's dark vale we wander, Till Je - sus comes; We watch and wait and
 2. Oh, let my lamp be burning When Je - sus comes; For Him my soul be
 3. No more heart-pangs nor sadness, When Jesus comes; All peace and joy and
 4. All doubts and fears will vanish, When Jesus comes; All gloom His face will
 5. He'll know the way was dreary, When Jesus comes; He'll know the feet grew
 6. He'll know what griefs oppressed me, When Jesus comes; Oh, how His arms will

CHORUS.

won - der, Till Je - sus comes.
 yearning, When Jesus comes.
 gladness, When Jesus comes.
 ban - ish, When Jesus comes.
 wea - ry, When Jesus comes.
 rest me! When Jesus comes.

All joy His loved ones bringing, When Jesus comes;

All praise thro' heaven ringing, When Jesus comes; All beauty bright and vernal

When Je - sus comes; All glo - ry, grand, e - ter - nal, When Jesus comes.

32 Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

H. G. S.

Copyright, 1903, by H. G. Smyth. Owned by R. A. Torrey.

H. G. SMYTH.

1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is the love of God
 2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Are you bur-dened for
 3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless-ing? Is it dai-ly
 4. We can not be chan-nels of bless-ing If our lives are not

flowing thro' you? Are you tell-ing the lost of the Sav-iour? Are you
 those that are lost? Have you urged upon those who are stray-ing, The
 tell-ing for Him? Have you spoken the word of sal-va-tion To
 free from all sin; We will bar-ri-ers .be and a bin-drance To

CHORUS.

read-y His ser-vice to do?
 Sav-iour who died on the cross? } Make me a channel of blessing to-day,
 those who are dy-ing in sin?
 those we are try-ing to win.

Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing, I pray; My life pos-sess-ing,

my ser-vice bless-ing, Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day.

33 Blessed Whosoever, That Means Me.

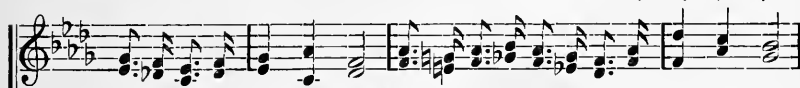
W. J. S.

Copyright, 1914, W. J. Sechrest. By per.

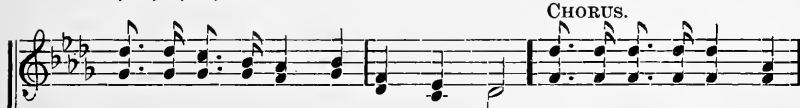
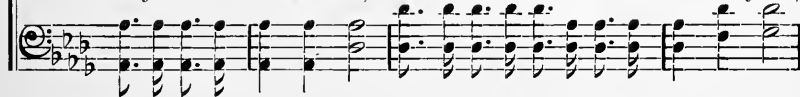
W. J. SECHREST.



1. Who-so-ev-er will may come and now be-lieve, Who-so-ev-er
2. Who-so-ev-er will may now to Je-sus come, Who-so-ev-er
3. Who-so-ev-er will may come and Christ re-ceive, Who-so-ev-er
4. Who-so-ev-er will may to the foun-tain go, Who-so-ev-er

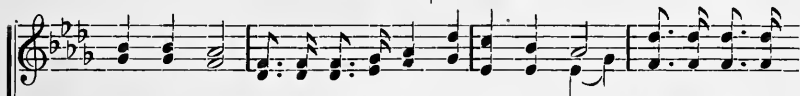


will may come and life re-ceive, Who-so-ev-er will may come and now be free,
 will may have in heav'n a home, Who-so-ev-er will a child of God may be,
 will may come and drink and live, Who-so-ev-er will may come with just this plea,
 will may be as white as snow, Who-so-ev-er will from death to life may flee,

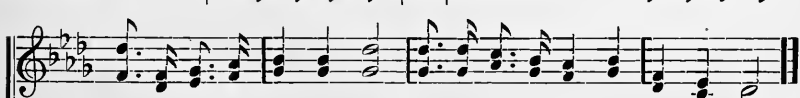
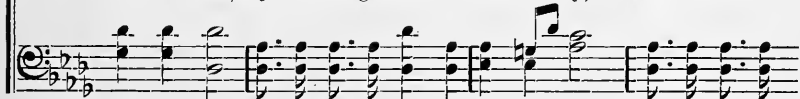


CHORUS.

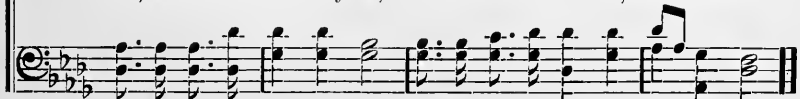
Bless-ed who-so-ev-er, that means me. Who-so-ev-er will may



now be free, By a sin-gle look to Cal-va-ry, Who-so-ev-er



will, a child of God may be, Bless-ed who-so-ev-er, that means me.



The Fight is On.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Copyright, 1905, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. The fight is on, the trum-pet sound is ring-ing out; The cry, "To
 2. The fight is on, a-rouse, ye soldiers brave and true! Je - ho - vah
 3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry: The bow of

arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing
 leads, and vic - t'ry will as - sure; Go, buck - le on the arm - or
 prom - ise spans the east-ern skies; His glo - rious name in ev - 'ry

un - to vic - to - ry, The tri - umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
 God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en-dure.
 land shall honored be, The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar -

ray,..... With ar - mor gleam-ing, and col - ors stream-ing, The right and

The Fight is On.

Harmony.

wrong en - gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not
 wea - ry; Be strong, and in His might hold fast: If God be
 for us, His ban - ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic - tor's song at last!
 Vic - t'ry! Vic - t'ry!

35

O for a Soul!

W. J. K.

Copyright, 1900, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O for a soul - a - glow with love, With love for God and man;
2. A soul so large that all man - kind Can be embraced there - in;
3. A soul so great that God a - lone Can ac - tu - ate its will;
4. A soul that loves his fel - low - man, No mat - ter what his need;
5. Lord, give us each a soul like this, To live and work for Thee,

Re - joic - ing ev - 'ry pass - ing day To fol - low God's own plan!
 The high, the low, the good, the bad, Be count - ed all a - kin.
 That ev - 'ry pulse shall beat for Him, His pur - pose to ful - fill.
 That fol - lows out the Gold - en Rule, In thought, and word, and deed.
 And do our best to el - e - vate En - tire hu - man - i - ty.

JAMES ROWE.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley.
Words and Music.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. I was wild-ly toss'd a-bout on the sea of sin and doubt, And the
 2. Peace and joy are mine at last, drift-ing days for-ev-er past; To the
 3. Drift-ing heart, make Jesus yours, let Him mend the broken oars, Let the

waves of troub-le nev-er ceas'd to roll; But the Sav-iour now is mine
 end of life my Lord shall have control, For He took my sin a-way,
 lov-ing Ho-ly Spir-it make you whole, Then with-in your life shall be

and the sun be-gan to shine, When He became the an-chor of my soul.
 won my heart's true love that day, When He became the an-chor of my soul.
 this great joy that came to me, When He became the an-chor of my soul.

CHORUS.

I am an-ched, safe-ly an-ched, With a smile I watch the

an-gry bil-lows roll; They can harm me nevermore, days and
 an-gry bil-lows roll;

Since He Became My Anchor.—Concluded.

nights of fear are o'er, Since He be-came the an-chor of my soul.

37 What will You Give to Jesus?

Rev. A. H. ACKLEY.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley.
Words and Music.

B. D. ACKLEY.

DUET.

1. What will you give to Je - sus, Out of your treasured store?
 2. What will you give to Je - sus? Shall it be less than all?
 3. What will you give to Je - sus? Hear the world's pleading cry;
 4. If you would win His fa - vor, Of - fer not gifts of clay;

Shall it be gold or sil - ver, Will you not give Him more?
 Do not with-hold a por - tion, Heed not the tempt - er's call.
 Will you re - fuse to car - ry Mer - cy to those who die?
 Je - sus wants con - se - cra - tion, Give Him your heart to - day.

CHORUS.

What will you give to Je - sus? Je - sus gave all to you;
 Give Him your heart's de - vo - tion, Noth - ing but love will do.

Until I Find It In Jesus.

"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."—Ex. 3: 5.

JESSE P. TOMPKINS.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley
Words and Music

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. When I think of my God as the "Ancient of Days," And pon-der in
 2. When I see in my soul all the sins of my life, And wea-ry I
 3. When I think of my grief thro' the flow of my tears, And bur-y my

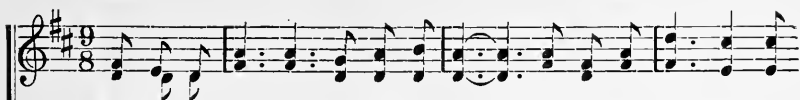
awe on His won-der-ful ways; His tho'ts are so high, That I fear to draw nigh,
 walk thro' the warrings and strife; How blindly I stray From the heav'nly way,
 hope in the shad-ow of fears; I long for the light Thro' the darkness of night.

CHORUS.

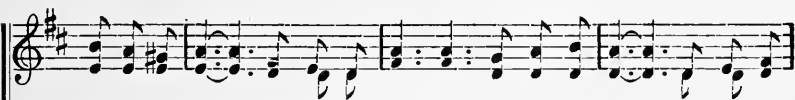
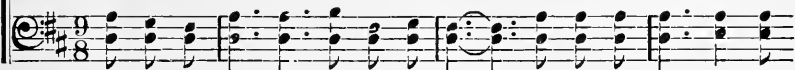
Un - til I see Him in Je - sus.
 Un - til I find it in Je - sus. } In Jesus my Saviour, the brightest and best,
 And find it on - ly in Je - sus.

My Broth-er and Friend, as I lean on His breast, So ten-der and

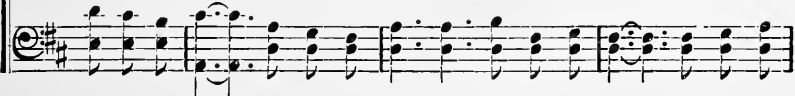
mer - ci - ful, then I can see God lov-eth a sin-ner, a sin-ner like me.



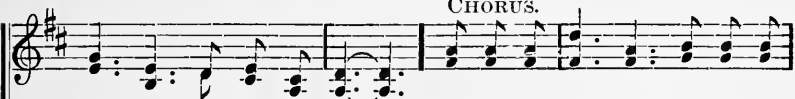
1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am



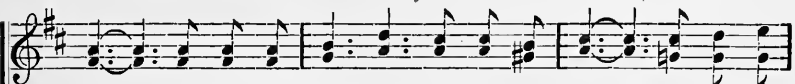
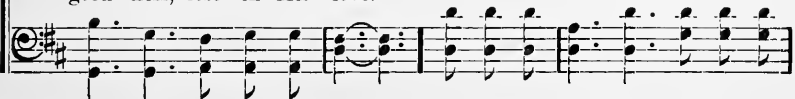
glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His
burst on my sight, An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of
hap-py and blest, Watching and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His



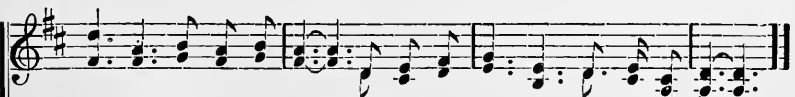
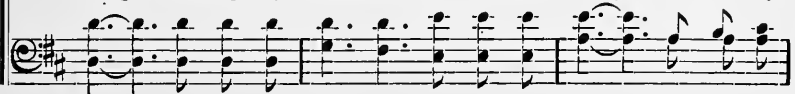
CHORUS.



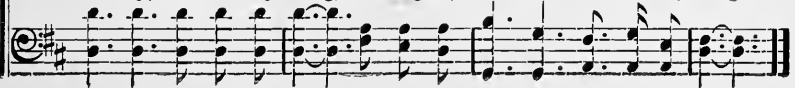
Spir-it, washed in His blood.
mer-cy, whis-pers of love. } This is my sto-ry, this is my
good-ness, lost in His love.



song; Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my



sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.



40 Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining.

O. AUSTIN MILES.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. O - ver all a God of love is reign - ing, So trust Him
2. When the storms of life shall fierce as - sail me, We'll watch to -
3. Tar - ry not, my soul, but seek the moun - tain And up - ward

ev - er, who fail - eth nev - er, What He sends I'll take, and
to - geth - er, nor note the weather, For I know that He will
press - ing, to find your bless - ing, Drink - ing deep the wa - ters

not com - plain - ing Shall seek a per - fect faith in Him.
nev - er fail me, And so I put my trust in Him.
of that foun - tain Of per - fect love which dwells with Him.

CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry cloud has a sil - ver lin - ing, Per - fect love by faith is won, -

So my soul looks up to its Re - deemer As the flow - ers seek the sun.

41 Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

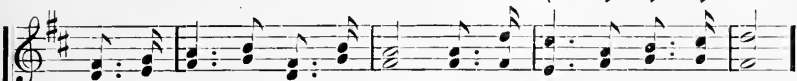
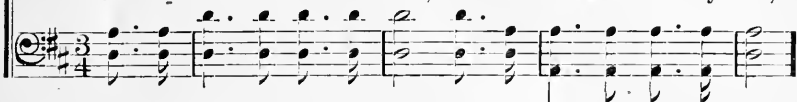
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Arr. from NEUMASTER, 1671

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive; Sound this word of grace to all,
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart con - demns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;



Who the heav'n - ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleans'd me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
Purg'd from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.



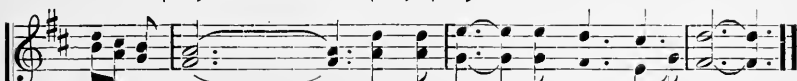
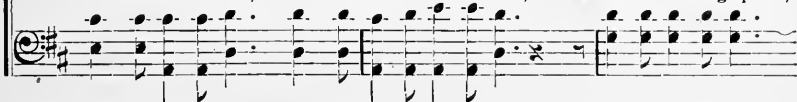
REFRAIN.



Sing it o'er and o'er a - gain; Christ re -
Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er a - gain: re -

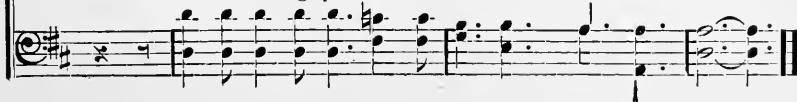


ceiv - - eth sin - ful men; Make the mes - - sage
ceiv - eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men; Make the message plain,



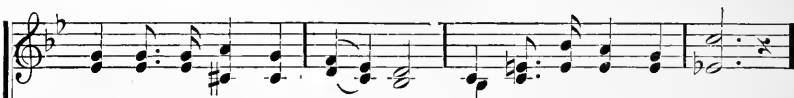
clear and plain: Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.

Make the message plain





1. What tho' the clouds hang heav - y O - ver the earth to - day?
2. What if the rain is fall - ing, What tho' our tears fall too?
3. What if the fier - y fur - nace Sev - en times heat - ed be?
4. When in the midst of clam - or, O it is sweet to know,
5. Thus, while in Christ a - bid - ing, All must be calm and bright;



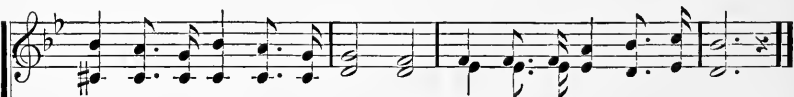
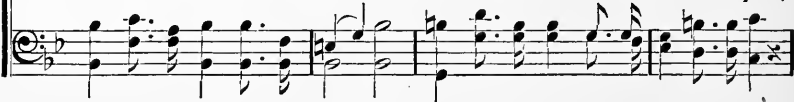
Yet, in His light a - bid - ing, We have a song al - way.
 There is a Star whose bright-ness Will all the gloom shine through.
 Yet, in the flames with Je - sus, We can shout vic - to - ry!
 He is the soul's safe shel - ter From ev - 'ry storm and foe.
 In Him can be no dark - ness, For He a - lone is Light.



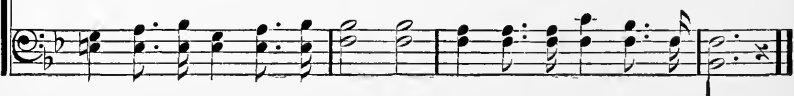
CHORUS.



Je - sus can light up the dark-ness, He makes the shadows depart;
 the shadows depart;



He giv - eth songs when we lan - guish, He is the joy of my heart.

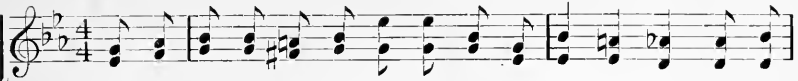


43 Brighten the Corner Where You Are.

Copyright, 1913, by Chas. H. Gabriel. Homer A. Rodeheave, owner. By per.

INA DULEY OGDON.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Do not wait un - til some deed of great-ness you may do, Do not
2. Just a - bove are cloud-ed skies that you may help to clear, Let not
3. Here for all your tal - ent you may sure - ly find a need, Here re -



wait to shed your light a - far, To the ma - ny du - ties ev - er near you
nar - row self your way de - bar, Tho' in - to one heart a - lone may fall your
flect the bright and morning star, E - ven from your humble hand the bread of



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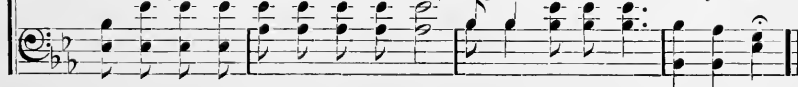
now be true, Brighten the cor - ner where you are.
song of cheer, Brighten the cor - ner where you are. } Brighten the corner
life may feed, Brighten the cor - ner where you are. }



where you are! Brighten the corner where you are! Some one far from
Shine for Je - sus where you are!



har - bor you may guide across the bar, Brighten the cor - ner where you are.

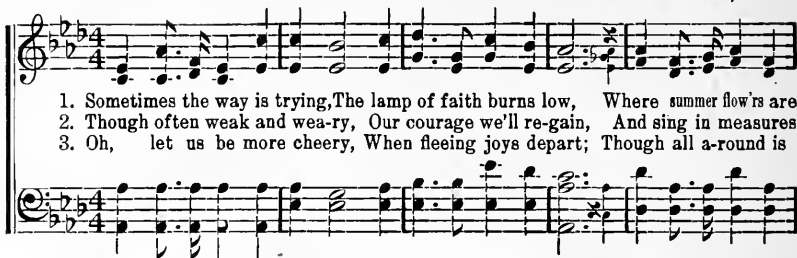


One Loving Word.

E. E. HEWITT.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL, JR.



1. Sometimes the way is trying, The lamp of faith burns low, Where summer flow'rs are
2. Though often weak and wea-ry, Our courage we'll re-gain, And sing in measures
3. Oh, let us be more cheery, When fleeing joys depart; Though all a-round is



dy - ing, The thorns and briars grow; But when the journey's ended With-
cheer-y, Hope's beau-ti-ful re-frain: For in the Golden Ci - ty, No
dear-y, Keep sunshine in the heart; For, when like tender music, We

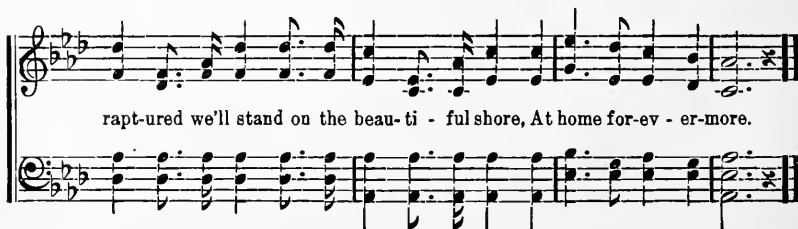


in the jewelled wall, One loving word from Jesus Will make amends for all.
tears of sorrow fall; One welcome smile from Jesus Will make amends for all.
hear the angels call, One blissful hour with Jesus Will make amends for all.

CHORUS.



O, when the toil-some jour-ney is o'er, We will grieve no more; En -

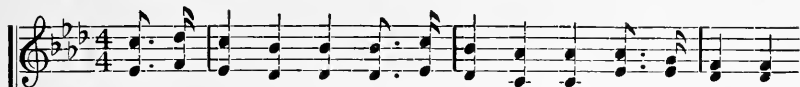


rapt-ured we'll stand on the beau-ti - ful shore, At home for-ev - er-more.

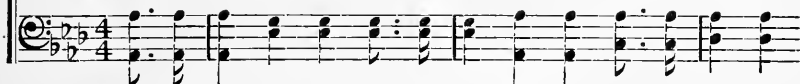
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FANNY J. CROSBY.

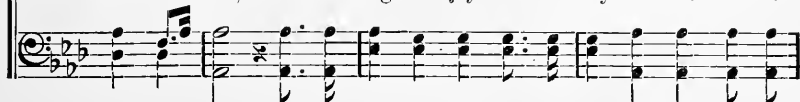
W. H. DOANE.



1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con - se - crate me now - to Thy ser - vice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. Oh, the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the



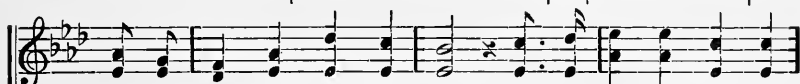
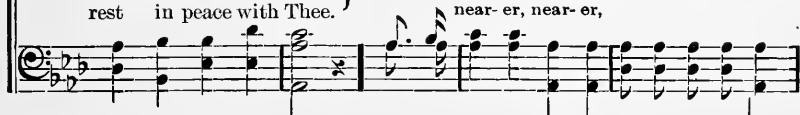
love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
 grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my
 throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I com -
 nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I



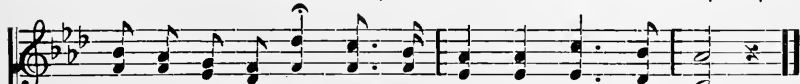
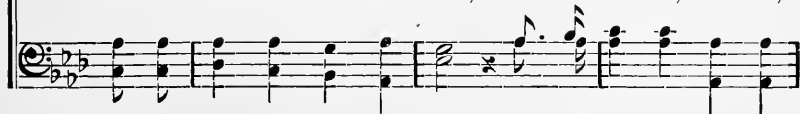
CHORUS.



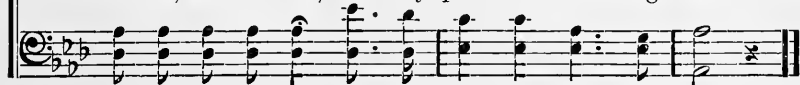
clos - er drawn to Thee. } Draw me near - er, near - er blessed Lord,
 will be lost in Thine. }
 mune as friend with friend. }
 rest in peace with Thee. } near - er, near - er,



To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near - er, near - er,



near - er, bless - ed Lord, To Thy prec - ious bleed - ing side.



46 Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

Copyright, 1914, by Chas. H. Gabriel Homer A. Rodebeaver, owner.

R. H. MCDANIEL.

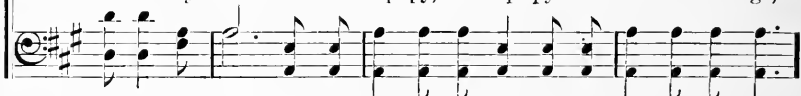
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. What a won - der - ful change in my life has been wrought, Since Je - sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and going a stray, Since Je - sus came
3. I'm possessed of a hope that is steadfast and sure, Since Je - sus came
4. There's a light in the val - ley of Death now for me, Since Je - sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit - y I know Since Je - sus came



in - to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
 in - to my heart! And my sins which were many are all washed a-way
 in - to my heart! And no dark clouds of doubt now my pathway ob-scure,
 in - to my heart! And the gates of the Cit - y be-yond I can see,
 in - to my heart! And I'm hap - py, so hap - py as on - ward I go,



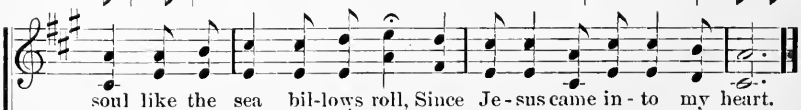
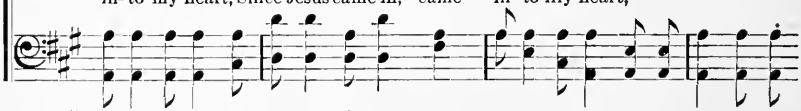
CHORUS.



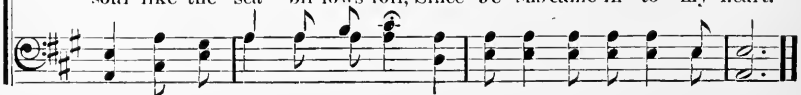
Since Je - sus came in - to my heart! Since Je - sus came in - to my
 Since Je - sus came in, came



heart, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart, Floods of joy o'er my
 in - to my heart, Since Jesus came in, came in - to my heart,



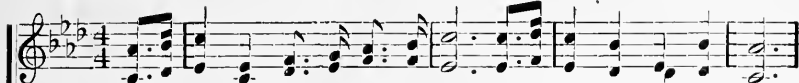
soul like the sea bil - lows roll, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.



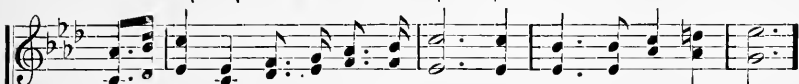
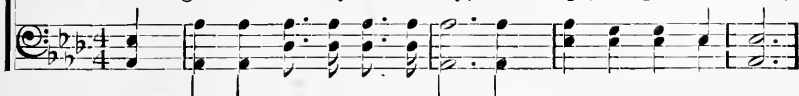
E. E. HEWITT.

Copyright, 1915. Renewal. By per., of Mrs. L. E. Sweeney, Exec.

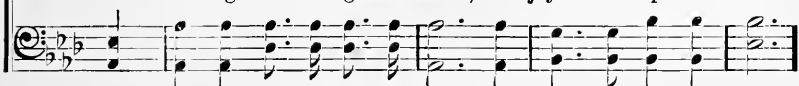
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to the King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For, when the Lord is near.
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,



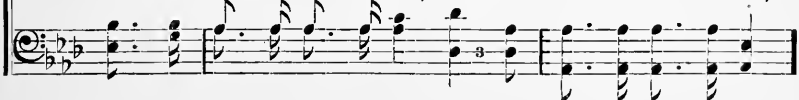
Than glows in an - y earth - ly skies, For Je - sus is my light.
 And Je - sus, lis - ten - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
 For bless - ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.



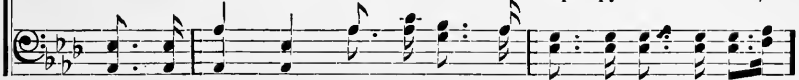
REFRAIN.



O there's sun - shine, bless - ed sun - shine,
 O there's sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,



When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll;
 hap - py mo - ments roll;



When Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, There is sunshine in the soul.



The Bitter With the Sweet.

"He Also Sends the Rain." Copyright, 1915, by Charles M. Alexander.
International Copyright Secured.

HERBERT BUFFUM.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Do not be discouraged when the dark clouds come, When the pass-ing
2. When beneath some heavy load your heart is sad, When it seems you
3. He who sees the spar-row fall is watch-ing you, Do not be dis-

days are full of toil and pain; On - ly stop and think that He who
can - not - ev - er smile a - gain, God who let the sor-row come will
cour-aged, mur-mur nor com-plain, Trust Him thro' the tri-als, to your

gives the sun, Makes the clouds and al - so sends the rain.
make you glad, He's the One who gives the sun and rain.
task be true, He who sends the sun-shine sends the rain.

CHORUS.

Take the bit - ter with the sweet, the care and sor - row with the joy,

Ev - en gold iu all its bright-ness has al - loy;

The Bitter With the Sweet.—Concluded.

So re - mem - ber when your heart is full of grief and pain,

That tho' He sends the sun - shine, He al - so sends the rain.

49 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Bright - ly beams our Father's mer - cy From His light - house ev - er - more,
 2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar;
 3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail - or tempest - tossed,

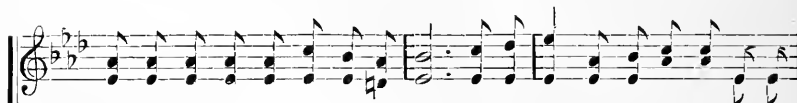
But to us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
 Ea - ger eyes are watch - ing, long - ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
 Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the darkness may be lost.

D. C.—Some poor faint - ing struggling sea - men You may res - cue, you may save.

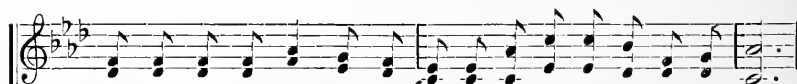
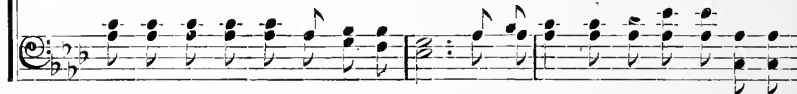
CHORUS.
 Let the low - er lights be burning! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!



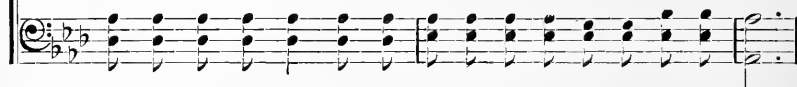
1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rap-ture when I view his blessed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spotless white, He will



bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
lustre of His kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-denthey will
lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall



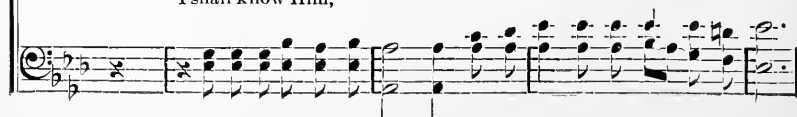
reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
mer-cy, love, and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.
sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.



CHORUS.



I shall know Him, I shall know Him, As redeem'd by His side I shall stand.
I shall know Him,



My Saviour First of All.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
I shall know Him,

51 Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L.

Copyright property Mary Runyon Lowry. By per.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY,

1. Shall we gather at the river Where bright angel feet have trod;
2. On the margin of the river, Washing up its silver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shining river, Lay we every burden down;
4. Soon we'll gather at the river, Soon our pilgrimage will cease;

With its crystal tide for ever Flowing by the throne of God?
We will walk and worship ever, All the happy golden day.
Grace our spirits will deliver, And provide a robe and crown.
Soon our happy hearts will quiver With the melody of peace.

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river, The beautiful, the beautiful river,—

Gather with the saints at the river, That flows by the throne of God.

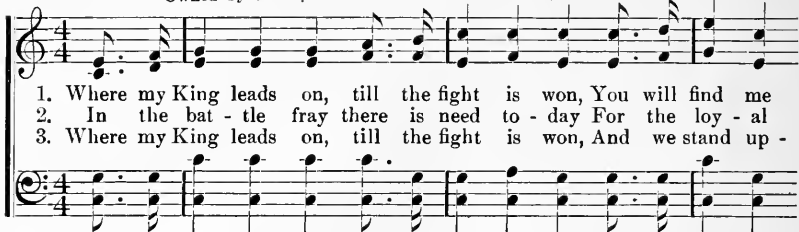
Where My King Leads On.

Rev. W. C. POOLE.

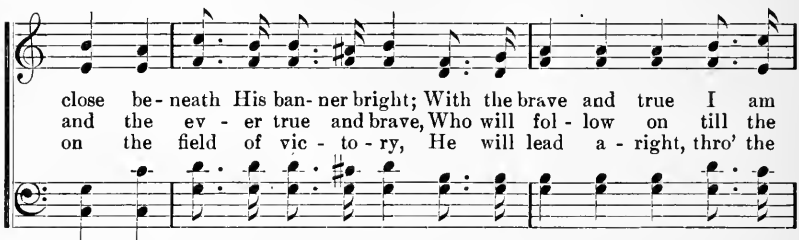
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CHAS. H. GABRIEL, Jr.

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1. Where my King leads on, till the fight is won, You will find me
 2. In the bat - tle fray there is need to - day For the loy - al
 3. Where my King leads on, till the fight is won, And we stand up -

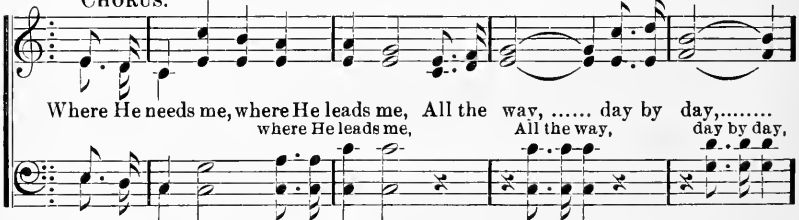


close be - neath His ban - ner bright; With the brave and true I am
 and the ev - er true and brave, Who will fol - low on till the
 on the field of vic - to - ry, He will lead a - right, thro' the



go - ing thro', Till the forc - es of my King shall win the fight.
 fight is won, And the ban - ners on the field of vic - t'ry wave.
 thick - est fight, And we'll fol - low where His ban - ner waves for me.

CHORUS.



Where He needs me, where He leads me, All the way, day by day,
 where He leads me, All the way, day by day,



Where He needs me, where He leads me With my bless - ed Sav - iour
 leads me glad - ly

Where My King Leads On.—Concluded.

2

I will glad-ly go; leads me, I will fol-low Him who loved me so.

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

53 Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing Glory to the new-born King; Peace on earth and
 2. Christ, by highest heav'n adored; Christ the everlasting Lord; Late in time be-
 3. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail! the Sun of righteousness! Light and life to

Musical notation for the first system of the hymn, including treble and bass staves.

mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners reconciled! Joy-ful, all ye nations, rise,
 hold Him come, Offspring of the Virgin's womb; Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;
 all He brings, Ris'n with healing in His wings. Mild He lays His glory by,

Musical notation for the second system of the hymn, including treble and bass staves.

Join the triumph of the skies; With th'angelic hosts proclaim, Christ is born in
 Hail th'incar-nate De-i-ty, Pleas'd as Man with men to dwell; Jesus, our Em-
 Born that man no more may die: Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them

Musical notation for the third system of the hymn, including treble and bass staves.

Beth-le- hem! Hark! the herald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King.
 man-u-ell! Hark! the herald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King.
 sec-ond birth, Hark! the herald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King.

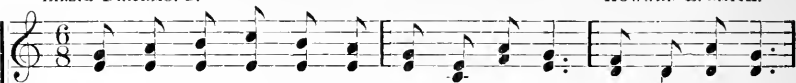
Organ pedal.

Musical notation for the fourth system of the hymn, including treble and bass staves.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

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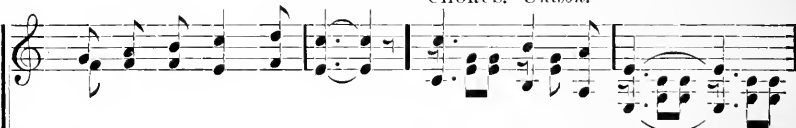
HOWARD E. SMITH.



1. Word of the Fa-ther, O light from on high, Won-der-ful book,
 2. Bread for our souls, such a boun-ti-ful store, Won-der-ful book,
 3. Stream by the way-side from fountains a-bove, Won-der-ful book,



won-der-ful book, Guide to our glo-ri-ous home in the sky,
 won-der-ful book, Feast-ing on thee we shall hun-ger no more,
 won-der-ful book, Bath-ing our spir-its in in-fi-nite love,

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Won-der-ful book of life. Won-der-ful book,.....



Glo-ri-ous book,..... To high and low-ly A



treas-ure most ho-ly, A jew-el so rare..... Balm for all



Wonderful Book.

care,.... Gift of the Fa - ther— Wonderful book of life.

The musical score for 'Wonderful Book.' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including triplets and accents. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

55 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER.

J E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-ous sea:
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 3. When at last I near the shores, And the fear - ful breakers roar,

The musical score for 'Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including triplets. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
 Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
 'Twi'x me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while leaning on His breast,

The musical score for 'Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including triplets. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Chart and com - pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 Wondrous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee.

The musical score for 'Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including triplets. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. HEWITT.

Copyright, 1897. Used by per. I. E. Sweeney, Etc.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
 3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I behold, Living gems at His

sun go-eth down, When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-iour I stand,
 win-ner of sun's; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day,
 feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit-y of gold,

CHORUS.

Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
 When His praise like the sea-billow rolls. } Will there be an-y stars, an-y
 Should there be an-y stars in my crown. }

stars in my crown When at ev'ning the sun go-eth down? . . . When I
 go-eth down?

wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
 any stars in my crown?

Rev. W. C. POOLE.

Copyright, 1917, by E. D. Ackley. Words and Music.

C. A. FREEMAN.

1. In the days of my youth I will love Him Because He first loved me,
 2. In the days of my youth I will fol - low, My Guide and Keeper true,
 3. In the days of my youth, in the glo - ry, Of days so fair and bright,

That He sought in His love till He found me— My All is He.
 And so hap - py the serv - ice be - side Him, His will to do.
 I will mold all my life by His pat - tern, So true and right?

CHORUS.

In the days of my youth, I will fol - low af - ter truth,

I will fol - low in the path of right; In the steps of my Lord

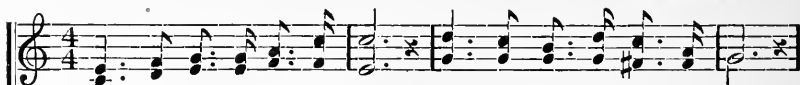
In the light of His word, I will fol - low in His pathway bright.

Trusting Jesus, That is All.

EDGAR PAGE.

Copyright, 1904. Renewal. By per. L. E. Sweney, Exc.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Sim - ply trust - ing ev - 'ry day; Trust - ing through a storm - y way;
2. Bright - ly doth His Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray - ing, if the path is drear;
4. Trust - ing as the moments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by,



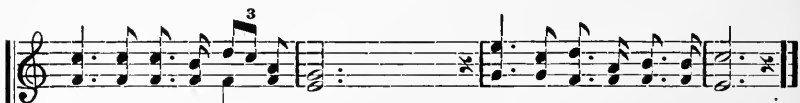
E - ven when my faith is small,—Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
 While He leads I can - not fall,—Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
 If in dan - ger, for Him call,—Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
 Trust - ing Him, whate'er be - fall,—Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.



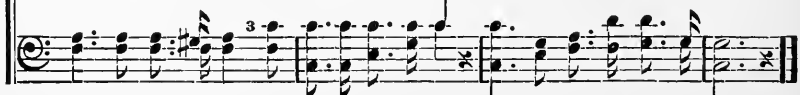
CHORUS.



Trust - ing Him while life shall last, Trust - ing Him till earth is past—
 while life shall last, till earth is past—



Till within the jas - per wall— Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
 the jas - per wall—



59 Light Up the World for Jesus.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley. Words and Music.

E. E. HEWITT.

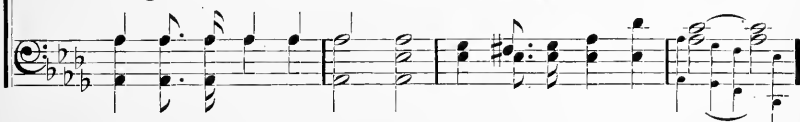
B. D. ACKLEY.



1. Light up the world for Je - sus; Light up your face with smiles;
2. Light up the world for Je - sus; Darkness is all a - round,
3. Light up the world for Je - sus; Send forth the gos - pel beams,
4. Light up the world for Je - sus; Keep sun-shine in your heart,



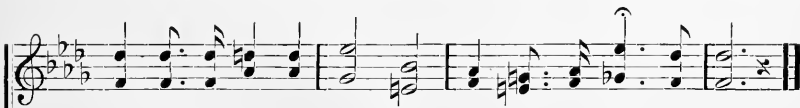
Light up your eyes with glad - ness, Brighten the wea - ry miles.
Bright happy skies will spark - le, Glo - ry shall there a - bound.
Till o - ver hill and val - ley Heav - en - ly ra - diance streams.
And give it out so free - ly, Shadows will all de - part.



CHORUS.



Light up the world for Je - sus, Light it with love's pure rays;



Light up the world for Je - sus, Give un - to Him all praise.



The Cross is not Greater.

B. B.

Copyright, Ballington Booth. By per.

Gen. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

Solo and Chorus.

1. The cross that He gave may be heavy, But it ne'er outweighs His grace,
 2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His crown for me,
 3. The light of His loveshineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
 4. His will I havejoy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walk-ing in His sight,

The storm that I fear'd may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
 The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank at Geth-se-ma-ne.
 The toil of my work groweth lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.
 My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a-lone can keep me right.

CHORUS.

The cross is not great-er than His grace, The storm can-not

hide His bless-ed face; I am sat-is-ified to know

That with Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev-'ry foe.

At the Cross.

Copyright, 1885, by R. E. Hudson. By per.

ISAAC WATTS.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groan'd up-on the tree?
 3. We'll might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo-ries in,
 4. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be-yond de - gree!
 When Christ the mighty Mak - er died For man the creature's sin.
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a-way,—'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the

bur-den of my heart roll'd a-way, It was there by faith
 roll'd a-way,

I re-ceiv'd my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day!

Gather By and By.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Copyright, 1916, by B. D. Ackley.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Are we walk-ing close to Je-sus, And re-nounc-ing ev-'ry sin?
 2. Are we pa-tient and sub-mis-sive To the bless-ed Mas-ter's will?
 3. O these deep and search-ing ques-tions That ap-peal to ev-'ry one,

Do we list-en to the coun-cils Of the Spir-it's voice with-in?
 Should He try us by af-flic-tion, Could we suf-fer and be still?
 And re-mind us of the du-ties That so oft we leave un-done;

Have we made a full sur-ren-der Of our all to Him a-lone?
 Do we seek for those that per-ish With a ten-der, yearning care?
 If to Je-sus our Re-deem-er We can an-swer them a-right,

Can we say that we are liv-ing For His glo-ry, not our own?
 Are we faith-ful to our-call-ing, Ev-er watch-ing un-to pray'r?
 There's a crown for us in glo-ry, And a home for-ev-er bright.

CHORUS.

Then fare-well to ev-'ry fear, We can read our ti-tle clear To a

Gather By and By.—Concluded.

mansion in the skies, hal - le - lu - jah! In the par - a - dise a - bove,
hal - le - lu - jah!

Thro' a Saviour's precious love, We shall gather by and by, hal - le - lu - jah!

63

Child of Thy Love.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Copyright, 1916, by B. D. Ackley.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. On - ly Thy ten - der love, Sav - iour di - vine; On - ly to
2. On - ly Thy ten - der love, Je - sus, my Lord, Love that with
3. On - ly Thy ten - der love, This is my pray'r, Love that will
4. On - ly Thy ten - der love, Then I am blest; There is my

CHORUS.

hear Thee say, "Child thou art Mine."
per - fect trust Clings to Thy word."
teach my heart Thy cross to bear. } On - ly to fol - low Thee,
hid - ing place, There is my rest.

Where'er Thou leadest me, Cloth'd with humil-i-ty, Child of Thy love.....
Thy love.

Coming Home.

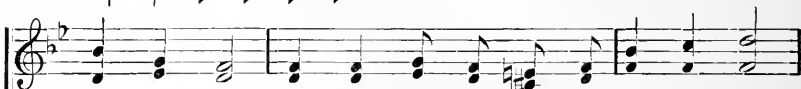
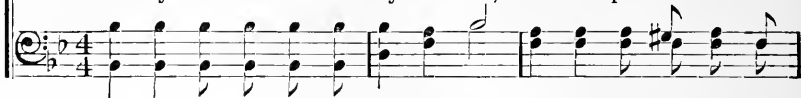
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Rev. A. H. ACKLEY.

B. D. ACKLEY. CHO. A. H. A.



1. Vile and sin - ful tho' my heart may be Full - y trust - ing, Lord I
 2. Like a fa - ther seeks a way - ward child, Thou hast sought me o'er the
 3. Plead - ing ten - der - ly, His voice I hear, Why should I re - fuse a
 4. Pre - cious blood of Je - sus, may its flow Cleanse from e - vil, wash me
 5. Tell my moth - er what her boy has done, God has spo - ken to her



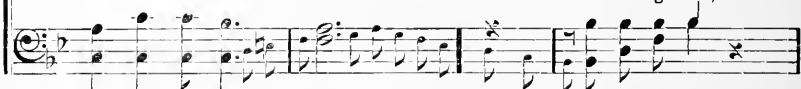
come to Thee, Thou hast pow'r to cleanse and make me free,
 des - ert wild, Sick and help - less by my sin de - filed,
 friend so dear, He will take a - way my guilt and fear,
 white as snow, There is hope a - lone in Thee I know,
 way - ward son, To be faith - ful till my crown is won,



CHORUS.



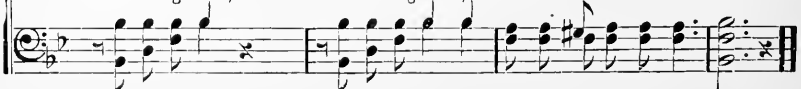
I am com - ing home. Com - ing home, com - ing
 I'm com - ing home,



home, No long - er in the path of sin to roam, I'm com - ing
 I'm com - ing home,



home, com - ing home, Lord Je - sus, I am com - ing home.
 I'm coming home, I'm coming home,



Who'll Be the Next?

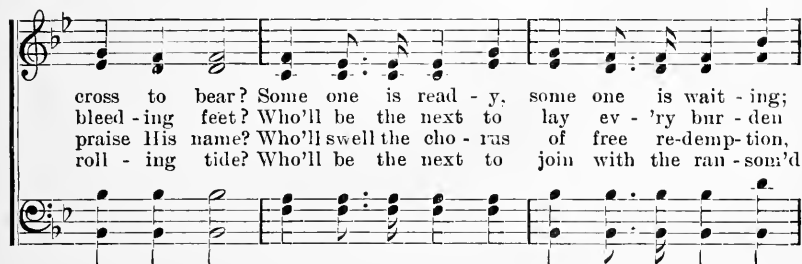
Copyright, 1899, Robert Lowry. Renewal. By per.

ANNIE S. HAWKS.

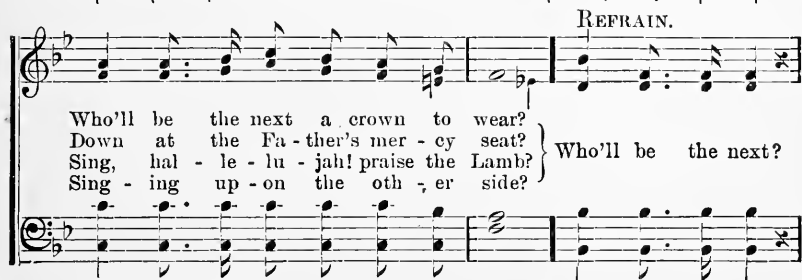
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next His
 2. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus—Fol - low His wear - y
 3. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus? Who'll be the next to
 4. Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus Down thro' the Jor - dan's

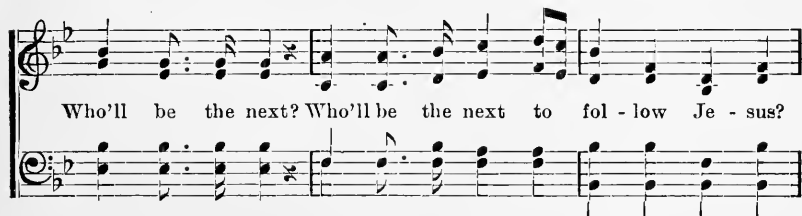


cross to bear? Some one is read - y, some one is wait - ing;
 bleed - ing feet? Who'll be the next to lay ev - 'ry bur - den
 praise His name? Who'll swell the cho - ras of free re - demp - tion,
 roll - ing tide? Who'll be the next to join with the ran - son'd

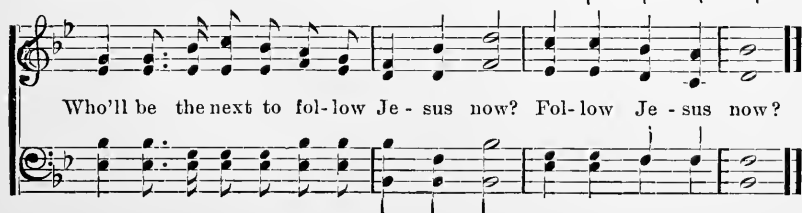


REFRAIN.

Who'll be the next a crown to wear?
 Down at the Fa - ther's mer - cy seat? } Who'll be the next?
 Sing, hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lamb? }
 Sing - ing up - on the oth - er side?



Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus?



Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus now? Fol - low Je - sus now?

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

KATE HANKEY.

Used by per., W. H. Doane.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
 2. Tell me the sto - ry, slow - ly, That I may take it in - That
 3. Tell me the sto - ry, soft - ly, With ear - nest tones and grave; Re - ly
 4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry
 won - der - ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry
 mem - ber I'm the sin - ner Whom Jesus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry
 this world's empty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's

sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wear - y, And
 oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morning Has
 al - ways, If you would really be, In an - y time of trouble, A
 glo - ry Is dawning on my soul, Tell me the old, old sto - ry: "Christ

CHORUS.

help - less and de - filed.
 passed a - way at noon.
 com - fort - er to me.
 Je - sus makes thee whole." } Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

67

Near the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Copyright, 1890, by W. H. Doane. By per-

W. H. DOANE.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain
2. Near the cross, a tremb - ling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing, ev - er,

Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's moun - tain.
 There the bright and Morn - ing Star Sheds its beams a - round me.
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
 Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

CHORUS.

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;

Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

The Voice of Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley. Words and Music.

KATHERINE HOWE.

1. I have heard His voice, when the morning Brightened all the hill and glade;
 2. I have heard His voice, when the gloaming Dropped a veil o'er land and sea;
 3. I have heard His voice, kind and tender, Till my heart cried out in love,

With the pearl-y dewdrops a-dorn-ing Ev-'ry blossom, leaf and blade.
 And it drew my soul from its roaming, Say-ing soft-ly, 'Come to me.'
 'Oh, what serv-ice mine then to ren-der, To this blessed Friend a-bove?

CHORUS. *Sops. & Altos.*

'Tis the voice of Je-sus ring-ing Thro' the scenes of earth and time,

News of peace and pardon bringing, Like a sweet ce-les-tial chime;
 a sweet ce-les-tial chime

In the morning glow, or the twi-light, May my ears be quick to hear;

The Voice of Jesus.

Or to heed the call, at the midnight, "He is com-ing be of cheer.

69

Angel Voices.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley. Words and Music.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. There are voic - es, an - gel voic - es, And they came at God's be - rest,
2. There are voic - es, an - gel voic - es, And a mes-sage oft they bring
3. There are voic - es, an - gel voic - es, We have heard them in a dream,
4. There are voic - es, an - gel voic - es, That will call us by and by,

From the ver - nal hills e - ter - nal, In the par - a - dise of rest.
 From the part - ed ones that wait us In the pal - ace of the King.
 Like the ech - o of a harpstring, Or the murmur of a stream.
 And u - nit - ed we shall gath - er In our Father's house on high.

CHORUS.

An - gel voic - es, ho - ly voic - es, How they car - ol soft and low,

Of a gar - den, fair and love-ly Where the rose and li - ly grow.

Sweeter as the Years Roll By.

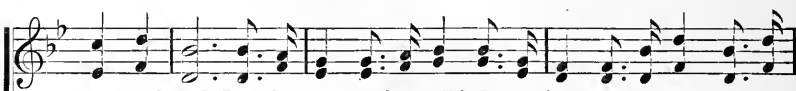
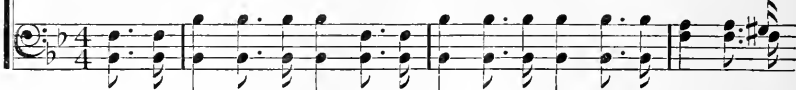
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C. A. M.

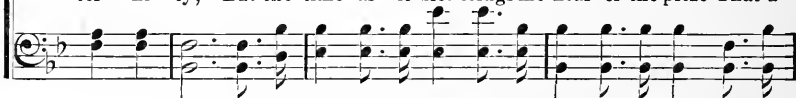
C. AUSTIN MILES.



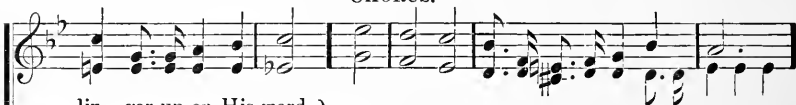
1. When up - on bend - ed knee, Je - sus whispered to me, Sweeter voice I had
2. Ev - 'ry day is a joy sin can nev - er destroy, Ev - 'ry mo - ment in
3. Days may come, they must go, as a torrent they flow, Rushing on to e -



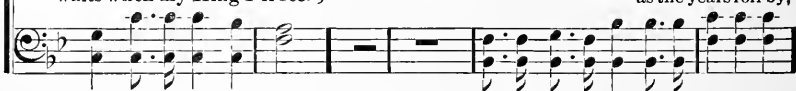
nev - er heard; But the years as they roll bring a joy to my soul, As I
 peace I dwell; But I'm long - ing to stand face to face, hand in hand, With the
 ter - ni - ty; But the time as it flies brings me near - er the prize That a -



CHORUS.



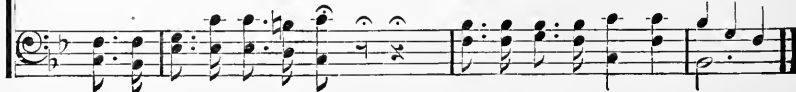
lin - ger up - on His word. }
 One whom I love so well. } For He is sweeter as the years roll by,
 waits when my King I'll see. } as the years roll by,



To be wor - thy of His love I'll try; So I'll love Him more and more,
 I will try;



As I near the oth - er shore, For He is sweet - er as the years roll by. (roll by.)

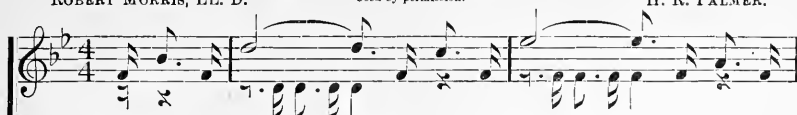


Memories of Galilee.

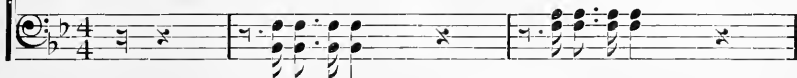
ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D.

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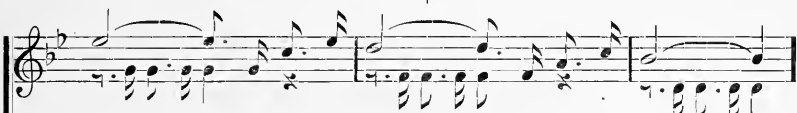
H. R. PALMER.



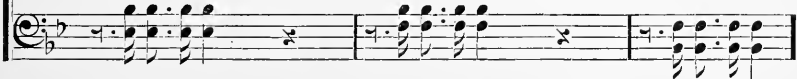
1. Each coo-ing dove..... and sigh-ing bough..... That makes the
 2. Each flow-ry glen..... and moss-y dell,..... Where hap-py
 3. And when I read..... the thrill-ing lore,..... Of Him who



eve..... so blest to me, Has something far..... di-vin-er
 birds in song a-gree..... Thro' sunny morn..... the praises
 walked..... up-on the sea,..... I long, oh, how..... I long once



now,..... It bears me back..... to Gal-i-lee.....
 tell..... Of sights and sounds..... in Gal-i-lee.....
 more..... To fol-low Him..... in Gal-i-lee.....



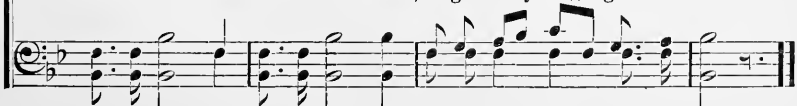
CHORUS.



O Gal-i-lee! sweet Gal-i-lee! Where Je-sus lov'd so much to be; O



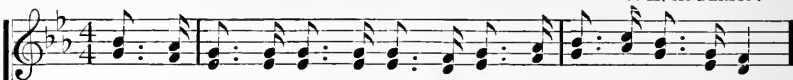
Gal-i-lee! blue Gal-i-lee! Come, sing thy song a-gain to me!



ANNIE HERBERT.

By permission.

J. H. ANDERSON.



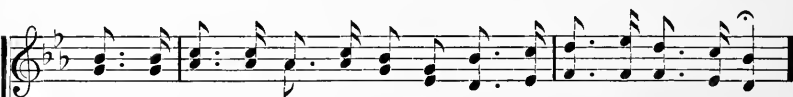
1. When the mists have roll'd in splen-dor From the beau-ty of the hills,
2. If we err in hu-man blindness, And for-get that we are dust;
3. When the mists have ris'n a-bove us, As our Fa-ther knows His own,



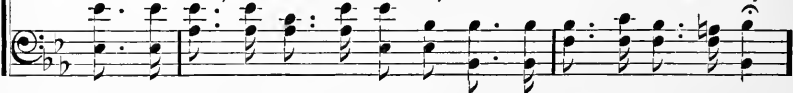
And the sun-shine, warm and ten-der, Falls in kiss-es on the rills,
 If we miss the law of kind-ness When we strug-gle to be just,
 Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known;



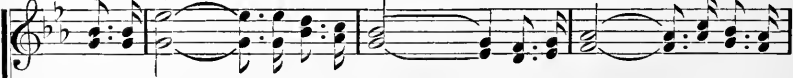
We may read love's shin-ing let-ter In the rain-bow of the spray,—
 Snow-y wings of peace shall cov-er All the plain that hides a-way,—
 Love, be-yond the o-rient meadows Floats the gold-en fringe of day,



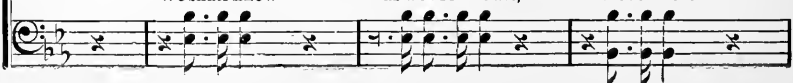
We shall know each oth-er bet-ter When the mists have cleared away.
 When the wea-ry watch is o-ver, And the mists have cleared away.
 Heart to heart, we bide the shadows, Till the mists have cleared away.



CHORUS.



We shall know..... as we are known,..... Nev-er more..... to walk a -
 We shall know as we are known, Never more



We Shall Know.

lone, In the dawn - - ing of the morn - ing, When the
to walk a-lone, In the dawn-ing

mists..... have cleared away; In the dawn - ing of the
When the mists have cleared away; In the dawning

morn - ing, When the mists..... have cleared a - way.
When the mists have cleared a-way.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for the hymn 'We Shall Know.' It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system covers the first two lines of lyrics. The second system covers the next two lines. The third system covers the final line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with chords and some melodic movement in the right hand.

73 Must Jesus Bear the Cross?

THOMAS SHEPHERD. Alt.

(Maitland. C. M.)

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here!
3. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry-one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un - min - gled love, And joy with - out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

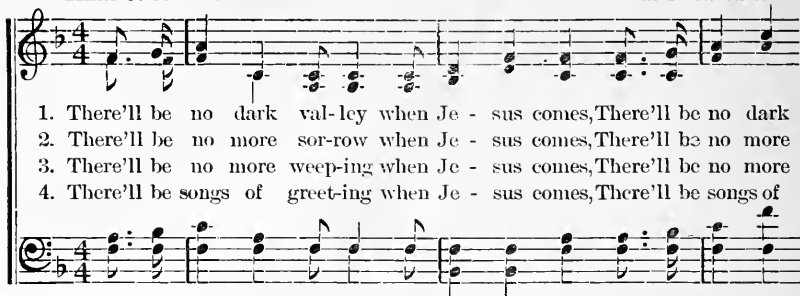
Detailed description: This is a musical score for the hymn 'Must Jesus Bear the Cross?'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 6/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system covers the first three lines of lyrics. The second system covers the final line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with chords and some melodic movement in the right hand.

There'll Be No Dark Valley.

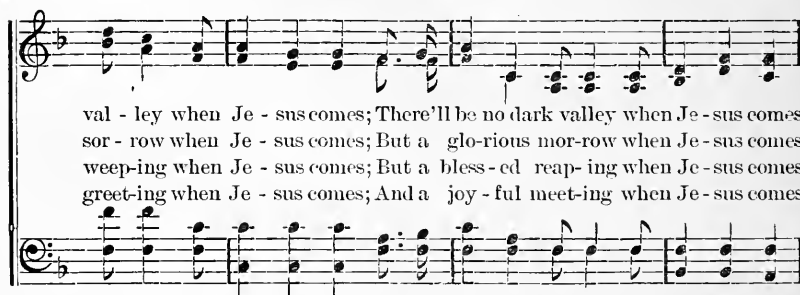
WILLIAM O. CUSHING.

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IRA D. SANKEY.



1. There'll be no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes, There'll be no dark
 2. There'll be no more sor-row when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
 3. There'll be no more weep-ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
 4. There'll be songs of greet-ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be songs of

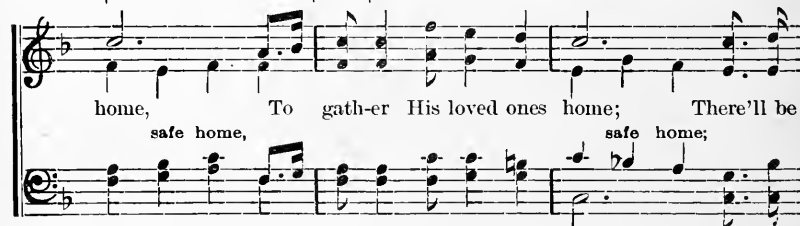


val - ley when Je - sus comes; There'll be no dark valley when Je - sus comes
 sor - row when Je - sus comes; But a glo-rious mor-row when Je - sus comes
 weep-ing when Je - sus comes; But a bless-ed reap-ing when Je - sus comes
 greet-ing when Je - sus comes; And a joy - ful meet-ing when Je - sus comes

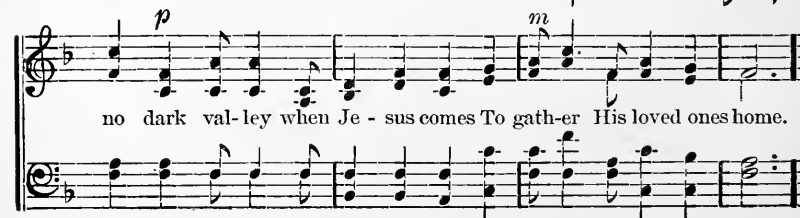
REFRAIN.



To gath - er His loved ones home. To gath - er His loved ones



home, To gath - er His loved ones home; There'll be
 safe home, safe home;

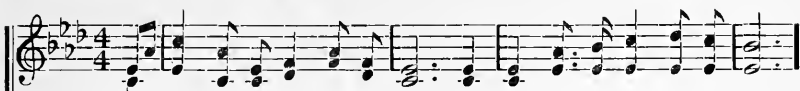


p no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes To gath - er His loved ones home.
m

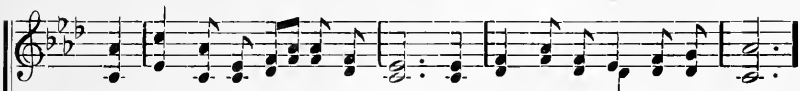
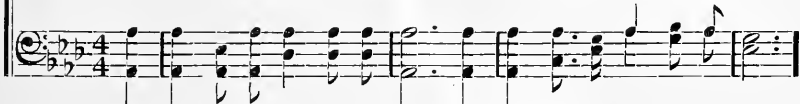
75 The Rock that is Higher than I.

E. JOHNSON.

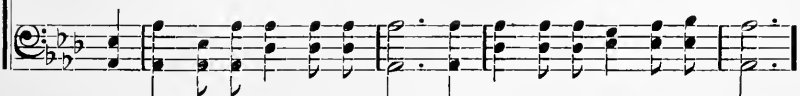
WM. G. FISCHER, by per.



1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet,
3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings, or sor-rrows pre-vail;



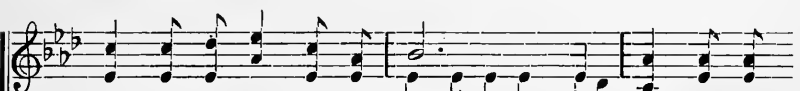
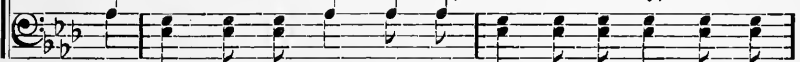
And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
But toil - ing in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow how sweet?
Or climb-ing the mountain-way steep, Or walking the shadow-y vale.



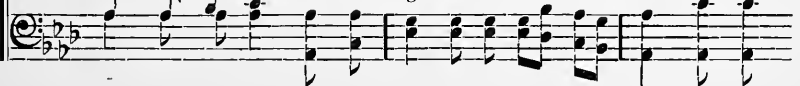
CHORUS.



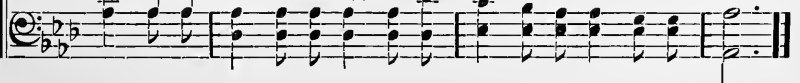
Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the



Rock that is high - er than I: Oh, then to the
high - er than I:



Rock let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I.
let me fly,



Shall You? Shall I?

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Chas. M. Alexander, owner. By per.

G. M. J.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Some one will en - ter the pearl - y gate By and by, by and by,
 2. Some one will glad - ly his cross lay down By and by, by and by,
 3. Some one will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by,
 4. Some one will sing the tri - um - phant song By and by, by and by,

Taste of the glo - ries that there a - wait, Shall you? shall I?
 Faith - ful, ap - proved, shall re - ceive a crown, Shall you? shall I?
 Hear a voice say - ing, "I know you not," Shall you? shall I?
 Join in the praise with the blood - bought throng, Shall you? shall I?

Some one will trav - el the streets of gold, Beau - ti - ful vis - ions will
 Some one the glo - ri - ous King will see, Ev - er from sor - row of
 Some one will call and shall not be heard, Vain - ly will strive when the
 Some one will greet on the gold - en shore Lov'd ones of earth who have

there behold, Feast on the pleasures so long foretold; Shall you? shall I?
 earth be free, Happy with Him thro' e - ter - ni - ty: Shall you? shall I?
 door is barred, Some one will fail of the saint's reward: Shall you? shall I?
 gone be - fore, Safe in the glo - ry for ev - er - more: Shall you? shall I?

Wonderful Peace.

W. D. CORNELL, alt.

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W. G. COOPER.

1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to - night Rolls a
 2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied
 3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing
 4. And me - thinks when I rise to that cit - y of peace, Where the
 5. Ah, soul! are you here with - out com - fort and rest, March - ing

mel - o - dy sweet - er than psalm; In ce - les - tial - like strains it un -
 deep in the heart of my soul, So se - cure that no pow - er can
 sweet - ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
 Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
 down the rough pathway of time? Make Je - sus your Friend ere the

ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
 mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll!
 night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood - ing my soul!
 ran - som'd will sing In that heav - en - ly king - dom will be:
 shad - ows grow dark; O ac - cept of this peace so sub - lime!

CHORUS.

Peace, peace, won - der - ful peace, Coming down from the Father a - bove! Sweep
 o - ver my spir - it for - ev - er, I pray, In fath - om - less billows of love!

Dwelling in Beulah Land.

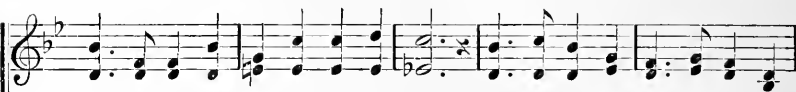
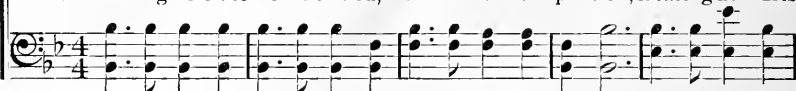
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C. A. M.

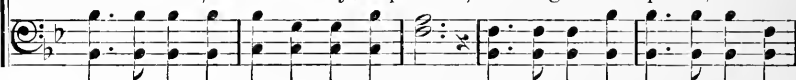
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. Far a way the noise of strife up-on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the
2. Far be-low the storm of doubt upon the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in
3. Let the stormy breezes blow, their cry cannot a-larm me, I am safe-ly
4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hearing now His



sins of earth be-set on ev-'ry hand; Doubt and fear and things of earth in
bat-tle long the en-e-my withstand; Safe am I with-in the cas-tle
sheltered here, pro-ject-ed by God's hand; Here the sun is al-ways shining
bless-ed voice, I see the way He planned; Dwelling in the Spir-it, here I



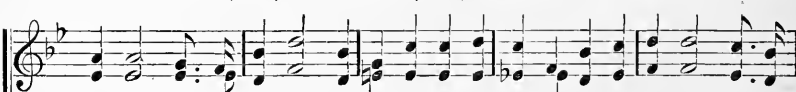
vain to me are call-ing, None of these shall move me from Beau-lah Land.
of God's word re-treat-ing, Nothing there can reach me-'tis Beau-lah Land.
here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for-ev-er in Beau-lah Land.
learn of full sal-va-tion, Glad-ly will I tar-ry in Beau-lah Land.



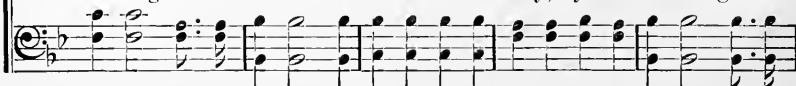
CHORUS.



I'm liv-ing on a mountain, un-der-neath a cloudless sky, I'm
Praise God!



drinking at the fountain that never shall run dry, O yes! I'm feasting on the



Dwelling in Beulah Land.—Concluded.

man-na from a boun-ti-ful supply, For I am dwelling in Beu-lah Land.

79 Open My Eyes, That I May See.

Copyright, 1895, by Clara H. Scott. Owned by The Evangelical Pub. Co., Chicago. By per.

C. H. S.

CLARA H. SCOTT.

1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimpses of truth Thou hast for me;
 2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voic - es of truth Thou sendest clear;
 3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Glad - ly the warm truth ev - 'ry - where;

Place in my hands the wonder-ful key That shall unclasp, and set me free.
 And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry - thing false will dis - ap - pear.
 O - pen my heart, and let me prepare Love with Thy children thus to share.

CHORUS.

Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read - y, my God, Thy will to see;

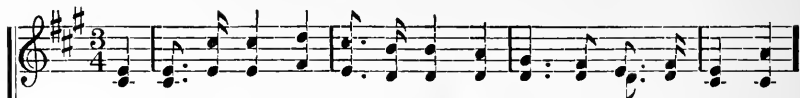
O - pen my { eyes, } il - lum - ine me, Spir - it di - vine!
 { ears, }
 { heart, }

I've Found a Friend.

J. G. SMALL.

Copyright, 1906, by Geo. C. Stebbins. Renewal.

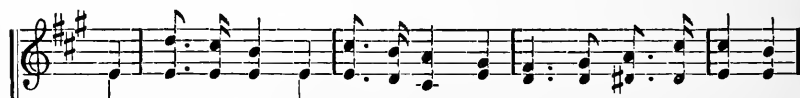
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! All power to Him is giv - en,
4. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,



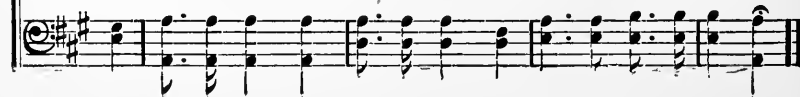
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
 And not a-lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
 To guard me on my onward course, And bring me safe to heav-en.
 So wise a Coun-sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De-fend - er!



And 'round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sev-er,
 Nought that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv-er:
 Th'e - ter-nal glo-ries gleam a-far, To nerve my faint en-deav-or:
 From Him, who loves me now, so well, What pow'r my soul can sev-er?



For I am His, and He is mine, For-ev - er and for-ev - er.
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for-ev - er.
 So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for-ev - er.
 Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for-ev - er.

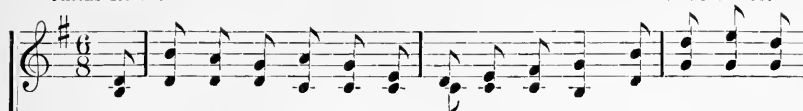


I Walk With the King.

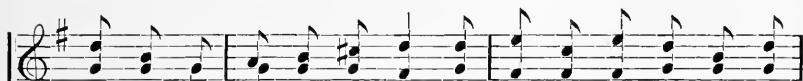
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JAMES ROWE.

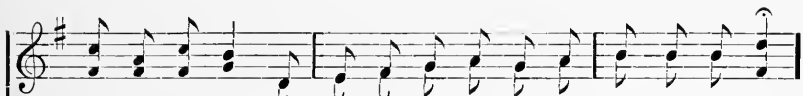
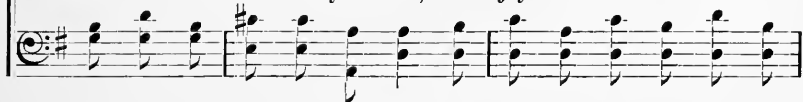
B. D. ACKLEY.



1. In sor-row I wandered, my spir - it op-press, But now I am
2. For years in the fet-ters of sin I was bound, The world could not
3. O soul near de-spair in the low-lands of strife, Look up and let



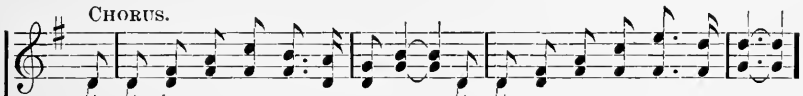
hap - py - se - cure - ly I rest: From morn-ing till eve-ning glad
help me—no com-fort I found; But now like the birds and the
Je - sus come in - to your life; The joy of sal - va - tion to



car - ols I sing, And this is the rea-son: I walk with the King.
sunbeams of spring, I'm free and re-joic-ing—I walk with the King.
you He would bring—Come in - to the sun-light and walk with the King.



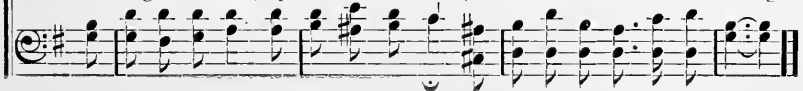
CHORUS.



I walk with the King, hal-le-lu-jah! I walk with the King, praise His name!



No long-er I roam, my soul fa - ces home, I walk and I talk with the King.



Saved By the Blood.

Copyright, 1903, by Daniel B. Towner. English Copyright.
Charles M. Alexander, owner. By per.

S. J. HENDERSON,

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! Ransomed from sin and a
 2. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! The an - gels re - joic - ing be -
 3. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! The Fa - ther He spake, and His
 4. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! All hail to the Fa - ther, all

new work be - gun, Sing praise to the Fa - ther and praise to the Son,
 caus it is done; A child of the Fa - ther, joint - heir with the Son,
 will it was done; Great price of my par - don, His own pre - cious Son;
 hail to the Son, All hail to the Spir - it, the great Three in One!

CHORUS.

Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! Saved !..... saved !.....
 Glo - ry, I'm saved ! glory, I'm saved !

My sins are all pardoned, my guilt is all gone! Saved !.....
 Glo - ry, I'm saved !

saved !..... I am saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
 glo - ry, I'm saved !

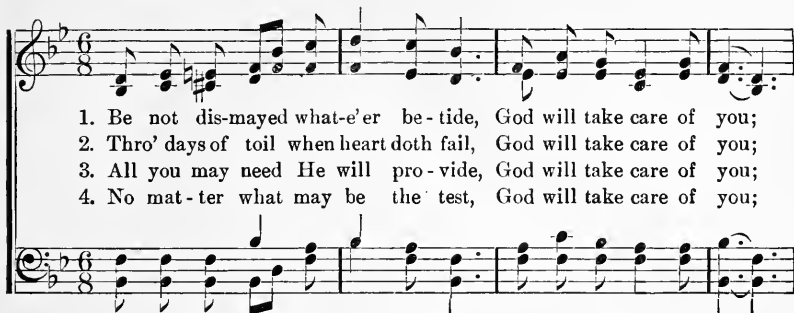
God Will Take Care of You.

(Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.)

C. D. MARTIN.

Copyright, 1905, by John A. Davis. By per.

W. S. MARTIN.

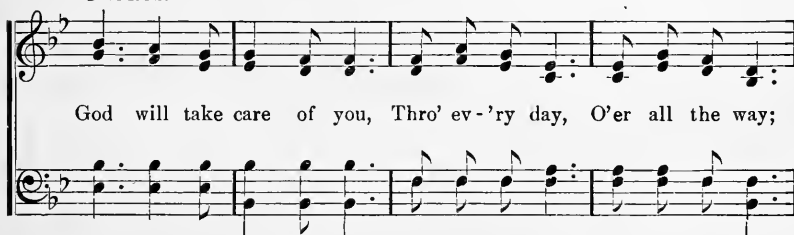


1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
 2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
 3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
 4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

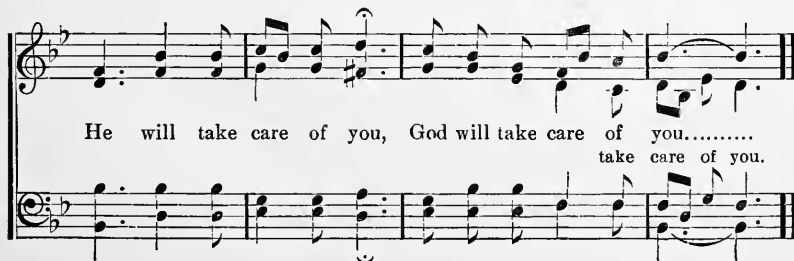


Be-neath His wings of love a-bide, God will take care of you.
 When dangers fierce your path as-sail, God will take care of you.
 Noth-ing you ask will be de-nied, God will take care of you.
 Lean,wea-ry one, up-on His breast, God will take care of you.

CHORUS.



God will take care of you, Thro' ev-'ry day, O'er all the way;



He will take care of you, God will take care of you.....
 take care of you.

O What a Saviour is Mine!

JAMES ROWE.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Aakley.

DELOSS SMITH.

1. Hap - py am I ev - 'ry hour of the day, Sing - ing of mer - cy di -
 2. Light is my bur - den and glad is my soul, Bright is the path that I
 3. Thou who art wea - ry and sin - sick and sad, Come to my Sav - iour to -
 1. of

vine; I'm fol - low - ing ev - er the heav - en - ly way,
 trace, As on - ward I go toward the heav - en - ly goal,
 day, And thou shalt be sin - less, tri - umph - ant and glad,
 mer - cy di - vine;

CHORUS.

O what a Sav - iour is mine!
 Praising His marvel - ous grace. } O what a Saviour is mine!.....
 Singing His prais - es al - way. } a Sav - iour is mine!

O what a Sav - iour di - vine!..... Now on - ward I'm go - ing, with
 a Sav - iour di - vine!

praise o - ver - flow - ing, O what a Sav - iour is mine!.....
 a Sav - iour is mine!

If We Walk With Him.

A. H. A.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. and A. H. Ackley.

Rev. A. H. ACKLEY.

1. We shall trav-el with the King up-on a roy-al road, If we
 2. We shall nev-er know the pov-er-ty of friend-less joy, If we
 3. We shall know the bless-ed se-cret of pre-vail-ing pray'r, If we
 4. We shall sing the song of tri-umph all a-long life's way, If we

walk with Him, Reign with Christ upon His throne in yonder blest a-bode,
 walk with Him, For His grace is all sufficient when the doubts annoy,
 walk with Him, And the glo-ry of the In-ner Cir-cle we shall share,
 walk with Him, And go sweep-ing thro' the gates that leads to endless day,
 If we-walk with Him,

CHORUS.

If we walk with Him. If we walk with Him,.....
 If we walk with Him. If we walk and talk with Him,

If we walk a-long the way with Him,..... There is heal-ing for our sadness,
 If we walk and talk with Him.

There is peace and joy and gladness If we walk with Him.
 If we walk with Him, with Him.

86 The Light of the World is Jesus.

P. P. B.

Copyright, 1903, By The John Church Co. By per.

P. P. BLISS.

1. The whole world was lost in the dark-ness of sin; The Light of the
 2. No dark-ness have we who in Je - sus a - bide, The Light of the
 3. Ye dwell - ers in darkness, with sin-blind - ed eyes, The Light of the
 4. No need of the sun-light in heav-en, we're told, The Light of the

world is Je - sus; Like sun-shine at noon-day, His glo - ry shone in,
 world is Je - sus; We walk in the Light when we fol - low our Guide,
 world is Je - sus; Go, wash at His bid - ding, and light will a - rise,
 world is Je - sus; The Lamb is the light in the cit - y of gold,

CHORUS.

The Light of the world is Je - sus. Come to the Light, 'tis

shin - ing for thee; Sweetly the Light has dawned up - on me, Once I was

blind, but now I can see: The Light of the world is Je - sus.

INA DULEY OGDON.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. I hear the sweep - ing of the storm, I see the ris - ing wave,
 2. The foe is near on ev - 'ry hand, Yet cour - age fills my heart,
 3. He is my ar - mor strong and whole, His won - drous peace is mine,

But e - vil can - not do me harm, The One I trust will save.
 For with my Lord I shall withstand And quench the fier - y dart.
 I know my Lord will keep my soul By might and pow'r di - vine.

CHORUS.

My Lord a - bides! My Lord a - bides!.....
 My Lord a - bides! My Lord a - bides!

And in His strength my weak - ness hides; I trust in

Him, what - e'er be - tides, My bless - ed Lord a - bides.

88 I Would Be Like Jesus All the While.

Rev. SAMUEL GLASGOW.

Copyright, 1917, by J. W. Henderson. By per.

J. W. HENDERSON.

1. I would be like Jesus, when the storms are tossing sore, When earth's lights are
2. I would be like Je - sus, when the cares of earth are mine, Bearing all in
3. I would be like Je - sus, like Him, day by day would live, Patient - ly would

fail - ing and the darkness gathers o'er; When my strength is weakness, when the meekness, never murmur nor repine; Look - ing un - to Je - sus when the suf - fer, and my life, I too, would give; Hear me humbly praying, Father,

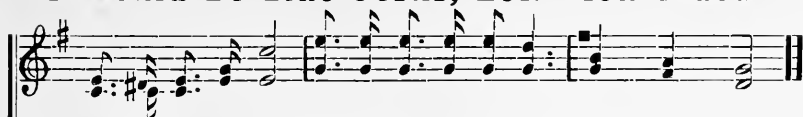
winds are rag - ing wild,	I would be like Je - sus	all	the	while.
world has lost its smile,	I would be like Je - sus	all	the	while.
make me now Thy child,	I would be like Je - sus	all	the	while.

CHORUS.

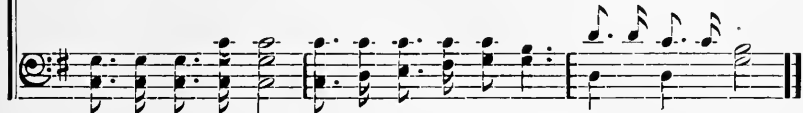
I..... would be like Je - sus all the while, When the sun is
I would be like Je - sus, would be like Him all the while,

shin - ing or the storms beat wild; I..... would ev - er
I would be like Je - sus, I would

I Would Be Like Jesus, Etc.—Concluded.



see His bless-ed smile, I would be like Je-sus all the while.
like Him all the while.

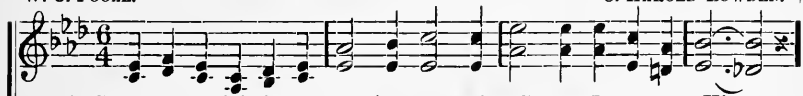


89 When I See Jesus My King.

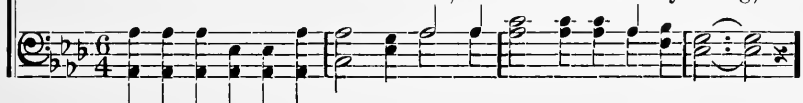
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W. C. POOLE.

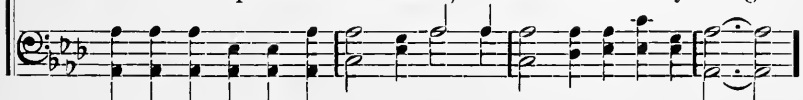
C. HAROLD LOWDEN.



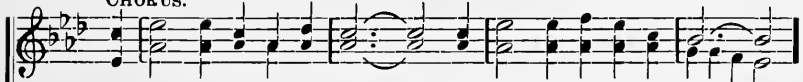
1. Some day I'll join in the songs they sing, When I see Je-sus my King;
2. Shad-ows for-ev-er will all be past, When I see Je-sus my King;
3. Won-der-ful visions I'll there be-hold, When I see Je-sus my King;



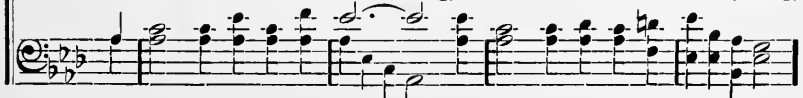
Some day I'll join in the praise they bring, When I see Je-sus my King.
Glo - ri - ous morning will come at last, When I see Je-sus my King.
Glo - ri - ous rapture will there unfold, When I see Je-sus my King.



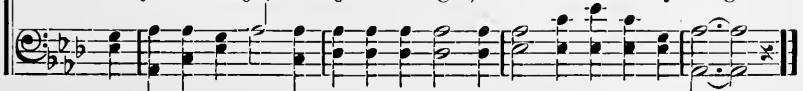
CHORUS.



When I see Je-sus my King, ... When I see Je-sus my King, ...
see Jesus my King, see Jesus my King,



Life's way will be bright, All things will be right, When I see Jesus my King.



Pass It On.

HENRY BURTON.

Copyright, 1895, by The Biglow & Main Co., New York

By per.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Moderato.

1. Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on; 'Twas not giv'n for
 2. Did you hear the lov-ing word— Pass it on; Like the sing-ing
 3. 'Twas the sun-shine of a smile— Pass it on; Stay-ing but a
 4. Have you found the heav'nly light? Pass it on; Souls are grop-ing
 5. Be not self-ish in thy greed, Pass it on; Look up-on thy

thee a-lone, Pass it on; Let it trav-el down the years, Let it
 of a bird? Pass it on; Let its mu-sic live and grow, Let it
 lit-tle while! Pass it on; A-pril beam, the lit-tle thing, Still it
 in the night, Daylight gone; Hold thy lighted lamp on high, Be a
 brother's need, Pass it on; Live for self, you live in vain; Live for

wipe an-other's tears, Till in heav'n the deed appears—Pass it on.
 cheer another's woe, You have reap'd what others sow, Pass it on.
 wakes the flow'rs of spring, Makes the silent birds to sing—Pass it on.
 star in someone's sky, He may live who else would die, Pass it on.
 Christ, you live again; Live for Him, with Him you reign—Pass it on.

Watch and Pray.

W. C. POOLE.

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C. HAROLD LOWDEN.



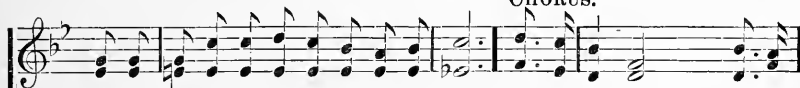
1. As you jour-ney onward to the land a - bove, Don't for- get the message
2. Foes are thick around you, hidden dangers near, They can-not confound you
3. When the days are sunny, when the winds are fair, Hidden 'neath life's wa-ters,



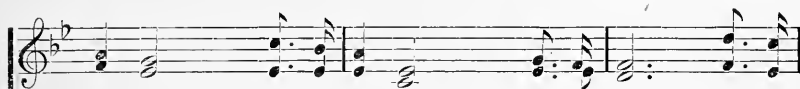
from the heart of love; It will help you ev - er on the up-ward way,
 you have naught to fear; If you look to Je - sus on your up-ward way,
 rocks are lurk - ing there; Watch lest they surprise you, pray for strength to be



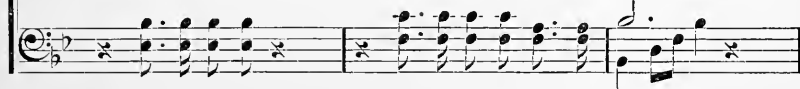
CHORUS.



If you never, nev-er fail to watch and pray. }
 Watching for all dangers, never cease to pray. } In the morning, or at
 Faithful in life's pleasures, and its vic - to - ry. } In the morning,



noon-tide, In the evening, or at night; Watch for
 or at noontide, In the evening, at night;



dan - gers, look to Je - sus, Pray for strength to do the right.
 Watch for dangers,



92 Mother's Prayers Have Followed Me.

Copyright, 1912, by B. D. Ackley.
Homer A. Rod-beaver, owner. By per.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. I grieved my Lord from day to day, I scorned His love so full and
2. O'er des-ert wild, o'er mountain high A wan-der-er I chose to
3. He turned my darkness in - to light, This blessed Christ of Cal - va -

free, And tho' I wan-dered far a - way, My moth-er's
be, A wretch-ed soul condemned to die, Still moth-er's
ry, I'll praise His name both day and night, That moth-er's

CHORUS.

pray'rs have fol-lowed me. I'm com-ing home, I'm com-ing

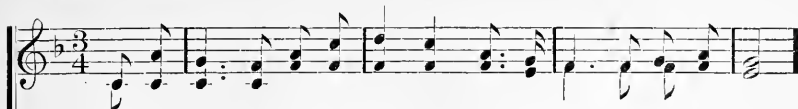
home, To live my wast-ed life a - new, For moth-er's

pray'rs have fol-lowed me, Have fol-lowed me the whole world thro'.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Copyright, 1905, by Hubert P. Main. Renewal.
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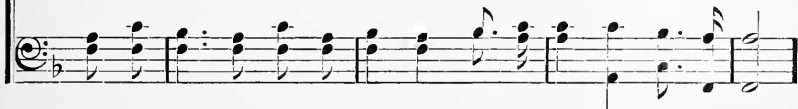
HUBERT P. MAIN.



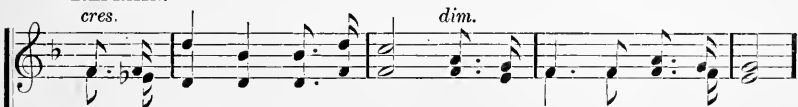
1. Glid-ing o'er life's fit-ful wa-ters, Heav-y surg-es sometimes roll;
2. Oft we catch a faint re-flec-tion Of its bright and ver-nal hills;
3. To our Fa-ther, and our Sav-iour, To the Spir-it, Three in one,
4. 'Tis the wea-ry pilgrim's Home-land, Where each throbbing care shall cease,



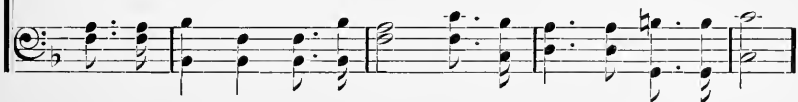
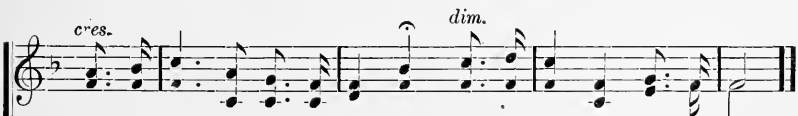
And we sigh for yon-der ha-ven, For the Home-land of the soul.
 And, tho' dis-tant, how we hail it! How each heart with rap-ture thrills!
 We shall sing glad songs of tri-umph, When our har-vest work is done.
 And our long-ings and our yearnings, Like a wave, be hushed to peace.



REFRAIN.

*cres.**dim.*

Bless-ed Home-land, ev-er fair! Sin can nev-er en-ter there;

*cres.**dim.*

But the soul, to life a-wak-ing, Ev-er-last-ing bloom shall wear.



From "Silver Tones." Used by per. Rev. W. A. Williams, Philadelphia.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

1. I en-tered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were
 2. I stood he-side a dy-ing bed, Where lay a child with ach-ing
 3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake, The flames could not his cour-age
 4. I saw the gos - pel her - ald go To Af-ric's sand and Greenland's
 5. I dreamed that hoar-y time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their
 6. Then come to Christ, O come to-day, The Fa-ther, Son, and Spir - it

there, Yet peace and joy with-al; I asked the lone - ly moth - er
 head, Wait-ing for Je - sus' call; I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as
 shake, Nor death his soul ap - pall; I asked him whence his strength was
 snow, To save from Sa-tan's thrall: Nor home nor life he count-ed
 dead, A fire dissolved this ball; I saw the church's ransomed
 say; The Bride re-peats the call, For He will cleanse your guilt-y

whence Her help-less wid - ow-hood's de-fence, She told me, "Christ was all."
 May, And as his spir - it passed a - way, He whispered, "Christ is all."
 giv'n— He looked tri-umph-ant-ly to heav'n, And answered, "Christ is all."
 dear, Midst wants and perils owned no fear, He felt that, "Christ is all."
 through, I heard the bur-den of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
 stains, His love will soothe your weary pains, For "Christ is all in all."

Christ is all, all in all, She told me, "Christ was all."
 Christ is all, all in all, He whis-pered, "Christ is all."
 Christ is all, all in all, And an-swered, "Christ is all."
 Christ is all, all in all, He felt that "Christ is all."
 Christ is all, all in all, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
 Christ is all, all in all, For "Christ is all in all."

I Must Tell Jesus.

Copyright, 1893, by The Hoffman Music Co. By per.

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind com -
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - iour, One who can help my
 4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
 pas - sion - ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
 bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
 tempt - ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

D.S.—*I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus!*

FINE. CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
 Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end. } I must tell Je - sus!
 He all my cares and sor - rows will share. }
 O - ver the world the vic - 'try to win.

Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

D. S.

I must tell Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone.

None of Self and All of Thee.

Copyright, 1912, by Lewis S. Chafer. By per.

THEO. MONOD, arr.

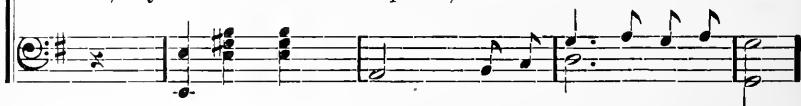
Mrs. LEWIS S. CHAFER.



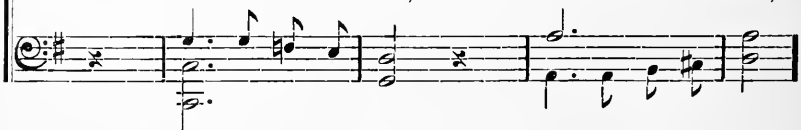
1. O the bit - ter pain and sor - row, That a time could ev - er be,
2. Yet He found me, I be - held Him, Bleeding on th'accurs-ed tree,
3. Day by day His ten - der mer - cies, Healing, help - ing, full and free,
4. Higher than the high - est heav - ens, Deep - er than the deep - est sea,



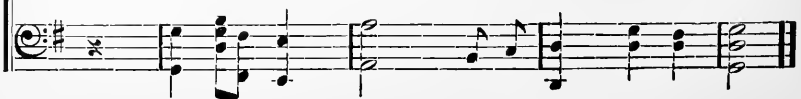
When I proud - ly said to Je - sus, All of self and none of Thee.
 And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly, Some of self and some of Thee.
 Brought me low - er while I whispered, Less of self and more of Thee.
 Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered, None of self and all of Thee.



All of self and none of Thee, All of self and none of Thee,
 Some of self and some of Thee, Some of self and some of Thee,
 Less of self and more of Thee, Less of self and more of Thee,
 None of self and all of Thee, None of self and all of Thee,



When I proud - ly said to Je - sus, All of self and none of Thee.
 And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly, Some of self and some of Thee.
 Brought me low - er while I whispered, Less of self and more of Thee.
 Lord, Thy love at last has conquered, None of self and all of Thee.



Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. M. BUTLER.

Copyright by J. M. Black. By per.

J. M. BLACK.



1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me:
2. Once heaven seemed a far-off place, Till Jesus showed His smiling face:
3. What matters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell?



And, 'mid earth's sorrow and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je - sus here to know.
 Now it's be - gun with - in my soul, 'Twill last while endless a - ges roll.
 In cot - tage, or a mausion fair, Where Jesus is, 'tis heav - en there.



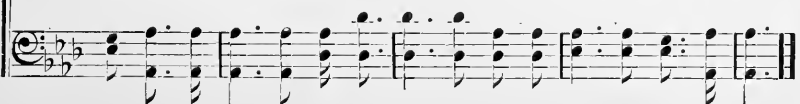
CHORUS.



O hal - le - lu - jah, yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins forgiv'n;



On land or sea, what matters where, Where Jesus is, 'tis heav - en there.



Are You Saved to Serve?

E. E. HEWITT.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Are you washed in the blood that was shed for you and me? Are you
 2. Are you saved by the grace of the bless-ed Son of God? Are you
 3. Have you walked in the steps of the Man of Gal-i-lee? Are you

saved, saved to serve? Have you come to the fount-ain that
 saved, saved to serve? Have you published the fame of His
 saved, saved to serve? Are you send-ing the Word o - ver
 Are you saved, saved to serve?

flows from Cal-va-ry? Are you saved, saved to serve?
 wondrous works abroad? Are you saved, saved to serve?
 land and o - ver sea? Are you saved, saved to serve?
 Are you saved, saved to serve?

CHORUS.

Are you serv - ing Him who died for you? Are you
 who died for you?

true to Him, as He is true? From your glad al - legiance, nev-er

Are You Saved to Serve?

more to swerve, Are you saved, saved to serve?
Are you saved, saved to serve?

99

I Love Him.

LONDON HYMN BOOK.

S. C. FOSTER.

1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charms, Now, thro' the blood, I'm
2. Once I was lost, and way down deep in sin, Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

saved from all a-larms; Down at the cross my heart is bend-ing low, The
passions fierce within; Once was a-fraid to meet an an-gry God, And
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

D.S.—cause He first loved me, And

FINE. CHORUS.

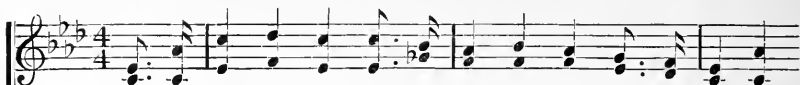
precious blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.
now I'm cleans'd from ev'ry stain thro' Jesus' blood. } I love Him, I love Him, Be-
tell the world around the peace that He doth give.

purchased my sal - va - tion on Cal - va - ry.

BIRDIE BELL.

Copyright, 1917, by E. D. Aekley
Words and Music.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL, Jr.



1. You will find the peace which you oft - en crave, You will know the
2. You will hear the sound of a heav'n - ly voice, For it speaks to
3. You will learn a song that is sweet and glad, You will lose the
4. There's a par - don of - fered for all your sin, And the vic - tor's



grace which a - lone can save; You will see the light that's beyond the grave,
all who will make this choice; And its gen - tle tones make the heart re - joice,
grief that has made you sad; In the Saviour's robe will your soul be clad,
crown you will sure - ly win; For the old things die and the new be - gin,



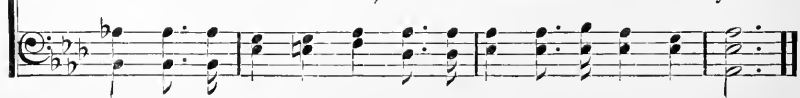
At the cross where He died for you. Then come to the cross of



Je - sus, And learn of His matchless love; Find a bless - ing



true and a heart made new, At the cross where He died for you.

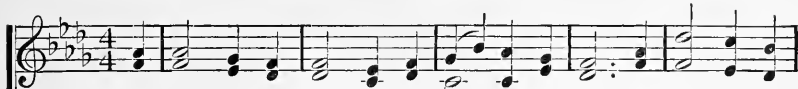


It is Well with My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD.

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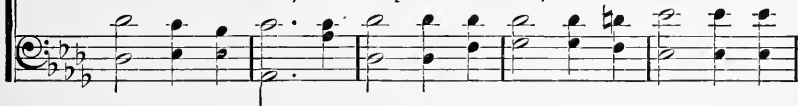
P. P. BLISS.



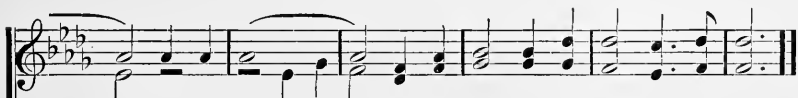
1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows, like
2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as -
3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glo - rious thought—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled



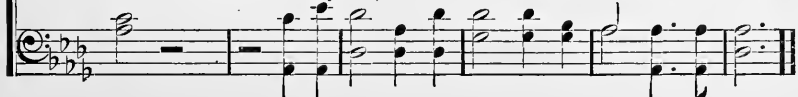
sea - bil - lows, roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to sur -
 ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es -
 part, but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no
 back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound, and the Lord shall de -



say, It is well, it is well with my soul. } It is well.....
 tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul. }
 more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul! }
 scend, "E - ven so"—it is well with my soul. } It is



..... with my soul,..... It is well, it is well with my soul.
 well with my soul,



A. M. STARKWEATHER.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Ackley.

JAMES M. BLACK.

1. I am nev - er a - lone, tho' the shad - ows May fall o'er the
 2. I am nev - er a - lone in my tri - als, Where du - ty com -
 3. I am nev - er a - lone, for my Sav - iour Is with me by
 4. I am walk - ing and talk - ing with Je - sus, Each day as I

place I a - bide, (a-bide,) For an un - seen Com - pan - ion is with me, Who
 mands me to be; (to be;) For be - hold, in the midst of the fur - nace, The
 day and by night, (by night,) Keeping close by His side ev - 'ry mo - ment; He
 jour - ney a - long; (a-long;) I am nev - er a - lone, hal - le - lu - jah! His

CHORUS.

al - ways keeps close to my side.
 dear Son of God walks with me. } Nev - er a - lone, nev - er a - lone,
 fills all my soul with de - light.
 prais - es break forth in - to song.

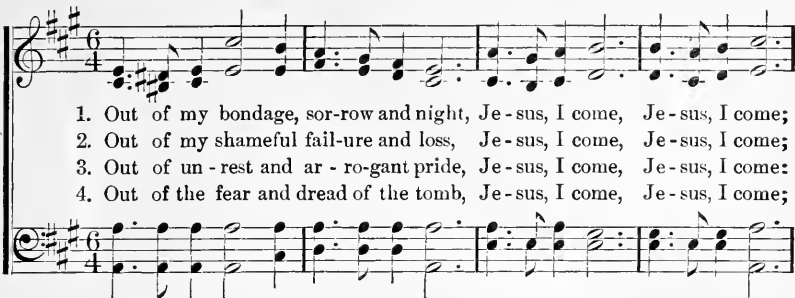
I'm nev - er, no, nev - er a - lone;..... He's with me al -
 no, nev - er a - lone;

way, by night and by day, I'm nev - er, no, nev - er a - lone.

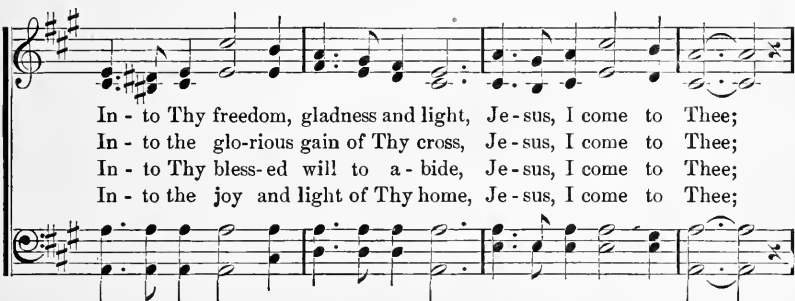
W. T. SLEEPER.

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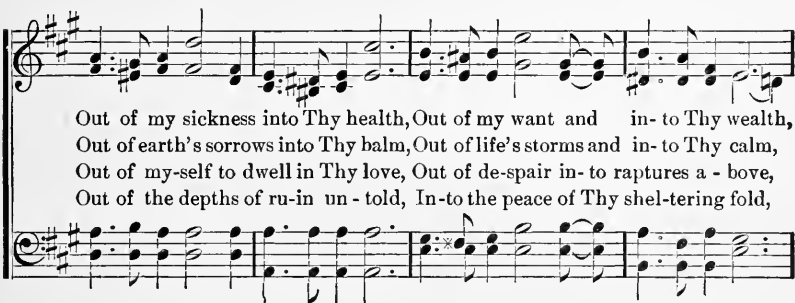
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



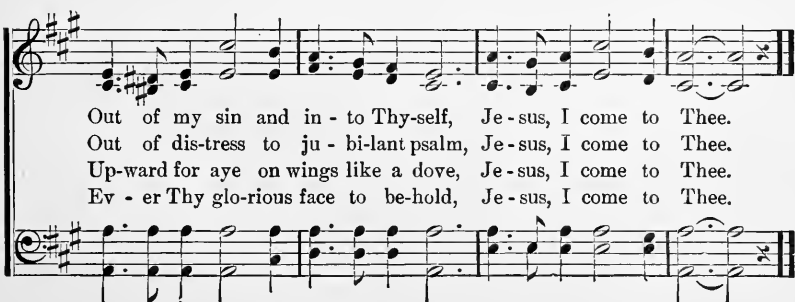
1. Out of my bondage, sor-row and night, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
 2. Out of my shameful fail-ure and loss, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
 3. Out of un - rest and ar - ro-gant pride, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come:
 4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;



In - to Thy freedom, gladness and light, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
 In - to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
 In - to Thy bless-ed will to a - bide, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
 In - to the joy and light of Thy home, Je - sus, I come to Thee;



Out of my sickness into Thy health, Out of my want and in - to Thy wealth,
 Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in - to Thy calm,
 Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in - to raptures a - bove,
 Out of the depths of ru - in un - told, In - to the peace of Thy shel-tering fold,



Out of my sin and in - to Thy-self, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
 Out of dis-tress to ju - bi-lant psalm, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
 Up - ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
 Ev - er Thy glo-rious face to be - hold, Je - sus, I come to Thee.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

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KATHERINE HOWE.

1. There's a song in my heart I am sing - ing al - way, It fills me with
 2. There's a song in my heart, O the joy that it brings, It drives a - way
 3. There's a song in my heart you can learn if you will, It came from our

com - fort and cheer; Like the chime of sweet bells sounding day aft - er day,
 trou - ble and care; With the mu - sic of heav - en un - ceas - ing it rings,
 Fa - ther a - bove; With new glo - ry and glad - ness your soul it will fill,

CHORUS.

'Tis the love of my Sav - iour so dear.....
 'Tis a balm for all sorrow and de - spair..... } Love is the song I am
 If you dwell in His ev - er - last - ing love..... }
 my Saviour so dear.

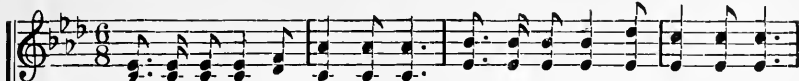
sing - ing, Down in my heart sweet and clear;..... Love is the

song I am sing - ing, The love of my Sav - iour dear.

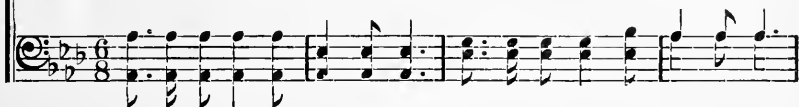
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E. E. HEWITT.

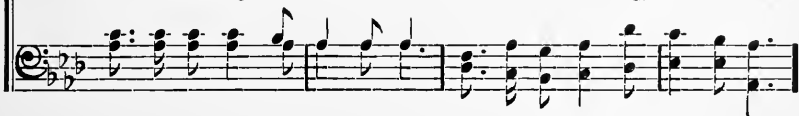
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. More about Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show;
2. More about Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho-ly will dis-cern;
3. More about Je-sus; in His word, Hold-ing communion with my Lord;
4. More about Je-sus; on His throne, Rich-es in glo-ry all His own;



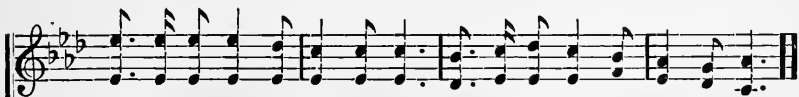
More of His sav-ing ful-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
 Spir-it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
 Hear-ing His voice in ev-'ry line, Mak-ing each faithful say-ing mine.
 More of His kingdom's sure in-crease; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.



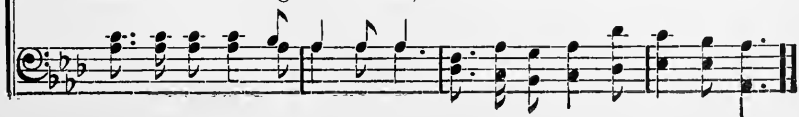
REFRAIN.



More, more a-bout Je-sus, More, more a-bout Je-sus;



More of His sav-ing ful-ness see, More of His love who died for me.



W. J. K.

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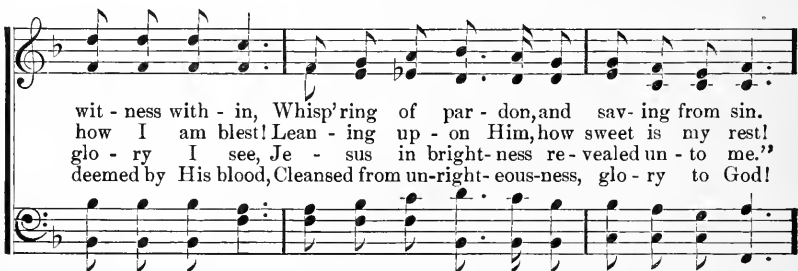
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Saved to the ut - ter-most: I am the Lord's, Je - sus my
 2. Saved to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus is near, Keep - ing me
 3. Saved to the ut - ter-most: this I can say, "Once all was
 4. Saved to the ut - ter-most: cheer - ful - ly sing Loud hal - le -

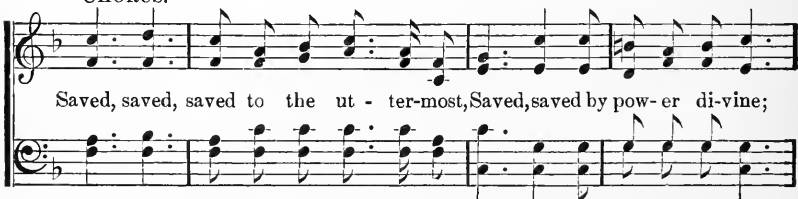


Sav - iour sal - va - tion af - fords, Gives me His Spir - it a
 safe - ly, He cast - eth out fear; Trust - ing His prom - is - es,
 dark - ness, but now it is day, Beau - ti - ful vis - ions of
 lu - jahs to Je - sus, my King; Ran - som'd and par - don'd, re -



wit - ness with - in, Whisp'ring of par - don, and sav - ing from sin.
 how I am blest! Lean - ing up - on Him, how sweet is my rest!
 glo - ry I see, Je - sus in bright - ness re - vealed un - to me."
 deemed by His blood, Cleansed from un - right - eous - ness, glo - ry to God!

CHORUS.



Saved, saved, saved to the ut - ter-most, Saved, saved by pow - er di - vine;



Saved, saved, saved to the ut - ter-most, Je - sus the Sav - iour is mine.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

Slowly.

1. I come to the gar-den a - lone, While the dew is still on the
 2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their
 3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him, Tho' the night a-round me be

ros - es; And the voice I hear, Fall - ing on my ear, The
 sing - ing; And the mel - o - dy, That He gave to me, With
 fall - ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His

CHORUS.

Son of God dis - closes - es. }
 in my heart is ring - ing. } And He walks with me, and He
 voice to me is call - ing. }

talks with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the joy we

share as we tar - ry there, None oth - er has ev - er known.

108 Somebody Else Needs a Blessing.

E. E. HEWITT.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley.

E. D. ACKLEY.

1. We're "counting" the blessings, our joys we re - cord, The won - der - ful
 2. We'll go, like the Sav - iour, to com - fort the sad; With love's heal - ing
 3. We'll tell the old sto - ry a - gain and a - gain; Sal - va - tion for

mer - cies like sun - beams out - poured; But let us re - mem - ber while
 por - tion, we'll make oth - ers glad, Un - til, with fresh ver - dure, life's
 sin - ners, good - will un - to men, Till gos - pel songs ech - o from

prais - ing the Lord, Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.
 des - erts are clad; Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.
 mount - ain to glen, Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.

CHORUS.

Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing, Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing; We'll

let our lights shine to His glory di - vine, Some - bod - y else needs a bless - ing.

Follow On.

W. O. CUSHING.

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Renewal. Used by per.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the flow'rs are
2. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the storms are
3. Down in the val-ley, or up - on the mountainsteep, Close be-side my

bloom-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev - 'rywhere He leads me I would
sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will
Sav - iour would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe - ly in the

♩ FINE.
fol-low, fol-low on, Walking in His foot-steps till the crown be won.
nev-er, nev-er fear, Dan-ger can-not fright me if my Lord is near.
path that He has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

D.S.—Ev - 'ry-where He leads me I would fol - low on!

REFRAIN.

Fol-low! fol - low! I would fol-low Je - sus! An - y-where, ev-'ry-where,

D.S.
I would fol-low on! Fol-low! fol - low! I would fol-low Je - sus!

Rev. D. H. KING.

Copyright, 1915, by Robt. E. Clark. By per.

ROBT. E. CLARK.

1. Can I ev - er for - get moth - er's beau - ti - ful face That re - flect - ed such
 2. Can I ev - er for - get moth - er's fond, trust - ful pray'rs Which ascended to
 3. Can I ev - er for - get moth - er's calm, peaceful death, How my heart with deep

heav - en - ly love, As I leaned on her breast with a ten - der embrace,
 God thro' her tears; That her child might be kept from the tempter's dread snares,
 an - guish was riv'n; As she kissed me and said, with a quiv - er - ing breath,

CHORUS.

Ere she passed to the mansions a - bove?
 As the days ripened fast in - to years? } No! no, I can nev - er for - get
 "O my child, won't you meet me in heav'n?"

That dear name prized above ev - 'ry oth - er, It's the key that un -

locks the glad scenes of the past, The beau - ti - ful name of moth - er.

111 Must I Go and Empty Handed?

C. C. LUTHER.

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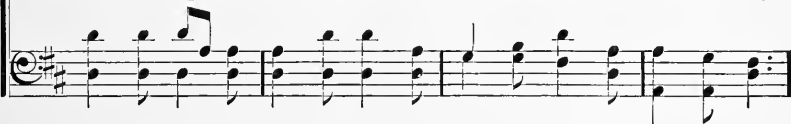
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. "Must I go and emp-ty hand-ed," Thus my dear Re-deem - er meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor fal - ter, For my Sav-iour saves me now;
3. Oh, the years of sin-ning wast-ed, Could I but re - call them now,
4. Oh, ye saints, a-rouse, be earn - est, Up and work while yet 'tis day,



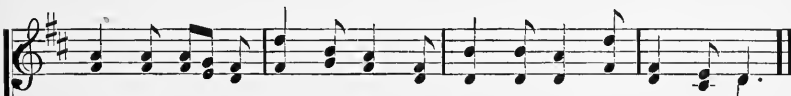
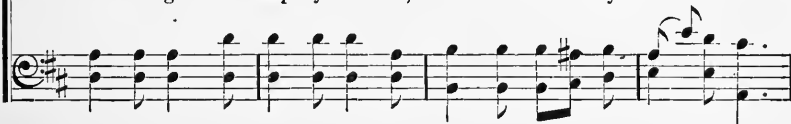
Not one day of ser-vice give Him, Lay no tro - phy at His feet.
 But to meet Him emp-ty hand - ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.
 I would give them to my Sav- iour, To His will I'd glad - ly bow.
 Ere the night of death o'ertakes thee, Strive for souls while still you may.



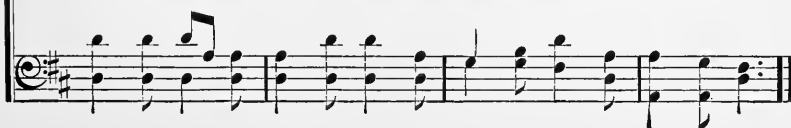
CHORUS.



"Must I go and emp-ty hand-ed," Must I meet my Sav - iour so?



Not one soul with which to greet Him, Must I emp - ty hand - ed go?



1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep - ly for
 2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less
 3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp -
 4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dear - est on

mirth or song; As the bur - dens press, And the cares dis - tress,
 dread and fear? As the day - light fades In - to deep night shades,
 ta - tion strong; When for my deep grief There is no re - lief,
 earth to me, And my sad heart aches Till it near - ly breaks—

CHORUS.

And the way grows wea - ry and long?
 Does He care e - nough to be near?
 Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
 Is it aught to Him? Does He see?

O yes, He cares; I

know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief;..... When the

ad lib.

days are wea - ry, The long nights dreary, I know my Saviour cares. He cares.

rit.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

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HUBERT P. MAIN.

Slowly.

1. Oh, come to the Sav-iour, be-lieve in His name, And ask Him your
 2. The way of trans-gres-sion that leads un-to death, Oh, why will you
 3. Be warned of your dan-ger; es-cape to the cross; Your on-ly sal-

heart to re - new; He wants to be gra-cious, O turn not a - way,
 lon - ger pur - sue? How can you re - ject the sweet message of love
 va - tion is there; Be-lieve, and that mo-ment the Spir - it of grace

CHORUS.

For now there is par-don for you.
 That of - fers full par-don for you? } Yes, there is par - don for
 Will an - swer your pen - i - tent pray'r. }

you,..... Yes, there is par-don for you;..... For Je - sus has
 for you, for you;

died to - re - deem you, And of - fers full par-don to you.

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JAMES MONTGOMERY.

LEWIS S. CHAFER.

1. Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great-er Son!
 2. The heav'ns which now con-veal Him In coun - sels deep and wise,
 3. He shall come down like show - ers Up - on the new-mown grass,
 4. Kings shall fall down be - fore Him, And gold and in - cense bring;

When to the time ap - point - ed The roll - ing years shall run.
 In glo - ry shall re - veal Him To our re - joic - ing eyes;
 And joy and hope, like flow - ers, Spring up where He doth pass.
 All na - tions shall a - dore Him, His praise all peo - ple sing.

He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free,
 He who, with hands up - lift - ed Went from the earth be - low,
 Be - fore Him, on the moun - tains, Shall peace, the her - ald go,
 Outstretched, His wide do - min - ion O'er riv - er, sea, and shore,

To take a-way trans - gres - sion, And rule in eq - ui - ty.
 Shall come a-gain, all gift - ed, His bless - ings to be - stow.
 And right - eousness, in foun - tains, From hill to val - ley flow.
 Far as the eag - le's pin - ion, Or dove's light wing can soar.

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O. D. MEIGS.

ELIZABETH MOE. SHIELDS.

1. Lord, help me live from day to day In such a self - for -
 2. Help me in all the work I do To ev - er be sin -
 3. Let "Self" be cru - ci - fied and slain And bur - ied deep: and
 4. And when my work on earth is done, And my new work in

get - ful way That e - ven when I kneel to pray My
 cere and true And know that all I'd do for you Must
 all in vain May ef - forts be to rise a - gain, Un -
 heav'n's be - gun, May I for - get the crown I've won, While

CHORUS.

pray'r shall be for— Oth - ers.
 needs be done for— Oth - ers. } Oth - ers, Lord, yes,
 less to live for— Oth - ers.
 think - ing still of— Oth - ers.

oth - ers, Let this my mot - to be, Help me to

rit.
 live for oth - ers, That I may live like Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

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B. D. ACKLEY.

1. I know that a home in the mansions of light My Sav-iour has
 2. I know there's a rest for the care - la-dened heart, Un - brok-en by
 3. I know there are songs that no mor - tal has heard, And joys that for -
 4. And O when we stand in that beau - ti - ful land, And tears are all

gone to pre - pare, And I know, for the promise I read in His word, That
 sor - row or pain, And the faithful who en - ter the bright pearly gate Shall
 ev - er shall flow, There are crowns of great glory laid up for the blest, And
 wiped from our eyes, We shall know as we knew them, the friends that are gone, And

CHORUS.

I have a dwelling place there.....
 nev - er be wea - ry a - gain.....
 robes that are whit - er than snow.....
 meet them where love never dies.....
 1. dwelling place there. } I know there's a prize at the

end of the race, A prize that is waiting for me, That Je - sus is

keep-ing and I shall re-ceive, When victor thro' Him I shall be.....
 shall be.

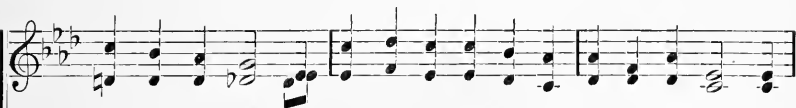
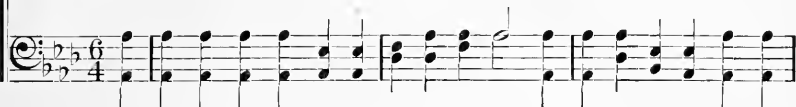
FANNY J. CROSBY.

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B. D. ACKLEY.



1. Dear Saviour, Thou Shepherd that leadeth Thy flock, Beside the still waters that
2. We know Thou hast promised to care for Thy sheep, The lambs on Thy bosom, we
3. Dear Saviour, and Shepherd, how lovely Thy fold, how green are its pastures, how
4. Thou wilt not in danger be far from Thine own, Nor leave them when tempted to



burst from the rock, O'er hearts looking upward are praying to Thee, That know Thou wilt keep; And now our pe - ti - tion we of - fer to Thee, That fair to be - hold; A - gain our pe - ti - tion, we of - fer to Thee, That strug - gle a - lone; O grant the pe - ti - tion we of - fer to Thee, That



D.S.—hearts looking up-ward are pray-ing to Thee, That

FINE. CHORUS.



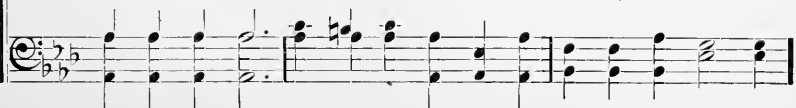
gath-ered and safe in Thy fold we may be. Gathered and safe in it's



gath-ered and safe in Thy fold we may be.



shel - ter so warm, Gathered and safe from the tempest and storm, Our



D. S.

118 His Love is Shining in My Heart.

INA DULEY OGDON.

Copyright, 1916, by B. D. Ackley.
Words and Music.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. No cloud can hide the heaven's blue, the rain-bow must ap-pear,
 2. The dews of mer-cy shine as pearls to greet the bless-ed morn,
 3. O could I tell His wondrous love and pass it on to you!

No storm, no bil-low can de-stroy, nor cause my heart to fear; For
 The sum-mer nev-er fades a-way, the trees are nev-er shorn; The
 O could you see His gracious smile in bless-ings ev-er new; If

in my Saviour's light and life I know I share a part, And ev-'ry day His
 fra-grant flowers do not die nor singing birds de-part, And ev-'ry day His
 now you seek His sav-ing grace, new life He will im-part, And ev-'ry day His

CHORUS.

love is shining in my heart. }
 love is shining in my heart. } His love is always shining in my heart,
 love will shine within your heart. }

His love is al-ways shining in my heart; The flow'rs of hope are springing,

His Love is Shining, etc.—Concluded.

And songs of joy are ring-ing, His love is always shining in my heart.

119 The Church's One Foundation.

S. J. STONE.

Dr. S. S. WESLEY.

1. The church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
 2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth;
 3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion And tu - mults of her war,
 4. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,

She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the Word;
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion—One Lord, one faith, one birth;
 She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for ev - er - more;
 And mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won:

From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
 One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food;
 Till with the vis - ion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,
 Oh, hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we,

With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - ery grace en - dued.
 And the great church vic - to - rious Shall be the church at rest.
 Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee!

Only a Sinner.

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JAMES M. GRAY.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Naught have I got-ten but what I received; Grace has bestowed it since
 2. Once I was fool-ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus-ing my footsteps from
 3. Tears un-a-vail-ing, no mer-it had I; Mer-cy had saved me, or
 4. Suf-fer a sin-ner whose heart o-ver-flows, Lov-ing His Saviour, to

I have be-lieved; Boast-ing ex-clud-ed, pride I a-base; I'm
 God to de-part; Je-sus hath found me, hap-py my case; I
 else I must die; Sin had alarmed me, fear-ing God's face; But
 tell what he knows; Once more to tell it, would I embrace—I'm

CHORUS.

on-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!
 now am a sin-ner saved by grace!
 now I'm a sin-ner saved by grace!
 on-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!

On-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!

On-ly a sin-ner saved by grace! This is my sto-ry, to

God be the glo-ry,—I'm on-ly a sin-ner saved by grace!

121 The Names of His Children are There.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

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C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. In God's home is a book call'd "The Lamb's book of life," Kept by an-gels so
 2. Ev - 'ry hour of the day would the tempt-er of souls Fill our spir - its with
 3. So I'll trust in that One who each hour of the day Helps me car - ry each
 4. When at last I shall hear Je - sus bid me to come, From that book He my

spot - less and fair; There's no room in that book for earth's sor - rows or strife,
 doubt and de - spair; But at thoughts of that book ev - 'ry shad - ow soon rolls,
 bur - den and care; He has put my name down on those pa - ges to stay,
 name will de - clare; Then I'll live with my Lord in His beau - ti - ful home,

CHORUS.

For the names of His children are there. Yes, the names of His children are

there On those pa - ges so spot - less and fair; When life's struggles are

past, He will own us at last, For the names of His chil - dren are there.

122 All the Way My Saviour Leads Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

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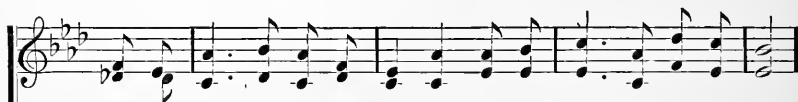
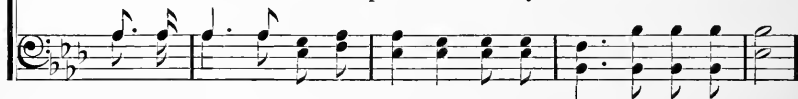
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; What have I to ask be - side?
2. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; Cheers each winding path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; Oh, the full - ness of His love!



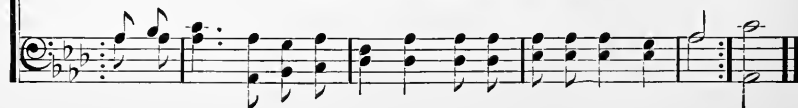
Can I doubt His ten - der mer - cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?
Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri - al, Feeds me with the liv - ing bread.
Per - fect rest to me is prom - ised In my Fa - ther's house a - bove.



Heav'n - ly peace, di - vin - est com - fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Tho' my wear - y steps may fal - ter, And my soul a - thirst may be,
When my spir - it, clothed im - mor - tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,



For I know, whate'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well; well.
Gushing from the Rock be - fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see; see.
This my song thro' endless a - ges; Je - sus led me all the way; way.



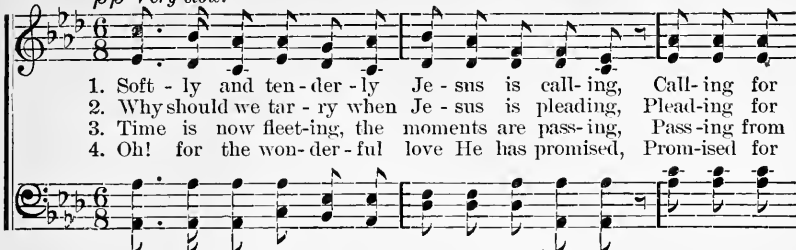
Softly and Tenderly.

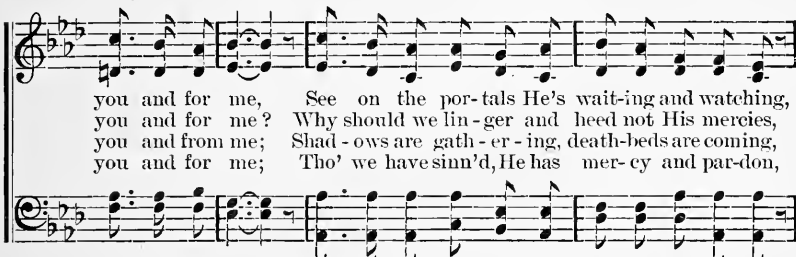
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WILL I. THOMPSON.

W. L. T.


pp *Very slow.*

- 
1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is pleading, Plead - ing for
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the moments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from
 4. Oh! for the won - der - ful love He has promised, Prom - ised for




you and for me, See on the por - tals He's wait - ing and watch - ing,
 you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mercies,
 you and from me; Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death - beds are com - ing,
 you and for me; Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer - cy and par - don,


CHORUS.



Watch - ing for you and for me.
 Mer - cies for you and for me. } Come home, come home,
 Com - ing for you and for me. } Come home, come home,
 Par - don for you and for me.

cres.


Ye who are wea - ry, come home, Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly



Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

124 The Story of Jesus Can Never Grow Old.

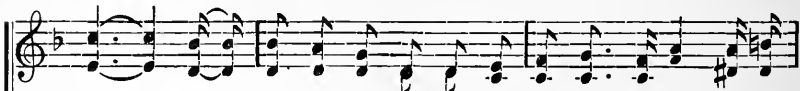
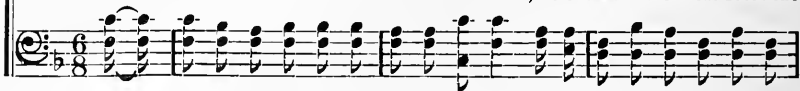
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Major D. W. WHITTLE.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.



1. They tell me the story of Jesus is old, And they ask that we preach something
2. Yet the sto - ry is old, as the sunlight is old, Tho' its new ev-'ry morn all the
3. For what can we tell to the weary of heart, If we preach not sal - va - tion from
4. So with sorrow we turn from the wise of this world, To the wanderers far from the



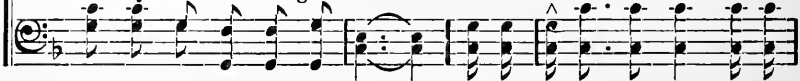
new; They say that the Babe and the Man of the cross, For the
 same; As it floods all the world with its glad-ness and light, Kindling
 sin? And how can we com - fort the souls that de - part, If we
 fold; With hearts for the mes - sage they'll join in our song, That the



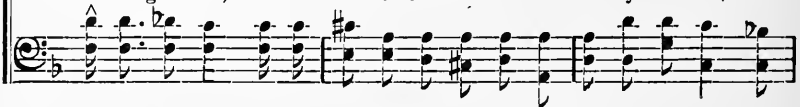
REFRAIN.



wise of this world will not do. } It can nev - er grow old, It can
 far a - way stars by its flame. }
 tell not how Christ rose a - gain.
 sto - ry can nev - er grow old.



nev - er grow old, Tho' a mil - lion times o - ver the sto - ry is told; While



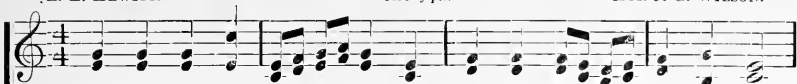
sin lives unvanquished, And death rules the world, The story of Jesus can never grow old.



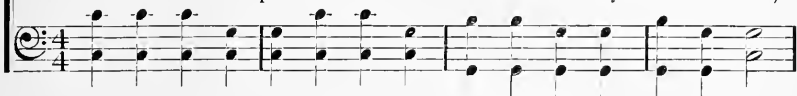
E. E. HEWITT.

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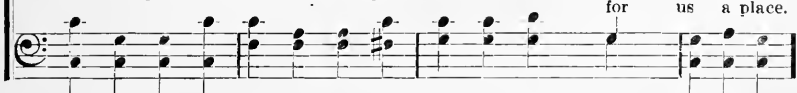
Mrs. J. G. WILSON.



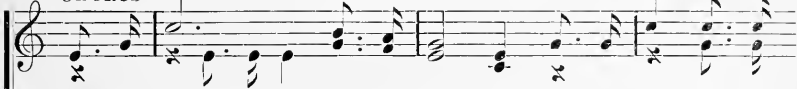
1. Sing the wondrous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer - cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil-grim pathway, Clouds will o - verspread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On - ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon His beau - ty we'll be - hold;



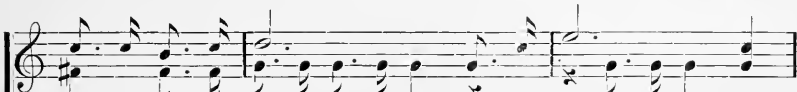
In the mansions, bright and bless-ed, He'll pre-pare for us a place.
But when trav'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold,
for us a place.



CHORUS



When we all get to heav - en, What a day of re-
When we all What a



joic - ing that will be! When we all see
day of re - joic - ing that will be! When we all



Je - sus, We'll shout and sing the vic - to - ry.....
and shout the vic - to - ry.



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C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je - sus the Naz - a - rene.
2. For me it was in the garden He prayed; "Not My will, but Thine."
3. In pit - y an - gels be - held Him, And came from the world of light
4. He took my sins and my sor - rows, He made them His ver - y own,
5. When with the ransomed in glo - ry His face I at last shall see,



And won - der how He could love me, A sin - ner, condemned, unclean.
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat - drops of blood for mine.
To com - fort Him in the sor - rows, He bore for my soul that night.
He bore the bur - den to Cal - v'ry, And suf - fered, and died a - lone.
'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.



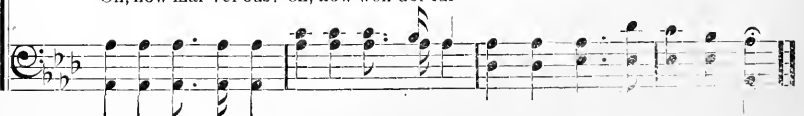
CHORUS.



How mar - vel - ous! how won - der - ful! And my song shall ev - er be:
Oh, how mar - vel - ous! oh, how won - der - ful!



How mar - vel - ous! how won - der - ful Is my Sav - iour's love for me!
Oh, how mar - vel - ous! oh, how won - der - ful



I Love to Tell the Story.

KATHERINE HANKEY.

Used by permission of Wm. G. Fischer.

WILLIAM G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem

Je - sus and His glo - ry Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
 all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the
 seems, each time I tell it, More wonder - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
 hun - ger - ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of

sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis trae; It sat - is - fies my long - ings As
 sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I
 sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From
 glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That

CHORUS.

noth - ing else would do.
 tell it now to thee. } I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in
 God's own ho - ly word. }
 I have lov'd so long.

glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

The Call of the Christ.

W. C. POOLE.

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H. A. HENRY.

1. The call of the Christ rings out to-day, Who will make re - ply?
 2. The call of the Christ rings sweet and clear, Who will make re - ply?
 3. The call of the Christ is now for you, Will you make re - ply?

For la - bor, or serv - ice, or bat - tle fray, Or seek - ing the
 Thy call - ing, O Mas - ter, to - day I hear, And glad - ly will
 I'm wait - ing, O Mas - ter, Thy will to do; Count me on the

lost who have gone a - stray, O Mas - ter, I'm read - y to go or stay -
 fol - low Thee, far or near; With Thee as my Leader, no harm I fear,
 side of the brave and true, I'll fol - low Thee all of the bat - tle thro',

CHORUS.
 Here am I! Here am I for serv - ice, what - so - e'er it be; I am

wait - ing or - ders, Mas - ter now, from Thee; I have heard Thy summons

The Call of the Christ.—Concluded.

from dark Calva - ry, And I glad-ly an-swer: "Master, here am I!"

129

Whiter Than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for-
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum-bly en - treat, I wait, bless - ed

ev - er to live in my soul, Break down ev'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe;
make a complete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self and what - ev - er I know;
Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet; By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow;

CHORUS.

Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes,

whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up -
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se - cure - ly
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick con -
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban - ner float - ing

hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be
 hide you; Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you, God be
 found you Put His arms un - fail - ing round you, God be
 o'er you; Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you, God be

CHORUS.

with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet,..... till we meet,
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet,..... till we
 till we meet; Till we meet, till we

meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 meet, till we meet,

A Mighty Fortress.

"The Lord is my rock and my fortress."—2 SAM. 22: 2.

F. H. HEDGE, tr.

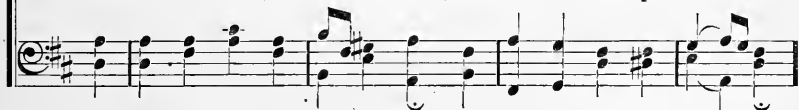
MARTIN LUTHER.



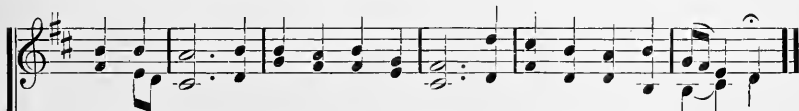
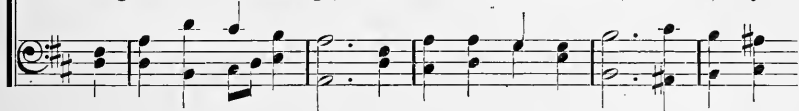
1. A might-y fortress is our God, A bulwark nev-er fail-ing;
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striv-ing would be los-ing;
3. And tho' this world, with devils filled, Should threaten to un-do us;



Our Help-er He, a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing.
 Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos-ing.
 We will not fear, for God hath will'd, His truth to triumph thro' us.



For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work his woe; His craft and
 Doth ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He! Lord Sabaoth
 Let goods and -kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al-so; The bod-y



pow'r are great, And armed with cruel hate—On earth is not his e-qual.
 is His name, From age to age the same; And He must win the bat-tle.
 they may kill; God's truth a-bid-eth still, His kingdom is for-ev-er.



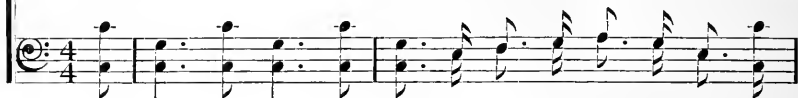
FANNY J. CROSBY.

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JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. A - wake! a - wake! the Mas - ter now is call - ing us, A -
2. A cry for light from dy - ing ones in hea - then lands: It
3. O Church of God, ex - tend thy kind, ma - ter - nal arms To
4. Look up! look up! the prom - ised day is draw - ing near, When



rise! a - rise! and, trust - ing in His word Go forth, go forth! pro -
comes, it comes a - cross the o - cean's foam; Then haste, oh, haste to
save the lost on moun - tains dark and cold, Reach out thy hand with
all shall hail, shall hail the Sav - iour King, When peace and joy shall



claim the year of ju - bi - lee, And take the cross, the bless - ed
spread the words of truth a - broad, For - get - ting not the starv - ing
lov - ing smile to res - cue them, And bring them to the shel - ter
fold their wings in ev - 'ry clime, And "Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah,"



cross, of Christ our Lord.
poor at home, dear home.
of the Sav - iour's fold.
o'er the earth shall ring.

CHORUS.

On, on, swell the cho - rus;

On, on, on, swell the cho - rus,



Church Rallying Song.—Concluded.

On, on, the morning star is shin-ing o'er us; On, on, while be-
On, on, on, On, on, on,

fore us Our might-y, might-y Sav-iour leads the way;
while be-fore leads the way;

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hear the ev-er-last-ing throng Shout ho-san-na, while we

bold-ly march a-long; Faith-ful sol-diers here be-low, On-ly Je-sus

will we know, Shout-ing "free sal-va-tion" o'er the world we go.

I Am Praying for You.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF.

Copyright, 1904, by Ira D. Sankey

By per. Biglow & Main Co.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I have a Sav-iour, He's plead-ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov-ing
 2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e -
 3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splend-ent in white-ness, A - wait-ing in
 4. When Je-sus has found you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, That my lov-ing

Sav - iour tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in
 ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon He will call me to
 glo - ry my won - der-ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all
 Sav - iour is your Sav - iour too; Then pray that your Sav - iour may

ten - der-ness o'er me, And, oh, that my Sav-iour were your Sav-iour too.
 meet Him in heav-en, But, oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!
 shin - ing in bright-ness, Dear friend, could I see you re - ceiv-ing one too!
 bring them to glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

CHORUS. *f*

For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing,

f *pp* *rall.*

For you I am pray - ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

Only a Step.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Copyright, 1901, by W. H. Doane. Renewal.
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W. H. DOANE.

1. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Then why not take it now?
 2. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Be - lieve, and thou shalt live;
 3. On - ly a step to Je - sus! A step from sin to grace;
 4. On - ly a step to Je - sus! O why not come and say,

Come, and thy sin con - fess - ing, To Him, thy Sav - iour, bow.
 Lov - ing - ly now He's wait - ing, And read - y to for - give.
 What has thy heart de - cid - ed—The mo - ments fly a - pace?
 "Glad - ly to Thee my Sav - iour, I give my - self a - way?"

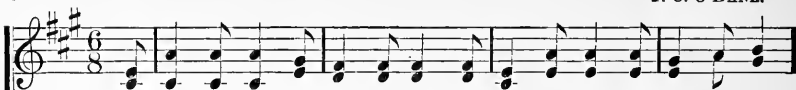
CHORUS.

On - ly a step, on - ly a step; Come, He waits for thee;

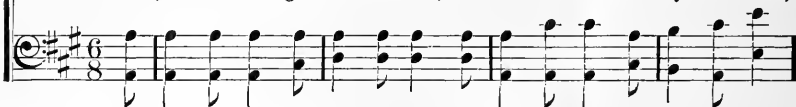
Come, and thy sin con - fess - ing, Thou shalt re - ceive a bless - ing;

Do not re - ject the mer - cy He free - ly of - fers thee.

T. C. O'KANE.



1. Be-hold a Stran-ger at the door, He gently knocks—has knocked before,
2. O love-ly at-titude,—He stands With melting heart and open hands;
3. But will He prove a friend indeed? He will,—the ver-y friend you need;
4. Rise, touched with gratitude di-vine, Turn out His en-e-my and thine;



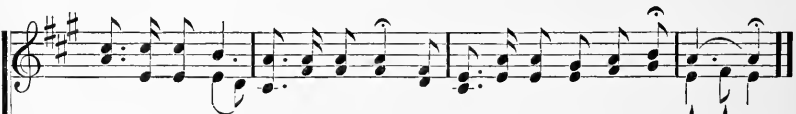
Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
 O match-less kindness, and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
 The friend of sin-ners? Yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.
 That soul-de-stroy-ing monster, Sin, And let the heavenly Stranger in.



CHORUS.



Oh, let the dear Saviour come in,..... He'll cleanse the heart from sin; Oh,
 come in, from sin;



keep Him no more out at the door. But let the dear Saviour come in.....
 come in.



G. F. R.

By permission.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, Oh, why do you
 2. What do you hope, dear broth - er, To gain by a
 3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His Spir - it now
 4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, The har - vest is

tar - ry so long? Your Sav - iour is wait - ing to
 fur - ther de - lay? There's no one to save you but
 striv - ing with - in? Oh, why not ac - cept His sal -
 pass - ing a - way? Your Sav - iour is long - ing to

give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.
 Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
 va - tion, And throw off thy bur - den of sin.
 bless you, There's dan - ger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

137 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN.

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CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.



1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Jesus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide,



It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me.
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied;



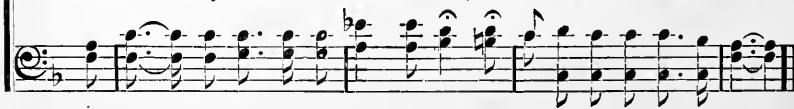
But, if by a still small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav-iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trust-ing my all to Thy ten-der care, And knowing Thou lovest me,



D.S.—I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;



I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where You want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o Thy message sweet, I'll say what You want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what You want me to be.



I'll say what You want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what You want me to be.

138 Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE. By per.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. 'Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
 2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, re-turn ye un - to God! to God!
 3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red..... like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"
 He is of great..... com - passion, And of wondrous love;
 "Look un - to me,..... ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red

DUET. *p*

QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
 Hear the voice that en - treats you, Hear the voice that en - treats you,
 He'll for - give your transgressions, He'll for - give your transgressions,

p ritard.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
 Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
 And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

"How Long Must We Wait?"

(Rev. Motte Martin, of Africa, recites the moving incident of a seeker after a teacher for his distant village who, when thrice refused, there being none to send, cried out in his brokenheartedness, in response to the answer, "You must wait;" "HOW LONG MUST WE WAIT? Oh, Teacher, ask the white man in your land 'HOW LONG MUST WE WAIT?'")

Rev. S. W. GLASGOW.

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Rev. C. T. CALDWELL.

DUET. *Slowly.*

1. Long have we sought e - ter - nal life, Years have we
 2. You know the love of God man - i - fold, A - ges have
 3. The a - ged faint and long for the Friend, Dark shad - ows

wait - ed in sin and strife; In darkness groped, sad mis - ry's mate, How
 brought you their grace un - told; Peace and a hope, no fear of fate, How
 gath - er - ing bring the end; Fades now the light, 'tis grow - ing late, How

CHORUS

long? how long must we wait? "How long? how long must we wait?"

"How long? how long must we wait?" The laborers still are few;

Our Lord has need of you, How long? how long must they wait?

MARY A. THOMPSON.

JAMES WALCH.



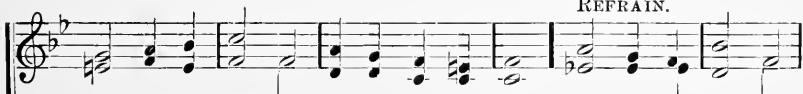
1. O Zi-on, haste, thy mission high ful-fill-ing, To tell to all the
2. Be-hold how ma-ny thousands still are ly-ing Bound in the darksome
3. 'Tis thine to save from per-il of per-di-tion The souls for whom the
4. Pro-claim to ev-'ry peo-ple, tongue, and nation That God, in whom they



world that God is Light; That He who made all nations is not will-ing
 pris-on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Saviour's dy-ing,
 Lord His life laid down; Be-ware lest, sloth-ful to ful-fill thy mis-sion,
 live and move, is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre-a-tion,



REFRAIN.



One soul should per-ish, lost in shades of night.
 Or of the life He died for them to win. } Pub-lish glad ti-dings:
 Thou lose one jew-el that should deck His crown.
 And died on earth that man might live a-bove.



Ti-dings of peace; Ti-dings of Je-sus, Redemption and re-lease.

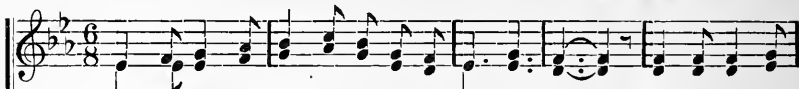


When Love Shines In.

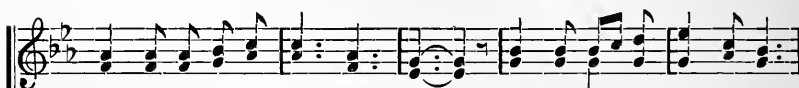
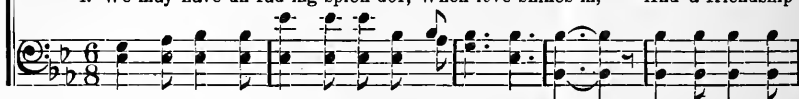
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Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

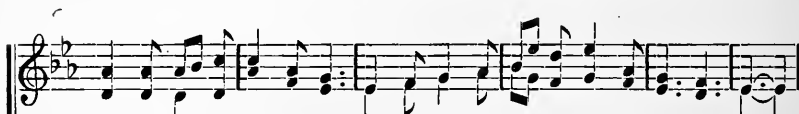
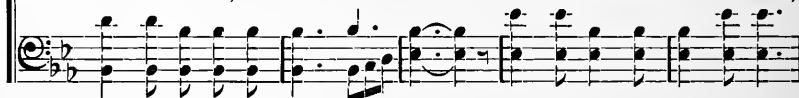
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Jesus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, | Ev - 'ry life that |
| 2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, | And the heart re- |
| 3. Dark-est sor-row will grow brighter, When love shines in, | And the heaviest |
| 4. We may have un-fad-ing splen-dor, When love shines in, | And a friendship |



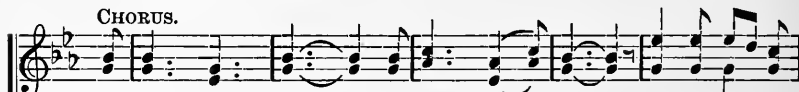
woe can sadden, When love shines in.	Love will teach us how to pray,
joice in du - ty, When love shines in.	Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied,
bur - den light - er, When love shines in.	'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
true and ten - der, When love shines in.	When earth - vict'ries shall be won,



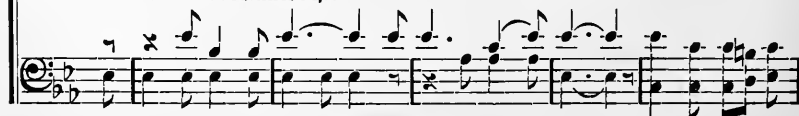
Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.
 And the soul in peace a-bide. Life will all be glo-ri-fied, When love shines in.
 Light to show us where to go, O, the heart shall blessing know, When love shines in.
 And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, When love shines in.



CHORUS.

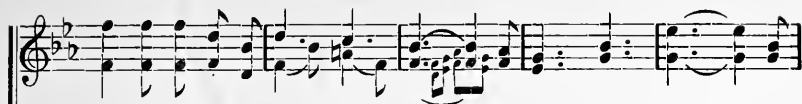


When love shines in, When love shines in, How the heart is
 When love shines in,



When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,

When Love Shines In.—Concluded.



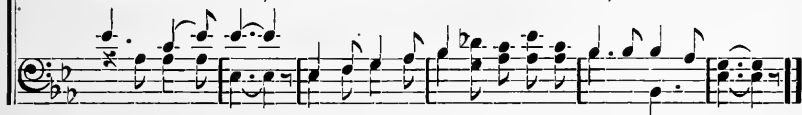
tuned to singing, When love shines in; When love shines in, When
When love shines in; When love shines in,



When love shines in, When love shines in,



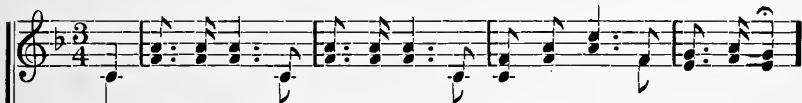
love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.
When love shines in, When love, when love shines in.



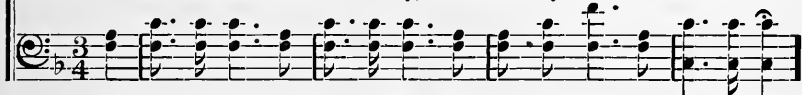
142

I'll Live for Him.

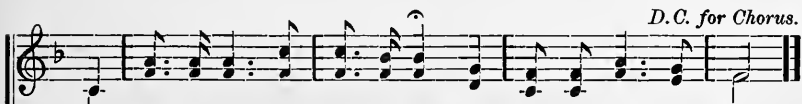
O. R. DUNBAR.



1. My life, my love, I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now believe Thou dost receive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal-vary, To save my soul and make me free.

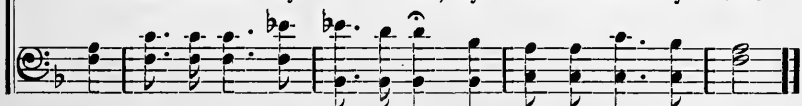


Cho.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!



D. C. for Chorus.

O may I ev-er faith-ful be, My Sav-our and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-our and my God!
I con-se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav-our and my God!



I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-our and my God!

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Inscribed to my friend, Rev. J. F. Carson, D. D.

I. H. M.

I. H. MEREDITH.

Prayerfully.

1. Seal us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, Grant us Thine im - press, we pray;
2. Seal us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, Help us Thy like - ness to show;
3. Seal us, O Ho - ly Spir - it, Make us Thine own from this hour;



We would be more like the Sav - iour, Stamped with His image to - day.
Then from our lives un - to oth - ers Streams of rich blessing shall flow.
May we be use - ful, dear Mas - ter, Seal us with witness - ing pow'r.



CHORUS.



Seal us, seal us, Seal us just now, we pray; Seal us, O



Ho - ly Spir - it, Seal us for serv - ice to - day.



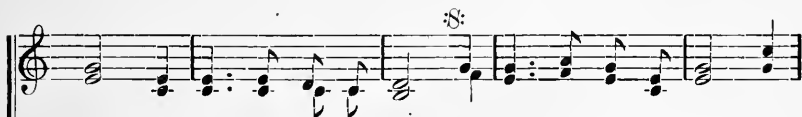
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Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

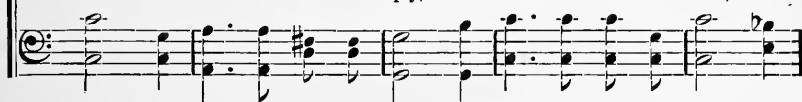
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O spread the tid-ings round, Wher-ev - er man is found, Wher-ev - er hu-man
2. The long, long night is past, The morn-ing breaks at last; And hush'd the dreadful
3. Be - hold the King of kings, With heal-ing in His wings, To ev - 'ry cap-tive
4. 0 bound-less Love di-vine! How shall this tongue of mine To wond'ring mortals
5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly A - bove the vaulted sky, And all the saints a-

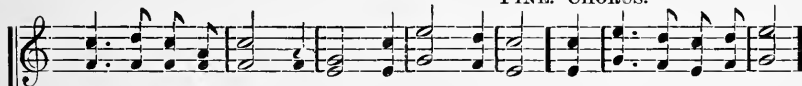


hearts And hu - man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Chris-tian tongue Pro -
 wail And fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold - en hills The
 soul A full de-liv'r-ance brings; And thro' the va - cant cells The
 tell The match-less grace di - vine,—That I, a child of sin, Should
 bove To all be-low re - ply, In strains of end - less love, The

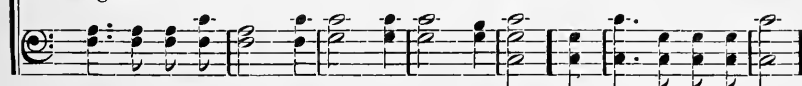


D.S.—O spread the tid-ings round, Wher-

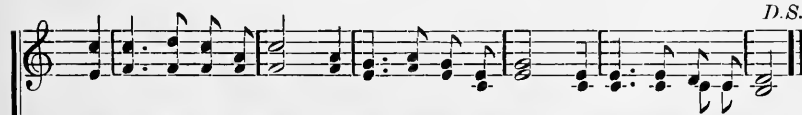
FINE. CHORUS.



claim the joy-ful sound; The Com-fort - er	has come!	} The Comforter has come,
day ad-vanc-es fast: The Com-fort - er	has come.	
song of tri-umph rings: The Com-fort - er	has come!	
in His im-age shine! The Com-fort - er	has come!	
song that ne'er will die: The Com-fort - er	has come!	

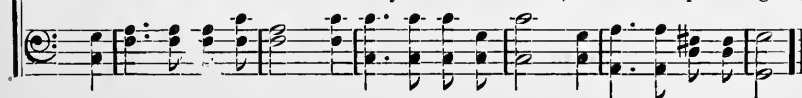


ev - er man is found,—The Com-fort - er has come!



D.S.

The Com-fort - er has come! The Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n;



W. T. SLEEPER.

Copyright, 1905, by Geo. C. Stebbins. By per.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To
 2. Ye chil - dren of men, at - tend to the word So
 3. O ye who would en - ter that glo - ri - ous rest, And
 4. A dear one in heav - en thy heart yearns to see, At the

ask Him the way of sal - va - tion and light; The Mas - ter made
 sol - emn - ly ut - tered by Je - sus, the Lord, And let not this
 sing with the ran - somed the song of the blest, The life ev - er -
 beau - ti - ful gate may be watch - ing for thee; Then list to the

an - swer in words true and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain.".....
 mes - sage to you be in vain, "Ye must be born a - gain.".....
 last - ing if ye would ob - tain, "Ye must be born a - gain.".....
 note of this sol - emn re - frain, "Ye must be born a - gain.".....
 a - gain.

CHORUS.

"Ye must be born a - gain,"..... "Ye must be born a - gain,"..... I
 a - gain, a - gain,

Ye Must Be Born Again.—Concluded.

ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly, say un-to thee, "Ye must be born a - gain."
a - gain."

146 Day is Dying in the West.

MARY ANN LATHBURY.

Copyright, 1877, by J. H. Vincent. By per.

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and
2. Lord of life be - neath the dome Of the un - i - verse, Thy home, Gath - er
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en - fold - ing all, 'Thro' the
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of

worship while the night Sets her ev'ning lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art night.
glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts a - scend.
an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morning rise, And shadows end.

REFRAIN.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are

full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High!

Stepping in the Light.

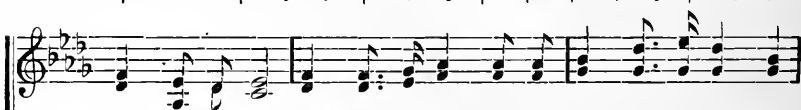
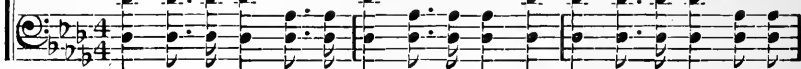
Copyright, 1890, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-iour, Try-ing to fol - low our
2. Press-ing more close-ly to Him who is lead-ing, When we are tempt-ed to
3. Walk-ing in foot-steps of gen - tle forbearance, Foot-steps of faithfulness,
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Upward, still upward, we'll



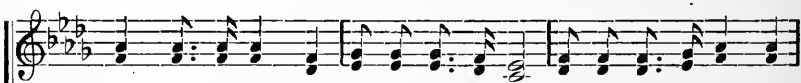
Sav - iour and King; Shap-ing our lives by His bless - ed ex - am - ple,
 turn from the way; Trust-ing the arm that is strong to de-fend us,
 mer - cy, and love, Look-ing to Him for the grace free - ly prom-ised,
 fol - low our Guide, When we shall see Him, "the King in His beau-ty,"



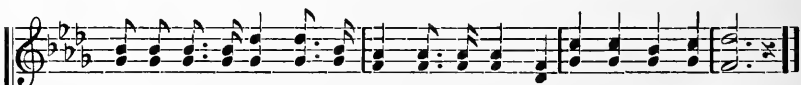
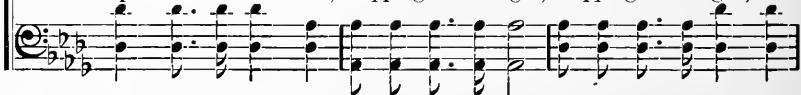
CHORUS.



Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring.
 Happy, how happy, our praises each day. } How beautiful to walk in the
 Happy, how happy, our jour-ney a-bove.
 Happy, how happy, our place at His side. }



steps of the Sav - iour, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How



beau-ti - ful to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Led in paths of light.



Oh, How He Loves.

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Adpt. by Miss MARIANNE NUNN.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, Oh, how He loves!
 2. 'Tis e - ter - nal life to know Him, Oh, how He loves!
 3. Bless - ed Je - sus! would you know Him, Oh, how He loves!
 4. All your sins shall be for - giv - en, Oh, how He loves!

His is love be - yond a broth - er's, Oh, how He loves! Earth - ly
 Think, oh, think how much we owe Him, Oh, how He loves! With His
 Give yourselves en - tire - ly to Him, Oh, how He loves! Think no
 Back - ward shall your foes be dri - en, Oh, how He loves! Best of

friends may fail or leave us, One day soothe, the next day grieve us;
 pre - cious blood He bought us, In the wil - der - ness He sought us;
 lon - ger of the mor - row, From the past new cour - age bor - row,
 bless - ings He'll pro - vide you, Naught but good shall e'er be - tide you,

But this Friend will ne'er de - ceive us, Oh, how He loves!
 To His fold He safe - ly brought us, Oh, how He loves!
 Je - sus car - ries all your sor - row, Oh, how He loves!
 Safe to glo - ry He will guide you, Oh, how He loves!

I Will Never Leave Thee.

O. H. G.

Copyright, 1911, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
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1. Why should I re - bel when the cross is hard to bear? Why re - pine in
2. When the day is dark - est, and troub - le - bil - lows roll, Sweet - ly this as -
3. Tho' He send me tri - als, 'tis but to make me strong, And the fie - ry
4. Some day I shall see Him to know Him as He is; Some day I shall

sor - row or trem - ble with de - spair? Je - sus still is with me, His
sur - ance comes steal - ing o'er my soul:—"I am He that liv - eth! Hope
fur - nace shall ech - o with my song; In my weak - ness He will give
feel my hand close - ly held in His; Then with all the loved ones who've

prom - is - es are sure, And throughout the a - ges for - ev - er shall en - dure.
on, nor be a - afraid! Trust in Me for ref - uge, and be thou not dis - mayed!"
strength for ev - 'ry day, Lov - ing, guid - ing, keep - ing, sus - tain - ing all the way.
jour - neyed on be - fore, In His presence I shall re - joice for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

I will nev - er leave thee; Sor - row shall not grieve thee; In my arms I'll

hold thee and wipe thy tears a - way, I will not forsake thee, Foes shall not o'er -

I Will Never Leave Thee.—Concluded.

take thee: I the Lord, will keep thee se - cure a - gainst that day.

150 God the All-Powerful!

HENRY F. CHORLEY.

(RUSSIAN HYMN.)

Arr. by JOHN ELLERTON.

ALEXIS LWOFF.

1. God the All - pow - er - ful! King who or - dain - est, Great winds Thy
2. God the All-right-eous One! man hath de - fied Thee, Yet to e -
3. God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chast'-ning, Earth shall to
4. So shall Thy chil - dren, in thank - ful de - vo - tion, Praise Him who

clar - ions, the lightnings Thy sword, Show forth Thy pit - y on high,
 ter - ni - ty stand - eth Thy word; Falsehood and wrong shall not tar -
 free - dom and truth be re - stored; Thro' the thick dark - ness Thy king -
 saved them from per - il and sword, Sing - ing in cho - rus from o -

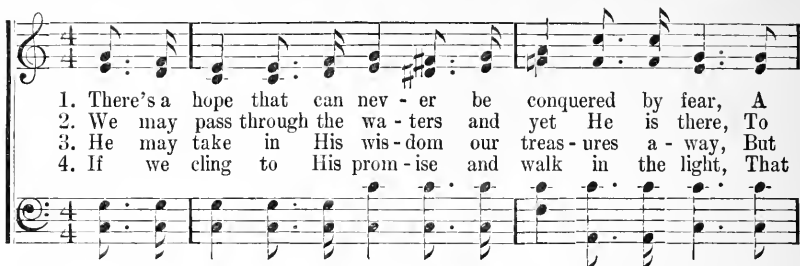
where Thou reign - est Grant to us peace, O most mer - ci - ful Lord.
 ry be - side Thee; Grant to us peace, O most mer - ci - ful Lord.
 dom is hast -'ning; Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.
 cean to o - cean, "Peace to the na - tions, and praise to the Lord."

151 When Jesus Abides In the Soul.

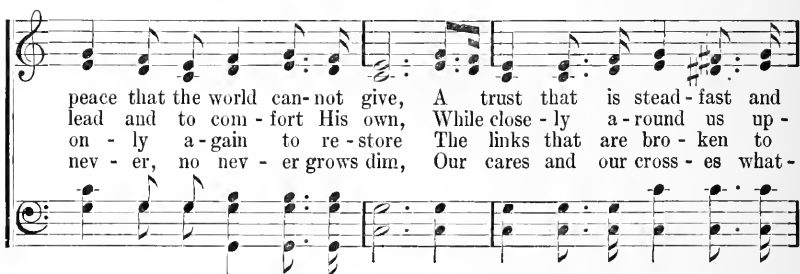
FANNY J. CROSBY.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley.

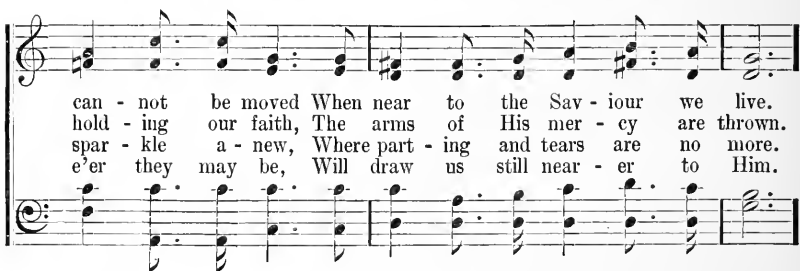
B. D. ACKLEY.



1. There's a hope that can nev - er be conquered by fear, A
 2. We may pass through the wa - ters and yet He is there, To
 3. He may take in His wis - dom our treas - ures a - way, But
 4. If we cling to His prom - ise and walk in the light, That



peace that the world can - not give, A trust that is stead - fast and
 lead and to com - fort His own, While close - ly a - round us up -
 on - ly a - gain to re - store The links that are bro - ken to
 nev - er, no nev - er grows dim, Our cares and our cross - es what -



can - not be moved When near to the Sav - iour we live.
 hold - ing our faith, The arms of His mer - cy are thrown.
 spar - kle a - new, Where part - ing and tears are no more.
 e'er they may be, Will draw us still near - er to Him.

CHORUS.



Our love may be test - ed, our faith may be tried, Temp -



ta - tions like bil - lows may roll, But firm - ly we rest on E -

When Jesus Abides In the Soul—Concluded.

ter - ni - ty's Rock, When Je - sus a - bides in the soul. (in the soul.)

152 That's What He Did for Me.

Copyright, 1915, by Alfred H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley, owner.

A. H. A.

ALFRED H. ACKLEY.

1. The peace I received when He saved me, Has gladdened my life with a song:
2. He gave me the power to serve Him, And that's what I'm trying to do;
3. I know that a mansion a-waits me, Se - cure from all manner of foes,

From morning till evening I'll praise Him, Whose love is so tender and strong.
 No mat-ter what e - vil be-falls me, I'll ev - er be faithful and true.
 For Je - sus has gone to pre-pare it, A home of e - ter-nal re-pose.

CHORUS.

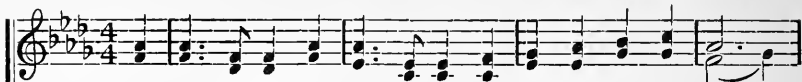
That's what He did for me, That's what He did for me; When

Je - sus came in He saved me from sin, O that's what He did for me.

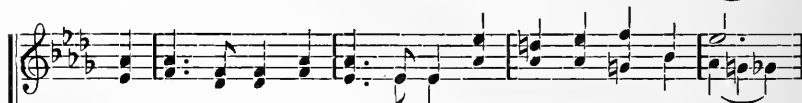
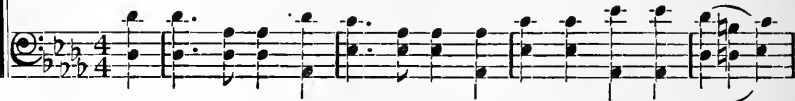
O Mother Dear, Jerusalem.

(MATERNA.)

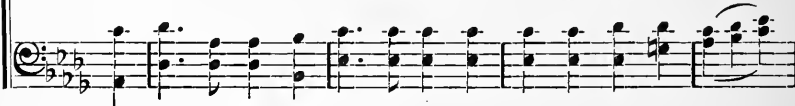
SAMUEL A. WARD.



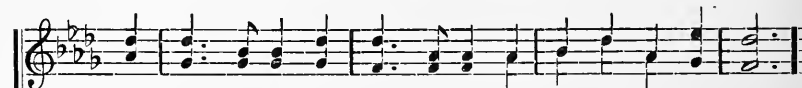
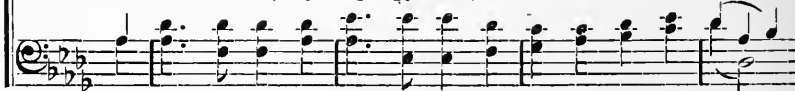
1. O Moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem, When shall I come to thee ?
2. Thy walls are made of precious stones, Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
3. Thy gar - dens and thy gal - lant walks Con - tin - ual - ly are green,
4. There trees for - ev - er - more bear fruit, And ev - er - more do spring;



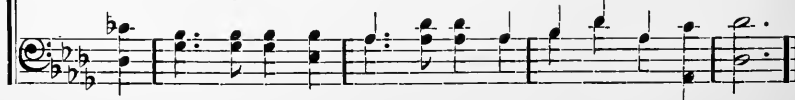
When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
 Thy gates are of right o - rient pearl, Ex - ceed - ing rich and rare.
 There grow such sweet and pleasant flow'rs, As nowhere else are seen.
 There ev - er - more the an - gels sit, And ev - er - more do sing.



O hap - py har - bor of the saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil!
 Thy tur - rets and thy pin - na - cles With car - bun - cles do shine;
 Quite thro' the streets, with sil - ver sound, The flood of life doth flow;
 Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Would God I were in thee!

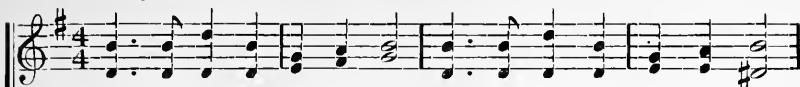


In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.
 Thy ver - y streets are paved with gold, Sur - pass - ing clear and fine.
 Up - on whose banks on ev - 'ry side The wood of life doth grow.
 Would God my woes were at an end, Thy joys that I might see!

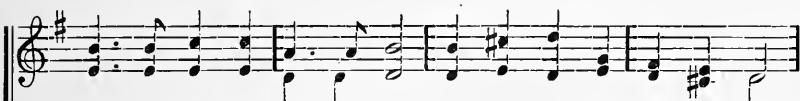
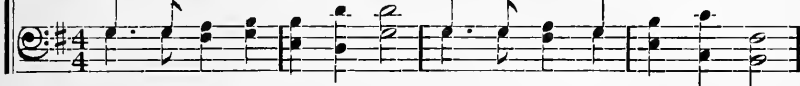


Rev. HENRY ALFORD.

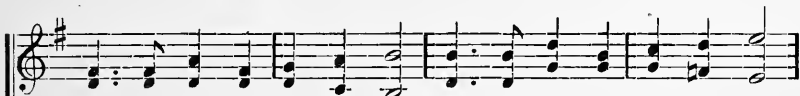
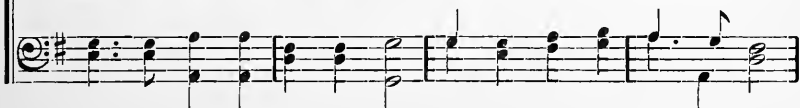
Sir GEORGE J. ELVEY.



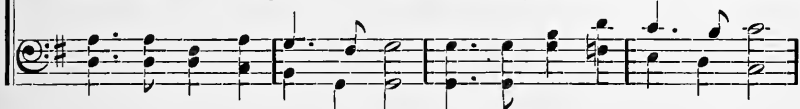
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest-home;
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield:
3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har - vest home;
4. E - ven so, Lord, quick-ly come To Thy fi - nal har - vest-home;



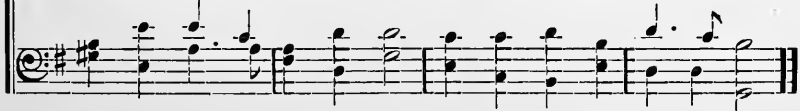
All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown:
From His field shall in that day All of - fen - ces purge a - way;
Gath - er Thou Thy peo - ple in, Free from sor - row, free from sin;

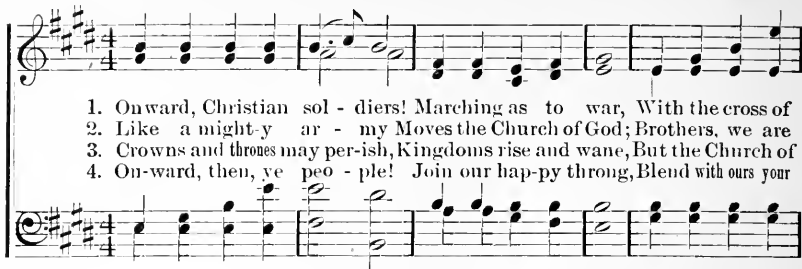


God our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied:
First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear:
Give His an - gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,
There for ev - er pur - i - fied, In Thy pres - ence to a - bide:

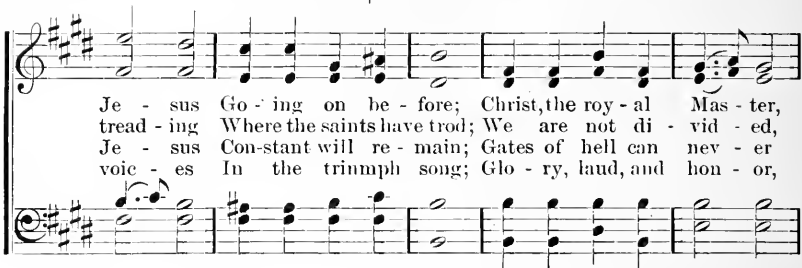


Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest-home.
Lord of har - vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.
But the fruit - ful ears to store In His gar - ner ev - ev - more.
Come, with all Thine an - gels, come, Raise the glo - rious har - vest-home.

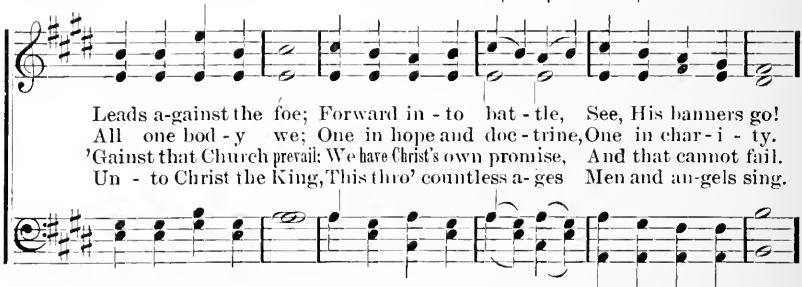




1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
 3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
 4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throug, Blend with ours your



Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
 Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
 voic - es In the triumph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,



Leads a-against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go!
 All one bod - y we; One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
 Un - to Christ the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.



On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! Marching as to war,



With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

JAMES H. AIKMAN.

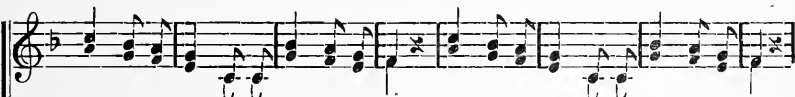
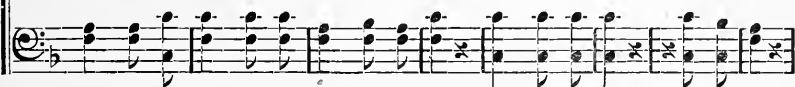
THOMAS H. BAYLY.



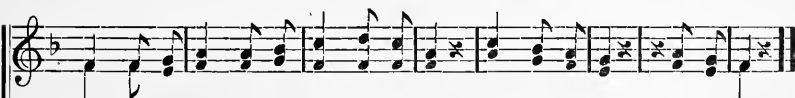
1. Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
2. Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
3. Touch not the cup, young man, in thy pride; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
4. Touch not the cup, oh, drink not a drop; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;



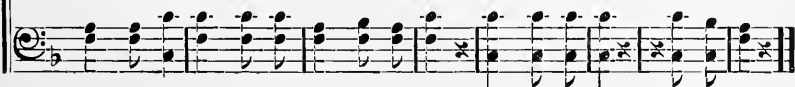
Ma - ny I know who have quaff'd from that bowl; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 Tho' like the ru - by it shines in the light; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 Hark to the warning of thousands who've died; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 All that thou lov - est entreats thee to stop: Touch not the cup, touch it not.



Lit - tle they tho't that the demon was there, Blindly they drank and were caught in the snare;
 Fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl, Deep - ly the poi - son may en - ter thy soul,
 Go to their lone - ly and des - olate tomb, Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom;
 Stop! for the home that to thee is so dear, Stop! for the friends that to thee are so near,



Then of that death-dealing bowl, oh, beware; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 Soon will it plunge thee beyond thy control; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 Think that perhaps thou may'st share in their doom; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 Stop for thy country, in trembling and fear, Touch not the cup, touch it not.



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - ther's God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet freedom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
 To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With freedom's

pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry mountain side Let free - dom ring!
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long,
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

GOD SAVE—KEEP—HOLD—OUR MEN.

Tune—"AMERICA."

God SAVE our splendid men,
 Send them safe home again,

God SAVE our men.
 Make them victorious,
 Patient and chivalrous,
 They are so dear to us,
 God SAVE our men.

God KEEP our own dear men,
 From every stain of sin,
 God KEEP our men.

When Satan would allure,
 When tempted KEEP them pure,
 Be their protection sure—
 God KEEP our men.

God HOLD our precious men,
 And love them to the end,
 God HOLD our men.
 Hold in Thine arms so strong
 To Thee they all belong,
 Hold safe from every wrong,
 God HOLD our men.

Children's Songs.

158

Smile and Sing.

JAMES ROWE.

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Words and Music.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Je - sus loves us dear - ly, Gives us ev - 'ry - thing,
2. There are lit - tle chil - dren Who are al - ways sad;
3. Some there are who nev - er Sing our Sav - iour's praise,
4. He will keep us loy - al, If with Him we live,

So for Je - sus dai - ly We will smile and sing.
Songs would make them cheer - ful, Smiles would make them glad.
But we mean to praise Him, All our earth - ly days.
And un - num - bered bless - ings To His chil - dren give.

CHORUS.

* S - M - I - L - E is smile, S - I - N - G sing,

All the while We'll sing and smile For our bless - ed King.

* Emphasize each letter in SMILE and SING with index finger of right hand, and smile.

Line Up!

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(ACTION SONG.)

JAMES ROWE.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Learning to stand for Je - sus, Learning the way to fight, . . .
 2. Learning to tell His sto - ry, Learning to look a - bove, . . .
 3. Mak - ing a good be - gin - ning, Learning to sing His praise, . . .

Sure that our Lead-er sees us Try-ing to do the right.
 Start-ing to fight for glo - ry Un-der the flag we love.
 Smiles from the Saviour win - ning, E-ven in child-hood days.

CHORUS. *f*

¹ Line up! that is the or - der; ² Mark time! clear-ly it rings;

³ Waving on high the glo-ri-ous standard Of the King of kings. . .

1 Let the one on the right of the platform take a step forward, and others move up quickly into line. 2. Mark time. 3. Wave the standard (each may have a small banner, or wave the hand), still marking time.

Bethlehem Lullaby.

P. W. B.

Copyright, 1901, by P. W. Blackmer.
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Arr. BRAHAM'S.

1. Long a - go, there was born In the cit - y of Dav - id,
2. Je - sus came as a child From His Fa - ther in heav - en,

A sweet, ho - ly Babe, Who was Je - sus our King.
And has shown us the way To be lov - ing and kind,

An - gels sang at His birth, "Lull - a - by, peace on earth,"
While the stars sang a - bove, "Lull - a - by, God is love,"

An - gels sang at His birth, "Lull - a - by, peace on earth."
While the stars sang a - bove, "Lull - a - by, God is love."

1. Do you know how ma - ny stars There are shin - ing in the sky?
 2. Do you know how ma - ny bird - ies In the sun - shine sing all day?
 3. Do you know how ma - ny child - ren Go to lit - tle beds at night?

Do you know how ma - ny clouds Ev - 'ry day go float - ing by?
 Do you know how ma - ny fish - es In the spark - ling wa - ter play?
 And with - out a care or sor - row Wake a - gain with morn - ing light!

God, the Lord, their num - ber know - eth, For each one His care He showeth,
 God, the Lord, who dwells in heav - en, Name and life to each has giv - en,
 God in heav'n each name can tell, Knows us too, and loves us well,

Of the bright and boundless host, Of the bright and boundless host.
 In His love they live and move, In His love they live and move.
 He's our best and dear - est Friend, He's our best and dear - est Friend.

MOTIONS.—Verse 1. Arms extended above the head; move the fingers to represent the stars. Extend the arms in front and wave the hands, to show clouds. Verse 2. Extend the arms to the right and left, and move them to imitate the flying of the birds. Extend the hands and move from right to left in front to represent flying. Verse 3. Bow the head on hands and shut the eyes, opening them at the words, "Wake again."

The King's Blossoms.

JAMES ROWE.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley.
Words and Music.

KATHERINE HOWE.

1. Lit - tle ones are flow - ers, Grow - ing for the King,
 2. How He loves to watch them, And their ten - der charms!
 3. Bless - ed Lord, at - tend them, Close to them re - main,

CHORUS.

Bright'ning earthy bow - ers, Help - ing hearts to sing.
 How He loves to hold them In His lov - ing arms.
 That no storm may blight them, And no e - vil stain. } Flow - ers,

flow - ers, Lit - tle blooms of love, Spreading joy a - round them,

For the One a - bove; Flow - ers, flow - ers, Beau - ti - ful to

see, Grow - ing for the Sav - iour And e - ter - ni - ty.....

1. If you walk in the vale of sor-row, Do not droop like a fad-ing
 2. In the morn when the day is break-ing, When at even-ing the shad-ows
 3. Ev-'ry tune is a hymn of glad-ness, Ev - 'ry note is a song of
 4. Trnst in God, He will nev - er fail you, Why re-pine when He loves you

flow'r; God still lives and His arms are a - bout you, Hear the birds in the
 fall; When the night folds the world in its dark-ness, Their sweet mu-sic the
 praise; In the storm and the rain they are sing-ing, As they sing on the
 so; If the song birds re-joice in His keeping, There is joy and con-

Sva.....

CHORUS.

L. H.

vine-cover'd bow'r.....
 soul seems to call.....
 bright summer days.....
 tentment for you

Lis-ten to the song birds sing,

Sva.....

L. H.

Mes - sa - ges of joy they bring, In your gloom and sadness,

Listen to the Song Birds.—Concluded.

Catch their note of glad-ness, Lis-ten to the song birds sing.

Sva.....

Sva.

164 Evening Song.

GEORGIE TILLMAN SNEAD.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley.
Words and Music.

B. D. ACKLEY.

Slowly, with expression.

1. Now the day is dy-ing in the gold-en west, Lit-tle birds are
 2. In God's care so ten-der they will fall a - sleep, For the Lord doth
 3. When the morn is breaking in the ros - y east, They will thank the

fly-ing homeward, to their nest; Lit-tle chil-dren gath-er round the
 safe-ly lit-tle chil-dren keep; Gives them sweetest slumbers, guards them
 Fa-ther for their pleas-ant rest; Hap-py, hap-py chil-dren in His

hearth-stone bright, Sweet-ly they are say-ing now, "Good-night, good-night."
 in their bed, And from ev-'ry dan-ger shields each lit-tle head.
 lov-ing care, They need fear no dan-ger, God is ev-'ry-where.

This I'll Do for Jesus.

GEORGIE TILLMAN SNEAD.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Aakley.
Words and Music.

G. G. LANSING.

1. I can be a lit - tle light, Shining in the darkest night; Guiding those who
2. I can smile up - on the sad, Making weary hearts so glad; I can scat - ter
3. I can tell of all His love Reaching down from heav'n above, How He seeks the
4. I can la - bor day by day, I can love and trust and pray; And throughout my

CHORUS.

go a - stray To the nar - row way.
sweetest flow'rs, Bright'ning lonely hours.
wand'ring sheep, And His chil - dren keeps. } This I'll do, this I'll do, Wher -
length of days I can sing His praise.

ev - er I may be; This I'll do for Je - sus, Who did so much for me.

Little Twigs.

JAMES ROWE.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Aakley.
Words and Music.

KATHERINE HOWE.

1. Je - sus is the tree, and we The lit - tle twigs, you know,
2. He will keep us in His light, And al - ways grow - ing here,
3. By and by, we all shall be Up in a world more fair,

Grow - ing for e - ter - ni - ty, Love for Him to show.
Al - ways do - ing what we might, In His pres - ence dear.
Liv - ing thro' e - ter - ni - ty, In His beau - ty there.

Little Twigs.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Lit - tle twigs, lit - tle twigs, Grow - ing in His love;

Reach - ing out and get - ting read - y For the life a - bove.

167

Just a Little Child.

GEORGIE TILLMAN SNEAD.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley.
Words and Music.

G. G. LANSING.

1. I am just a lit - tle child, Yet He bids me come; Je - sus calls me
2. I am just a lit - tle child, But there's service true; For each lit - tle
3. I am just a lit - tle child, Yet P'll do my part; Give the cup of
4. I am just a lit - tle child, Yet a child may be In His crown a

CHORUS.

I will go, In His arms there's room.
boy and girl, There is much to do.
wa - ter cool, Cheering some sad heart. } I am just a lit - tle child,
jew - el bright Thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

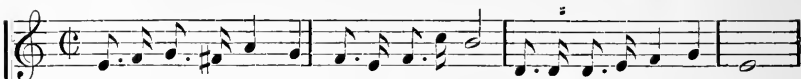
Ver - y weak and small; Yet there's work for me to do, There is work for all.

168 Listen to the Shepherd's Call.

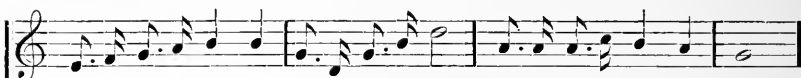
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W. A. Wiide & Co, owners. Used by per.

E. E. HEWITT.

GEO. CHADWICK STOCK.



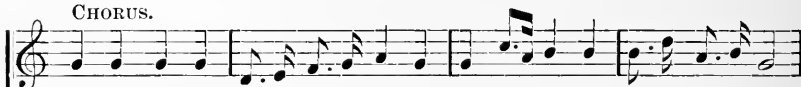
1. In life's ear-ly morning, when the sky is blue, Listen to the Shepherd's call;
2. He will gently lead us where the lilies grow—Listen to the Shepherd's call;
3. When the clouds shall gather He will keep His flock—Listen to the Shepherd's call;
4. If one lamb is missing on the mountains cold—Listen to the Shepherd's call;



While the buds and blos-soms sparkle with the dew, Lis-ten to the Shepherd's call.
Where amid green pastures, silver waters flow—Lis-ten to the Shepherd's call.
Shel-ter them so safe-ly in the mighty Rock—Lis-ten to the Shepherd's call.
Ten-der-ly He'll seek it, bring it to His fold— Lis-ten to the Shepherd's call.



CHORUS.



Fol-low, fol-low, ev-er fol-low Je-sus, He will welcome, sweetly welcome all;



Listen to the Shepherd's Call.—Concluded.

Fol-low, fol-low, ev - er fol - low Je - sus; Lis - ten, lis - ten to the Shep - herd's call.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, featuring chords and a steady bass line.

169 Thank God for Little Children.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

Copyright, 1900, by Mrs. Wm. Reynolds. Used by per.

C. S. COLBURN.

1. Thank God for lit - tle children, His gifts of tender love; God bless the lit - tle
 2. In Beth'hem's lowly man - ger, The Ba - by Je - sus lay; In love He guards the
 3. "O suf - fer lit - tle children To come to Me," He said; And laid His hand in
 4. And still He calls them to Him, And says, "Forbid them not;" He knows each precious

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, featuring chords.

REFRAIN. *Brightly.*

children, And watch them from a - bove.
 cra - dle Of lit - tle ones to - day.
 blessing Up - on each lit - tle head. } We welcome, welcome glad - ly These
 ba - by, Not one is e'er for - got.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, featuring chords.

little ones who come, Their names shall now be written With - in our Sabbath home.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, featuring chords.

A Birthday Greeting.

Copyright, 1905, by Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society.
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FRANCES WELD DANIELSON.

Adapted from Old Song.

A birth-day greet-ing to you, dear, May you be hap - py

all your year! If you are brave and sweet and true, The Fa-ther's

smile will rest on you, And He will be so glad to see You

grow - ing up His child to be. A birth - day greet - ing

poco rit.

to you, dear, May you be hap - py all the year!

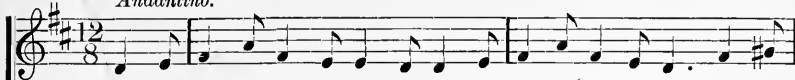
The Father's Care.

Music copyright, 1905, by Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society.
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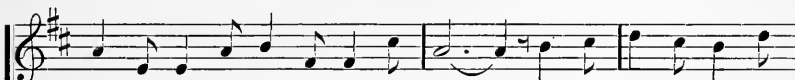
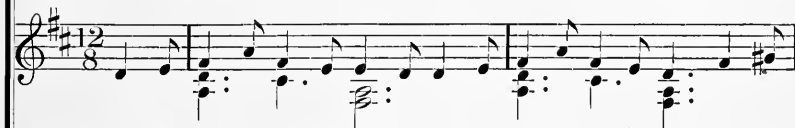
REV. CHARLES I. JUNKIN.

GRACE WILBUR CONANT.

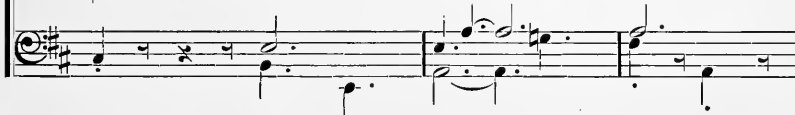
Andantino.



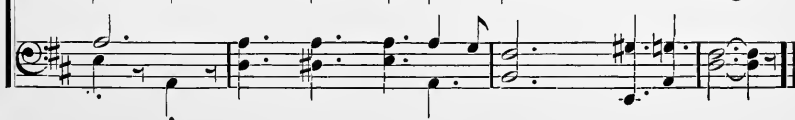
1. In the trees the birds are sing-ing, in the mountains and the glens, By the
2. All the meadows bloom with daisies and with dan-de-li-ons bold, And the
3. And the clouds of trou-ble gath-er, and the stormy wind is heard, And the
4. And the world is full of chil-dren, oh, so ma-ny and so fair! Like the



riv-ers and the brooks and by the sea;..... But there's food for all the
clo-ver blos-soms cov-er all the lea;..... But there's clothing for the
an-gry tem-pest ra-ges wild and free;..... But there's shel-ter for the
sunbeams as they spark-le on the sea;..... But there's room for all the



rob-ins and the ti-ny little wrens, And there's bread in His hand for me.
lil-ies and the butter-cups of gold, And there's raiment in His hand for me.
sparrow and the little hum-ming-bird, And there's safety in His arms for me.
children in the Father's tender care, And there's room in His heart for me.



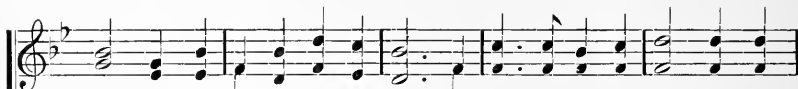
Christmas Song.

(WEBB.)

Words from "The Holy Child's Welcome," H. D. Noyes & Co. Used by per.



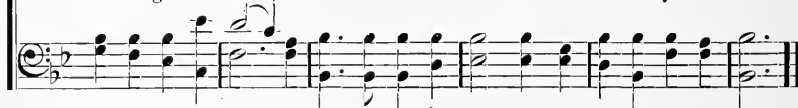
1. I love the Christmas sto-ry Be-cause I know 'tis true; And tho' I've often
2. I love the Christmas sto-ry Be-cause it is so sweet; Christ came to bless the
3. Then tell the Christmas sto-ry, Oh, tell it now to-night, How Je-sus came in



heard it, Yet it is al-ways new. It is a bless-ed sto - ry, As
 chil - dren, And guide their lit-tle feet. It is a pre-cious sto - ry, It
 glo - ry, To fill the world with light. Oh, tell the sto - ry, chil-dren, With



dear as it can be; It tells me that my Sav-iour Was once a child like me.
 shows God's love to me, The more I think a-bout it, The more His love I see.
 voic - es glad and free; How on that blessed Christmas He came to you and me.



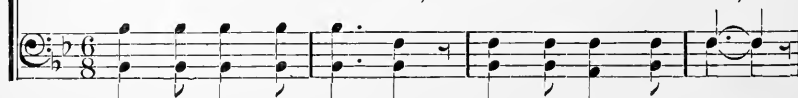
Little Drops of Water.

EBEN C. BREWER.

English.



- | | | | |
|-----------------------|--------------|-----------------------|--------|
| 1. Lit - tle drops of | wa - ter, | Lit - tle grains of | sand, |
| 2. And the lit - tle | mo - ments, | Hum - ble tho' they | be, |
| 3. So our lit - tle | er - rors, | Lead the soul a - way | |
| 4. Lit - tle seeds of | mer - cy, | Sown by youth - ful | hands, |
| 5. Lit - tle deeds of | kind - ness, | Lit - tle words of | love, |



Little Drops of Water.—Concluded.

Make the might - y o - cean, And the beau - teous land.
 Make the might - y a - ges Of e - ter - ni - ty.
 From the paths of vir - tue Oft in sin to stray.
 Grow to bless the na - tions Far in hea - then lands.
 Make our earth an E - den Like the heav'n a - bove.

174 Welcome, Precious Baby.

(Tune—"Little Drops of Water." See No. 173.)

To be sung when receiving a baby or babies into the class. Change word "baby" to "babies" if need.

- 1 Welcome, precious baby,
 To our cradle roll,
 Here a place is waiting
 For each tiny soul.
- 2 On the earth our Saviour
 Little children blessed,

- In His arms He took them,
 Held them to His breast.
- 3 Still He calls them to Him,
 No one is too small,
 For the tender Saviour
 Loves and wants us all.

—JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

175 I Am Jesus' Little Lamb.

1. I am Je - sus' lit - tle lamb, There - fore glad and gay I am;
2. Safe - ly in and out I go, Je - sus loves and keeps me so;
3. Should I not be al - ways glad, None whom Je - sus loves are sad;

Je - sus loves me, Je - sus knows me, All things good and fair He shows me,
 When I'm hun - gry Je - sus feeds me, When I thirst my Shepherd leads me
 And when this short life is end - ed Those whom the good Shepherd tend - ed

Loves me ev - 'ry day the same, E - ven calls me by my name.
 Where the wa - ters soft - ly flow, Where the sweet - est past - ures grow:
 Will be tak - en to the skies, There to live in Par - a - dise.

176 The World-Children For Jesus.

Copyright, 1909, by Margaret Coote Brown, 436 Oak Street, Buffalo N. Y.
Used by Per.

M. C. B.

MARGARET COOTE BROWN.

With expression.

1. The cunning papoose in the wigwam that lives, Whose life is so hap-py and
 2. The Es - ki-mo babies are wrapped all in fur; They live in the north coun-
 3. The lit - tle Jap babies, with shining dark eyes, Live on a green isle in the
 4. The pret-ty brown babies who roll in the sand, In a coun-try far o - ver the
 5. And all the dear babies, wher-ev-er they grow, So cunning, so precious, so

free,..... Is my In-di-an brother; and Je-sus loves him Just as He loves
 try,..... Where cold winds blow; and Jesus loves them Just as He loves
 sea;..... Too ma-ny to count; and Jesus loves them Just as He loves
 sea,..... Are my Af-rican brothers; and Jesus loves them Just as He loves
 wee,..... Are God's darling chil-dren; and Jesus loves them Just as He loves

REFRAIN. *Sostenuto.*

you and me. The world-children for Je-sus, The world-children for

The World-Children For Jesus.—Concluded.

Je - sus, The world-children for Je - sus who loves them, Who loves ev-'ry one.

ff *dim.*

177 Tiny Toddlers.

E. E. HEWITT.

Copyright, 1916, in "Messages of Beauty," by B. D. Ackley.

B. D. ACKLEY.

Not too fast.

1. Je - sus loves the *ti - ny tod - dlers Just as much to - day,
2. Je - sus loves the ti - ny tod - dlers Just like you and me;

Fine.

As when long a - go He blessed them, In His ten - der way.
In His arms He'll kind - ly hold us, Our best friend will be.

D.S.—Je - sus loves the ti - ny tod - dlers, Je - sus loves us ' all.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Je - sus is call - ing us; Hear! hear the call;

* "Little Children" may be used if preferred."

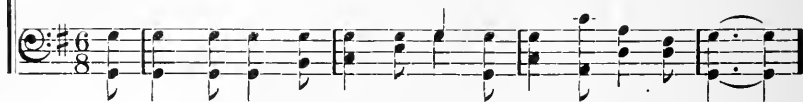
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LIZZIE DEARMOND.

HOWARD K. CARL.



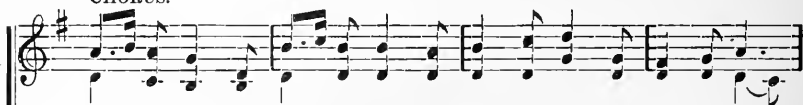
1. A lit - tle *sol - dier of the King His birth-day holds to - day,
 2. A lit - tle sol - dier of the King Must stand up for the right.



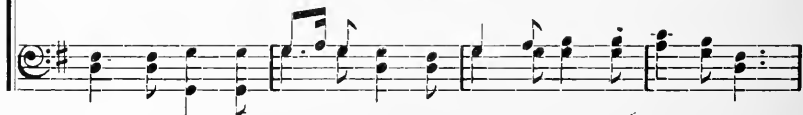
May *he be ev - er good and true, And God's commands o - bey.
 And try to do thro' all the year Things pleasing in His sight.



CHORUS.



Hap-py birth-day, hap - py birthday, More like Je - sus may you grow,

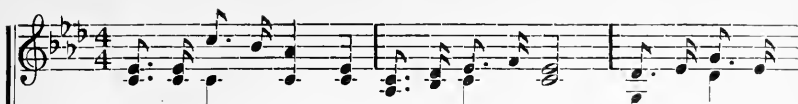


Hap - py birth-day, hap - py birthday, Love and serve Him here be - low.

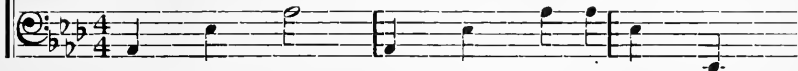


* If the birthday is for a girl, "daughter" is substituted for soldier, and "she" for "he." The children should stand in two lines, one on each side, each one holding a small flag. The birthday-child marches down the center, between the lines, while flags are waved and the song sung. When reaching the chair at the end of the line, a flag with a dark blue bow beneath it, is pinned on right side. Candles can be used in a pan of sand, or flags, one for each year,

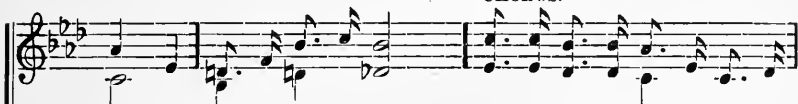
Offering Song.



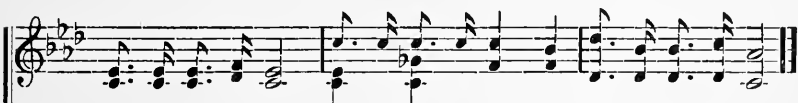
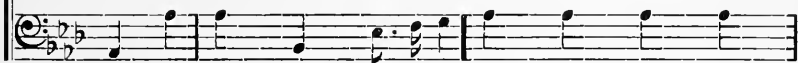
1. Lit - tle gifts for Je - sus, Glad-ly now we bring, While our hap-py
2. Tho' we now are lit - tle And our gifts are small, Je - sus will re -
3. And when we are old - er Larg-er gifts we'll bring; Do - ing all we're
4. 'Tis the "cheerful giv - er" Je - sus loves to see, So His cheer-ful



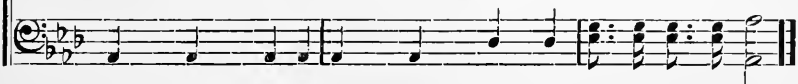
CHORUS.



- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| voic - es Prais - es to Him sing. | } Dropping, dropping, dropping, dropping, |
| ceive them, And will bless them all. | |
| a - ble For our Sav-iour King. | |
| giv - ers We would ev - er be. | |



Lit - tle gifts of love, Je - sus, now we pray Thee, Bless our gift of love.



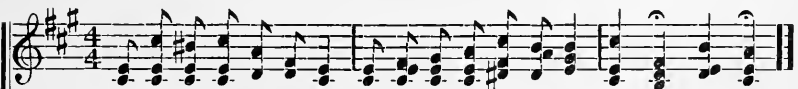
Night and Day.

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MARY MAPES DODGE.

FANNY B. EARLE.

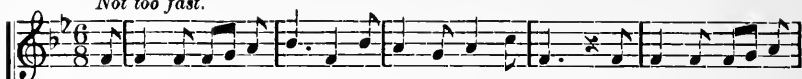


1. When I run about all day, When I kneel at night to pray, God sees, God sees.
2. When I'm dreaming in the dark, When I lie awake and hark, God sees, God sees.
3. Need I ever know a fear? Night and day my Father's near, God sees, God sees.

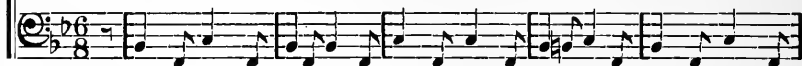


Welcome Song.

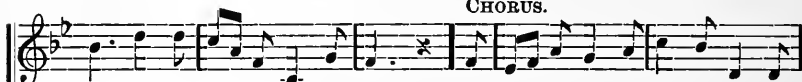
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Not too fast.

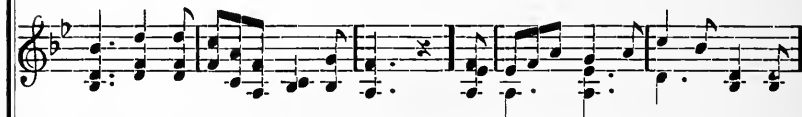
1. On this glad Sunday morn-ing, Our voi-ces we will blend, In joy-ous songs to
2. Were glad to welcome — And hope that ^(she)_(he) will find Each lit-tle child is
3. Once more we bid ^(her)_(him) welcome, And pray our Father's care May guard ^(her)_(him) from all



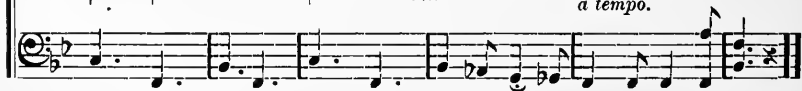
CHORUS.



wel-come An-oth-er lit-tle friend.
 grow-ing, Like Je-sus, true and kind. } We welcome you, we welcome you To
 e - vil, Both here and ev-'ry-where. }



Sunday school to-day; We welcome you, we welcome you, And hope you'll with us stay,



NOTE.—In the second stanza the name of the new scholar should be substituted in place of the dash, thus introducing the little stranger to the class. While singing the chorus the children may wave their hands in welcome to the little new member.

Away In a Manger.

Tr. from MARTIN LUTHER.

Fr. JONATHAN E. SPILLMAN.

1. A - way in a man-ger, no crib for a bed, The lit - tle Lord
 2. The cat - tle are low - ing, the Ba - by a - wakes, But lit - tle Lord
 3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus; I ask Thee to stay, Close by me for -

Je - sus laid down His sweet head. The stars in the bright sky looked
 Je - sus no cry - ing He makes. I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, look
 ev - er, and love me, I pray. Bless all the dear chil - dren in

down where He lay—The lit - tle Lord Je - sus a - sleep on the hay.
 down from the sky, And stay by my side un - til morn - ing is nigh.
 Thy ten - der care, And fit us for heav - en to live with Thee there.

183 Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me.

CLARIBEL.

MRS. CHARLES BARNARD (Claribel).

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shepherd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
 2. All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;
 3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well;

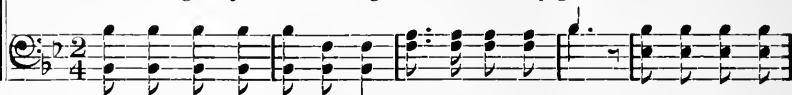
Thro' the dark - ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn - ing light.
 Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me, Listen to my even - ing pray'r!
 Take me, when I die, to heav - en, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.

P. P. B.

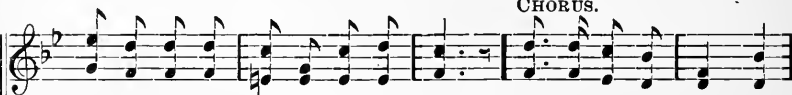
P. P. BLISS.



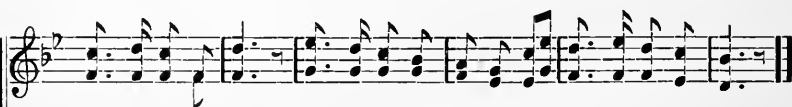
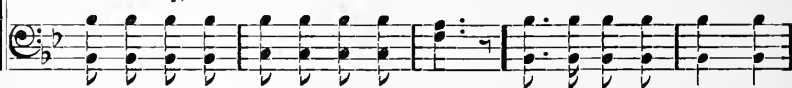
1. Stand - ing by a pur - pose true, Heeding God's command, Hôn - or them, the
2. Man - y might - y men are lost, Dar - ing not to stand, Who for God had
3. Man - y gi - ants, great and tall, Stalking thro' the land, Head - long to the
4. Hold the gos - pel ban - ner high! On to vic - t'ry grand! Sa - tan and his



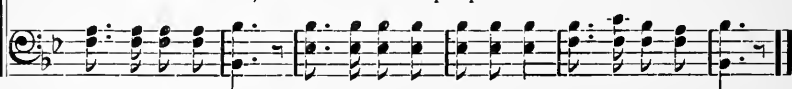
CHORUS.



- | | |
|------------------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| faith - ful few! All hail to Dan - iel's Band! | } Dare to be a Dan - iel, |
| been a host, By join - ing Dan - iel's Band! | |
| earth would fall, If met by Dan - iel's Band! | |
| host de - fy, And shout for Dan - iel's Band! | |



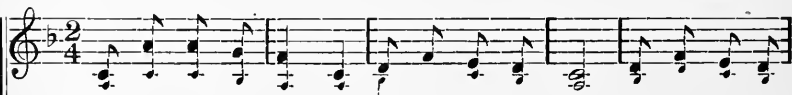
Dare to stand a - lone, Dare to have a pur - pose firm! Dare to make it known!



JAMES ROWE.

Copyright, 1915, by B. D. Aakley.

B. D. AAKLEY.



1. Just a ti - ny sol - dier March - ing in the light. With the Mas - ter's
2. If I do my du - ty He will be my shield And will give me
3. If His steps I fol - low Close - ly day by day, He will keep me



A Tiny Soldier.

CHORUS.

ar - my, Lov - ing truth and right. }
 glo - ry On the bat - tle field. } Just a ti - ny sol - dier
 walk - ing In the glo - ry way. }

Of the King a - bove, Training for the bat - tle, Growing in His love.

186

Long Time Ago.

Copyright, 1908, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

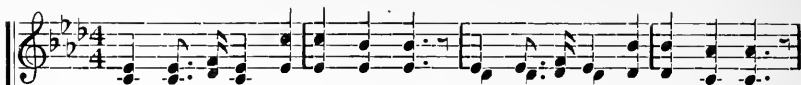
O. O. F.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

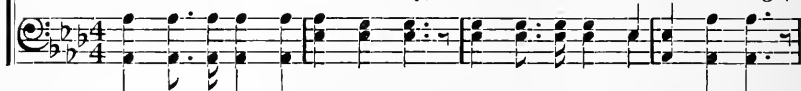
1. Je - sus was a lit - tle child, Long time a - go, Gen - tle, lov - ing,
 2. Wise men guarded by a star, Long time a - go, Come there from the
 3. We may come as well as they, Long time a - go. For we read that

meek and mild, Long time a - go: He was in a man - ger sleep - ing,
 East a - far, Long time a - go: Came with gifts, and bent a - bove Him,
 Christ did say, Long time a - go, "Let the chil - dren come un - to me,

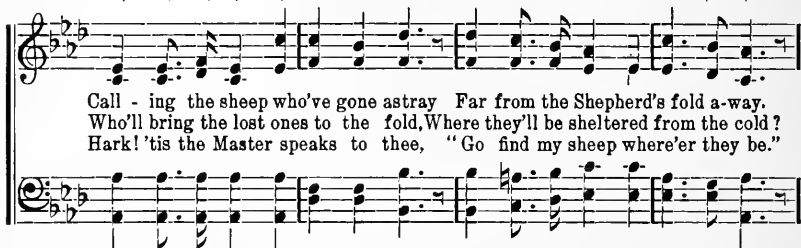
An - gel's o'er Him watch were keeping, Long time a - go, Long time a - go.
 Came to worship and to love Him, Long time a - go, Long time a - go.
 For of such my kingdom shall be," Long time a - go, Long time a - go.



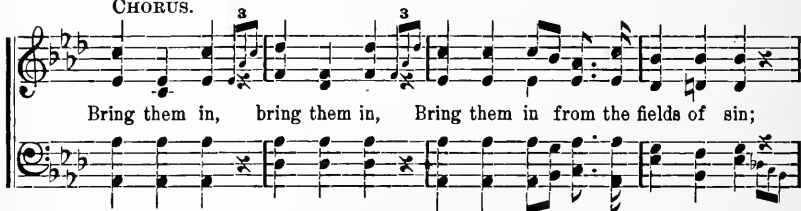
1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,
 2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
 3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high;



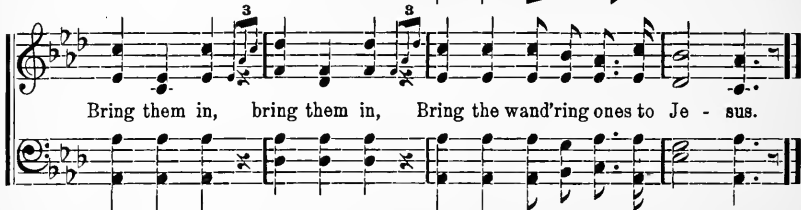
Call - ing the sheep who've gone astray Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way.
 Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
 Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee, "Go find my sheep where'er they be."



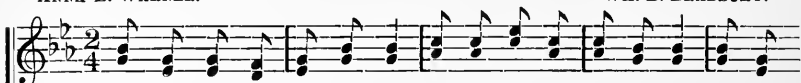
CHORUS.



Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;



Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je - sus.



1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so: Lit - tle
 2. Je - sus from His throne on high, Came in - to this world to die; That I
 3. Je - sus loves me! He who died Heav-en's gate to o - pen wide! He will
 4. Je - sus, take this heart of mine; Make it pure and whol-ly Thine; Thou hast

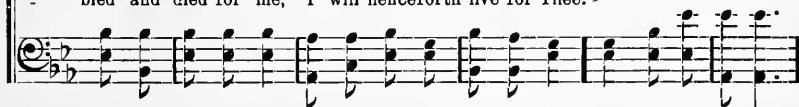


Jesus Loves Me.—Concluded.

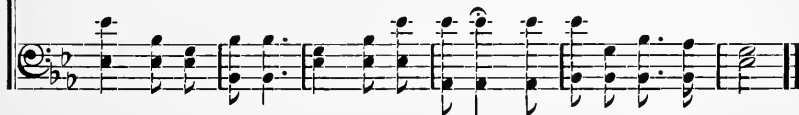
CHORUS.



ones to Him be-long; They are weak, but He is strong.
might from sin be free, Bled and died up - on the tree.
wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. } Yes, Je-sus loves me!
bled and died for me, I will henceforth live for Thee.

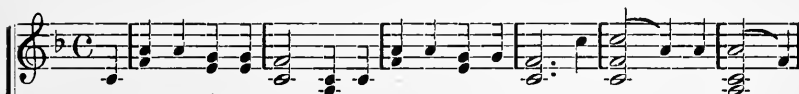


Yes, Je-sus loves me! Yes, Je-'sus loves me! The Bi-ble tells me so!



189

Good-bye Song.



Our Sunday School is o - ver, And we are go - ing home; Good-bye, good-bye;



Be al-ways kind and true, Good-bye, good- bye, Be al-ways kind and true.



In some schools when singing "Good-bye," the teachers and scholars salute each other with an outward wave of the hand, first with the right and then with the left, or the song may be sung by the children as they march from the room.

JAS. ROWE.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. What may lit - tle chil - dren do To be true in - deed?
 2. Here a task and there a task, Waits for you and me;
 3. If with Christ we keep in touch, If for Him we live,

Help an - oth - er to be true In the time of need.
 So we nev - er need to ask, For our work we see.
 There will al - ways be so much That our hearts may give.

CHORUS.

Work, work, work, work, Work for Je - sus all the while,

Work and sing and work and smile; Work for

Je - sus and be true, That is just what you may do.

Mrs. JEMIMA LUKE.

Used by per. of Fleming H. Revell Company.

PHILIP A. GIFFORD

Expressively, but with animation.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was
 2. I wish that His hands has been placed on my head, That His arm had been
 3. Yet still to His foot-stool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a

here a - mong men, How He call'd lit - tle children as lambs to His fold,
 thrown a - round me, And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
 share of His love; And if I thus earn - est - ly seek Him be - low,

CHORUS.

I should like to have been with them then.
 "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me." } But thousands and thousands who
 I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove. }

wan - der and fall Nev - er heard of that heav - en - ly home; I wish they could

know there is room from them all, And that Je - sus has bid them to come.

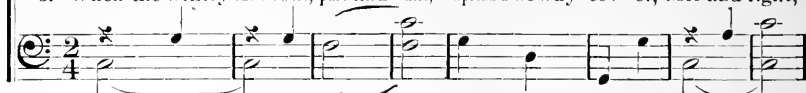
E. E. HEWITT.

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B. D. ACKLEY.



1. When the ¹ flowers a-ris-ing from the ground, Scat-ter love-ly fra-grance all a-round,
2. When the ³ leaves of Autumn flutter down, Wearing robes of beauty, red and brown,
3. When the wintry snow-flakes, pure and white, ⁴ Spread a downy cov-er, soft and light,



Let our songs of glad-ness then re-sound, Praising Je-sus ev-'ry day.
 When the year puts on its gold-en crown, Trust in Je-sus ev-'ry day.
 Till the springtime wakens blossoms bright, Sing of Je-sus ev-'ry day.



CHORUS.



Hap-py songs we bring to our King, ² Praising Jesus ev-'ry day;



Summer days or win-ter, we will sing, ² Je-sus loves us all the way.



MOTIONS.—1. Bend down, and in rising, lift hand slowly. 2. Fold hands together and look up. 3. Raise both hands, and lower them, with fluttering fingers. 4. Spread hands outward, as if laying a cover.

REBECCA J. WESTON.

From "Tonic-Sol-Fa Music Course," by per. O. Ditson Co.

D. BATCHELLOR.



1. Fa-ther, we thank Thee for the night, And for the pleasant morning light,
2. Help us to do the things we should. To be to oth-ers kind and good;



Father, We Thank Thee.—Concluded.

For rest and food and lov - ing care, And all that makes the day so fair.
In all we do in work or play To grow more loving ev - 'ry day.

194

"Don't!"

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Rev. W. C. POOLE.

WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. There is a word, a lit - tle word, I hear it ev - 'ry day,
2. "Oh, don't do this, and don't do that, Now don't you make a noise,"
3. "Don't tear your clothes, don't climb the tree, Oh, please don't questions ask;
4. I grow so tired of hearing "don't," I do wish they'd say "Do,"

It seems each time I turn a - round Some one to me does say—
It seems to me folks have for - got When they were girls and boys.
Don't run so much, don't both - er me, And don't for - get your task."
And keep me bus - y do - ing good And . cut old "don't" in two.

CHORUS.

"Don't, don't, don't oh, don't don't, don't!" Wher - e'er I go to

rall.

a tempo.

me 'tis said, Un - til I wish old "don't" were dead.

Copyright, 1917, by J. Gilchrist Lawson. By per.

J. GILCHRIST LAWSON.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL, Jr.

1. "Suf - fer the chil - dren to come un - to Me!" Thus said the Mas - ter of
 2. With His own blood the dear chil - dren He bought, And all the Lambs in His
 3. When the dear Sav - iour was here up - on earth, Show - ing to man - kind a
 4. Sam - uel and Ma - ry and Dan - iel and Ruth Wor - shipped the Sav - iour in
 5. Chil - dren once shout - ed ho - san - nas of yore; Chil - dren may still their dear

earth and of sea: Je - sus, who lov - eth the lit - tle ones still, Bless - es them
 bos - om are brought To the green pastures the still wa - ters by; Christ, the Good
 lit - tle child's worth, He said, with children and babes on His knees, "Like to the
 spir - it and truth; Ja - cob and Jo - seph and Mo - ses of old Taught that the
 Sav - iour a - dore; Youth - ful and a - ged glad anthems shall raise; Songs of the

rit. CHORUS.

now if they do His good will.)
 Shepherd, their needs will supply.)
 king - dom of heav - en are these.) "Suf - fer the chil - dren to come un - to
 children may en - ter the fold.) ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly, say un - to
 children shall perfect God's praise)

Me!" Thus saith the Master of earth and of sea; "I }
 thee, Suf - fer the children to (Omit.....) } come un - to Me!"

Solos, Duets, Quartets

196

Drifting.

Copyright, 1915, by R. D. Ackley.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

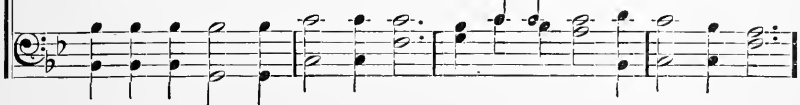
B. D. ACKLEY.



1. Soul are you drifting with the tide, Onward, how swift your bark doth glide;
2. On comes the night, and far from home, Caught on the shoals you stand a - lone;
3. Striv - ing to guide your storm-toss'd bark, Jesus now calls, tho' clouds be dark;



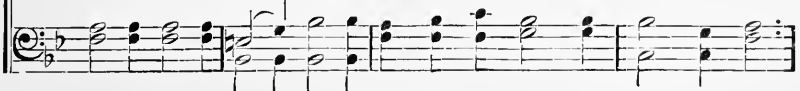
Toward the rough shoal of sin and wrong, Stead - ly drift - ing on and on.
Foil'd by the tempter's sub - tle pow'r, Dark o'er your head the storm-clouds low'r.
"I will your Guide and pi - lot be; If you will give your heart to me."



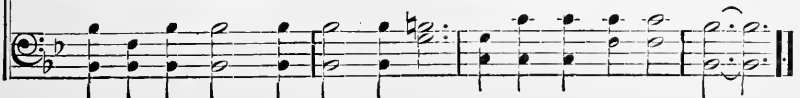
CHORUS.



Drift - ing, drift - ing, Drift - ing a - long with care - less song;
Drift - ing, drifting, drifting, drifting.



Swift down the stream, where ends life's dream, Stead - i - ly drift - ing on.



197 I Can Look Across and See Him.

KATHERINE A. GRIMES.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley.
Words and Music.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL, Jr.

1. I can look a-cross the val-ley of the shad-ow, dark and wide,
2. I can look a-cross and see Him, O the won-der of His face,
3. I can look a-cross and see Him, how it lifts the wea-ry load

And see my bless-ed Sav-iour wait-ing there; I can
Its beau-ty falls up-on my night's de-spair; And no
To know He keeps me ev-er in His care; And the
1. wait-ing there;

see the wounds up-on Him, in His hands, His feet, His side, And how
mat-ter what my trou-ble, I can keep a heart of grace When I
path a-cross the val-ley is a shin-ing roy-al road, For it

CHORUS.

lit-tle seems the pain I have to bear. } I can look a-cross and
look a-cross and see Him waiting there. } leads me to the Saviour waiting there. }
1. have to bear.

see Him waiting there; With a wel-come to the cit-y bright and
waiting there;

I Can Look Across, etc.—Concluded.

fair; bright and fair; And the glo - ry of His smile is up -

on me all the while, As I cross the vale to meet Him o - ver there.

rall.

198

Holy Night.

GRUBER.

p *pp* *mf* *p*

1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright!
 2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shepherds quake at the sight
 3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of God, love's pure light,

poco cres.

'Round you vir - gin mother and Child! Ho - ly In - fant, so ten - der and
 Glo - ries stream from heav - en a - far, Heav'nly hosts sing Al - le - lu -
 Radiant beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing

pp *p*

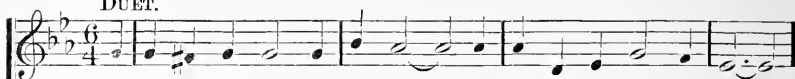
mild, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.
 ia, Christ the Sav - iour is born, Christ the Sav - iour is born!
 grace, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

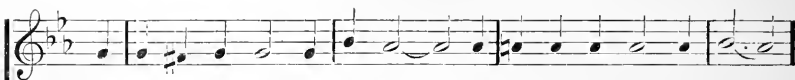
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B. D. ACKLEY

DUET.



1. O Je-sus, my life, my com - fort, My ref-uge when storm-oppress'd,
2. O Je-sus, my strength and portion, My precious, a - bid - ing friend,
3. O Saviour, my shield and buck-ler, When Thou my defence art near,
4. O Je-sus, my rock, my an - chor, The shadows will roll a - way,



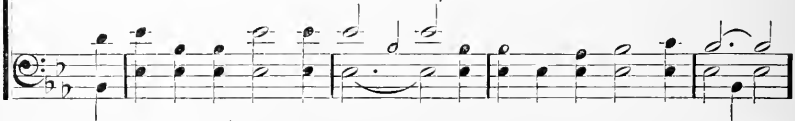
I turn to Thy word of prom - ise, And peaceful - ly there I rest.
 In moments of deep - est tri - al How brightly Thy smiles de - scend.
 The darts of the wa - ry tempt - er Bring nev - er a thought of fear.
 And Thou in Thine arms wilt bear me Safe home to the realms of day.



CHORUS.



A star in the cloud I see,..... A star in the cloud for me,
 I see,



for me,



That shineth a - bove a beacon of love, And lighteth my soul to Thee.



SHERRARD BEATTY.

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B. D. ACKLEY.

SOLO.

1. No-bod - y cares, said an out-cast one day, My life has been ruined, I
 2. No-bod - y cares, said an - oth - er in sin, Since ev' rything's gone, who will
 3. No-bod - y cares, said a man in his cell, I'm reaping the harvest I've
 4. Come, burden'd heart, with thy sin-laden soul; The Saviour is wait-ing to

drifted a - way; Entrapped by the e - vil one in - to his snares,
 now take me in? My fa - ther's for - got - ten me, moth - er is gone,
 sown so well; They say I'm a wreck, come, look now and see,
 make thee whole; Sweet rest He has promised—His promise is true,

rit. CHORUS.

For - sak - en by all— no - bod - y cares!
 And no - bod - y cares— I'm left a - lone. } No - bod - y cares? That
 There's no bod - y cares for me, for me.
 For God in His love car - eth for you.

may have been true, But wan - der - ing one, we are pray - ing for you; O

list to the sto - ry of love ev - er new, Je - sus, my Saviour, cares for you.

A. H. A.

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Rev. A. H. AOKLEY.

1. When you know my blessed Sav - iour, Life will wear a different hue,
 2. When you know my blessed Sav - iour, All your fear will pass a - way
 3. When you know my blessed Sav - iour, Mem - o - ry will bring the tears;

Thro' the ma - ny clouds of trou - ble, You will see the star - ry blue.
 Like the dew be - fore the sun - shine, At the breaking of the day.
 When you think of how He loved you, Thro' the dark and wasted years.

CHORUS.

When you know Him, when you know Him, When you know Him you will

love my Sav-iour too;..... When you know Him, O how you'll
 love my Saviour too;

Rit.
 love Him, When you know how Je - sus loves and cares for you.

A. H. A.

DUET.

1. On - ly in Je - sus, the cru - ci - fied Sav - iour, Can I find
 2. On - ly in Je - sus, my ha - ven of bless - ing, Anchored for
 3. On - ly in Je - sus, and I so un - wor - thy, How could He
 4. On - ly in Je - sus, no oth - er can prof - fer Mer - cy so

rest from the cares of my soul; He whis - pers "Peace" in the
 ev - er in trust - ful de - light: There to a - bide till e -
 ev - er take me to His heart, Fold - ing my soul with His
 bound - less, for - give - ness so free; Still there is room for the

midst of the tem - pest, Still - ing the waves that would o - ver me roll.
 ter - ni - ty's dawn - ing, Scat - ters the shad - ows that man - tle the night.
 gar - ment of beau - ty, O what is love from the Sav - iour a - part.
 one that is wand'ring, Room in the fold of the Shepherd for thee.

CHORUS.

On - ly in Je - sus, I am at rest, On - ly in Je - sus, hap - py and blest;

On - ly in Je - sus, I would a - bide, Under His shadow, close to His side.

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ELLEN LAKSHMI GOREH, of India.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Slowly.

1. In the se-cret of His pres-ence how my soul de-lights to hide!
2. When my soul is faint and thirst-y, 'neath the shad-ow of His wing
3. On - ly this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs and fears;
4. Would you like to know the sweet-ness of the se-cret of the Lord?

*Slowly.*

Oh, how pre-cious are the les-sons which I learn at Je-sus' side! Earth-ly
There is cool and pleas-ant shel-ter, and a fresh and crys-tal spring; And my
Oh, how pa-tient-ly He list-ens! and my droop-ing soul He cheers: Do you
Go and hide be-neath His shadow: this shall then be your re-ward; And when-



cares can nev-er vex me, nei-ther tri-als lay me low; For when Satan comes to
Sav-iour rests be-side me, as we hold com-munion sweet: If I tried, I could not
think He ne'er re- proves me? what a false friend He would be, If He never, nev-er
e'er you have the sil-ence of that happy meet-ing place, You must mind and bear the



In the Secret of His Presence.

rit.

tempt me, to the se-cret place I go, to the se-cret place I go.
 ut - ter what He says when thus we meet, what He says when thus we meet.
 told me of the sins which He must see, of the sins which He must see.
 im - age of the Mas - ter in your face, of the Mas - ter in your face.

rit.

204 Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. A. P.

Copyright, 1907, by Geo. C. Stebbins. By per.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Slowly.

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound-ed and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my

Pot - ter; I am the clay. Mould me and make me
 try me, Mas-ter, to - day! Whit - er than snow, Lord,
 wea - ry, Help me, I pray! Pow - er—all pow - er—
 be - ing Ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it

Aft - er Thy will, While I am wait - ing Yield-ed and still.
 Wash me just now, As in Thy pres - ence Hum-bly I bow.
 Sure - ly is Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - iour di - vine!
 Till all shall see Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!

205 When I Think of His Love for Me.

E. E. HEWITT.

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B. D. ACKLEY.

Duet. Slowly with expression.

1. All the fears and mis-giv-ings that bur-dened my heart, Like the
 2. The temp-ta-tions of earth lose their treach-er-ous power, And from
 3. Blessings rich and un-num-bered in Je-sus I find, And by

mist of the morn-ing flee; Earth-ly wor-ries and cares from my
 bond-age, He sets me free, And the sweet bells of vic-t'ry ring
 faith, shin-ing realms I see; Clouds of tri-al and grief with bright

spir-it de-part, When I think of His love for me.
 out ev-'ry hour, When I think of His love for me.
 mer-cies are lined, When I think of His love for me.

CHORUS.

When I think of His love for me; There's a

calm on the troub-led sea, Though the bil-lows may roll, joy and

When I Think of His Love, etc.—Concluded.

peace fill my soul, When I think of His love for me.

206

Say, Are You Ready?

A. S. KIEFER.

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T. C. O'KANE.

- Should the Death-angel knock at thy chamber, In the still watch of the night,
- Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de-part-ing In - to the world of de - spair;
- Ma - ny redeem'd ones now are ascending In - to the mansions of light;

Say, will your spir - it pass in - to judgment, Or to the land of de - light?
 Ev'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer; Sinner, O sin - ner, be - ware!
 Je - sus is plead - ing, pa - tient - ly plead - ing, O let Him save you to - night.

CHORUS.

Say, are you ready, O are you ready? If the angel of death should call;
 should call;

Say, are you ready, O are you ready? Mer - cy stands waiting for all.

207 The Land Where the Roses Never Fade

E. E. HEWITT.

Copyright, 1917, by B. D. Ackley.
Words and Music.

B. D. ACKLEY.

Moderato con espressione.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. When the cold breath of sorrow blights our joys, | Let us trust in our |
| 2. When our hopes fall like leaves before the blast, | We should never be |
| 3. Working on, trust-ing ev - er in His love, | Let our hearts on our |

Father undismayed;	There is gladness no win't ry grief destroys,	In the
troubled, nor afraid,	For in Jesus, we'll gather home at last,	In the
Saviour still be stayed;	For we know we shall see His face above,	In the

The Land Where the Roses, etc.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Land where the roses never fade. In the Land where the roses never fade,

This system contains the first two lines of musical notation. The top line is the vocal melody, and the bottom two lines are the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Land where the roses never fade. In the Land where the roses never fade,"

Where no sin, neither sorrow dare in-vade, We shall meet our lov'd ones there,

This system contains the next two lines of musical notation. The top line is the vocal melody, and the bottom two lines are the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Where no sin, neither sorrow dare in-vade, We shall meet our lov'd ones there,"

And e - ter-nal glories share; In the land where the roses never fade.

This system contains the final two lines of musical notation. The top line is the vocal melody, and the bottom two lines are the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "And e - ter-nal glories share; In the land where the roses never fade."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Arr. from KOSCHAT.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
 2. Thro' the valley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my
 3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With blessings un -
 4. Let good-ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still fol - low my

pastures, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the
 guardian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, Thy
 measured my cup runneth o'er; With per - fume and oil Thou a -
 steps till I meet Thee a - bove; I seek—by the path which my

still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re - deems when op -
 staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall with my Com - fort - er
 noint - est my head; O what shall I ask of Thy pro - vi - dence
 fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their so - journ—Thy kingdom of

pressed, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re - deems when op - pressed.
 near, No harm can be - fall with my Com - fort - er near.
 more? O what shall I ask of Thy pro - vi - dence more?
 love, Thro' the land of their so - journ—Thy kingdom of love.

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac -
 2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be -
 3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com - ing night; Turn Thou for
 4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earth - ly life, Our balm in

cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We raise to bless Thee ere our
 gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou our lips from sin, the
 us its darkness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger keep Thy
 sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our

wor - ship cease, And now de - part - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
 hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
 chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
 con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

210

Lo! the Day of Rest.

1. Lo! the day of rest de - clin - eth, Gath - er fast the shades of night;
 2. While, Thine ear of love ad - dress - ing, Thus our parting hymn we sing,

May the Sun which ev - er shin - eth Fill our souls with heav'ny light.
 Fa - ther, grant Thine evening bless - ing, Fold us safe be - neath Thy wing.

S. F. SMITH.

L. VAN BEETHOVEN.

1. Soft-ly fades the twi-light ray, Of the ho-ly Sab-bath day; Gen-tly
 2. Night her solemn man-tle spreads O'er the earth as day-light fades; All things
 3. Peace is on the world a-broad; 'Tis the ho-ly peace of God, Sym-bol
 4. Still the Spir-it lin-gers near, Where the evening worship-er Seeks com-
 5. Saviour, may our Sabbaths be Days of joy and peace in Thee, Till in

as life's set-ting sun, When the Christian's course is run, When the Christian's
 tell of calm re- pose, At the ho-ly Sabbath's close, At the ho-ly
 of the peace with-in When the spir-it rests from sin, When the spir-it
 munion with the skies, Press-ing on-ward to the prize, Press-ing onward
 heav'n our souls repose, Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close, Where the Sabbath

FULL CHORUS.
 course is run.
 Sabbath's close.
 rests from sin.
 to the prize.
 ne'er shall close.

Ho-ly Sabbath, softly fading, Gently as life's set-ting sun.

J. EDMESTON.

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GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re- pose our spir- its seal;
 2. Tho' de- struction walk a- round us, Tho' the ar- rows past us fly,
 3. Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch be- come our tomb,

Sin and want we come con-fess-ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
 An- gel-guards from Thee surround us; We are safe if Thou art nigh.
 May the morn of glo- ry wake us, Clad in heav'n's e- ter- nal bloom.

213 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

GEORGE MATHESON.

ALBERT L. PEACE.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wear-y soul in Thee; I give Thee
 2. O Light that followest all the way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-
 3. O Joy that seekest me thro' pain, I can-not close my heart to Thee; I trace the
 4. O Cross that liftest up my head, I dare not ask to hide from Thee; I lay in

back the life I owe, That in Thine ocean depths its flow May richer full-er be.
 stores its borrowed ray, That in Thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter, fairer be.
 rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the promise is not vain That morn shall tearless be.
 dust life's glory dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall endless be.

214

Christ be Praised.

E. CASWELL.

J. BARNBY.

1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries, May Jesus Christ be prais'd!
 2. Does sadness fill my mind? A so-lace here I find, May Jesus Christ be prais'd!
 3. The night becomes as day, When from the heart we say, May Jesus Christ be prais'd!
 4. In heav'n's e-ter-nal bliss The loveliest strain is this, May Jesus Christ be prais'd!

A-like at work and pray'r To Je-sus I re-pair; May Je-sus Christ be prais'd!
 Or fades my earthly bliss? My comfort still is this, May Je-sus Christ be prais'd!
 The pow'rs of darkness fear When this sweet chant they hear, May Je-sus Christ be prais'd!
 Let earth and sea, and sky, From depth to height reply, May Je-sus Christ be prais'd!

P. P. B.

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P. P. BLISS.

1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came
 2. Bear-ingshame and scoff-ing rude, In my place condemn'd He stood,
 3. Guilt-y, vile and help-less we; Spot-less Lamb of God was He;
 4. Lift-ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry;
 5. When He comes, our glor-ious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,

Ru-ined sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-our!
 Sealed my par-don with His blood; Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-our!
 "Full a-tone-ment!" can it be? Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-our!
 Now in heav'n ex-alt-ed high, Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-our!
 Then a-new this song we'll sing, Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-our!

216

Peace, Perfect Peace.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH.

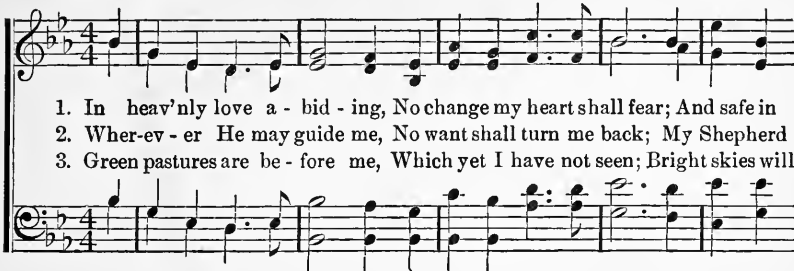
G. T. CALDBECK.

1. Peace, per-fect peace, in this dark world of sin?
 2. Peace, per-fect peace, by throng-ing du-ties press'd?
 3. Peace, per-fect peace, with sor-rows surg-ing round?
 4. Peace, per-fect peace, with loved ones far a-way?
 5. Peace, per-fect peace, our fu-ture all un-known?
 6. Peace, per-fect peace, death shad-owing us and ours?
 7. It is e-nough: earth's strug-gles soon shall cease,

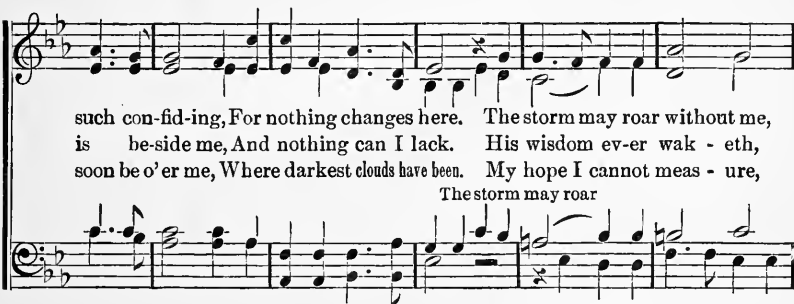
The blood of Je-sus whis-pers peace with-in.
 To do the will of Je-sus, this is rest.
 On Je-sus' bo-som naught but calm is found.
 In Je-sus' keep-ing we are safe, and they.
 Je-sus we know, and He is on the throne.
 Je-sus has van-quished death and all its powers.
 And Je-sus call us to heaven's per-fect peace.

ANNA L. WARING.

MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

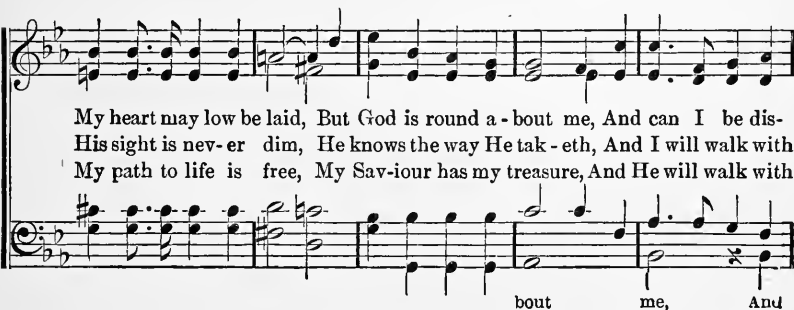


1. In heav'nly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear; And safe in
2. Wher-ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd
3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will



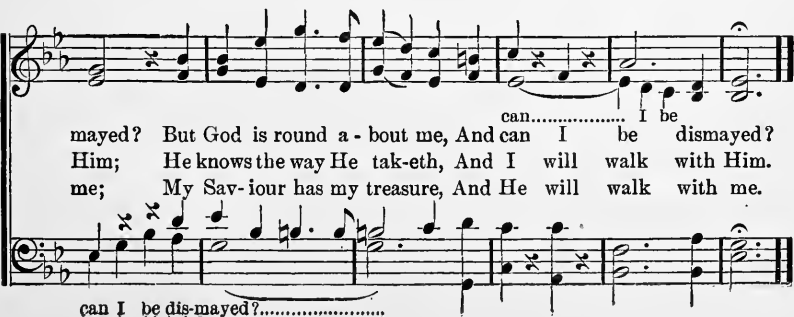
such con-fid-ing, For nothing changes here. The storm may roar without me,
is be-side me, And nothing can I lack. His wisdom ev-er wak - eth,
soon be o'er me, Where darkest clouds have been. My hope I cannot meas - ure,
The storm may roar

The storm may roar without me.



My heart may low be laid, But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-
His sight is nev-er dim, He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with
My path to life is free, My Sav-iour has my treasure, And He will walk with

bout me, And



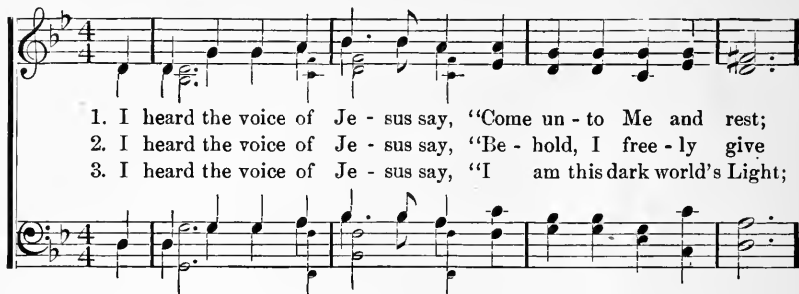
can..... I be
mayed? But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dismayed?
Him; He knows the way He tak-eth, And I will walk with Him.
me; My Sav-iour has my treasure, And He will walk with me.

can I be dis-mayed?.....

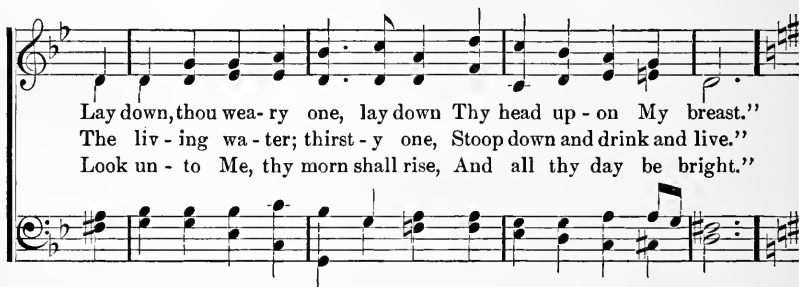
218 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR.

REV. JOHN B. DYKES.

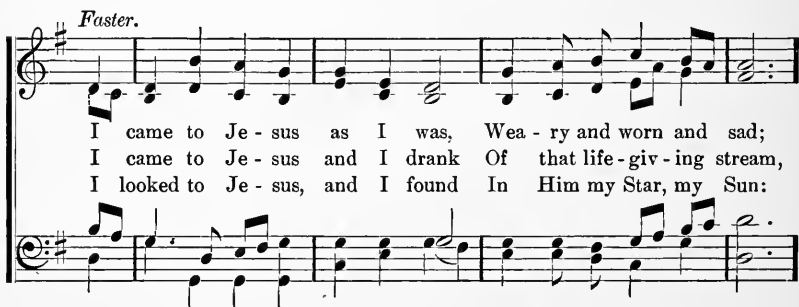


1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;

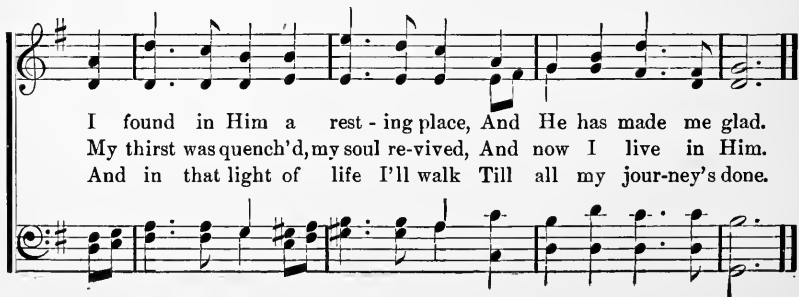


Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."
 The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink and live."
 Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."

Faster.



I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad;
 I came to Je - sus and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream,
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun:



I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
 My thirst was quench'd, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
 And in that light of life I'll walk Till all my jour - ney's done.

Chorus Selections

219 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

E. PERRONET.

T. RICHARDS.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall, Let angels prostrate
 2. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe On this terrestrial ball, On this ter-restrial
 3. O that with yon-der sacred throng We at His feet may fall, We at His feet may

And crown.....

fall, Bring forth the roy-al di - a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
 ball, To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe,
 fall! We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown.....

And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,

.....Him, crown Him, crown Him,

crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all; crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!
Him, crown Him, crown.....Him,
 crown..... Him, And crown Him Lord of all!

(Second Tune.)

Coronation.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

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B. D. ACKLEY.



1. Praise waits in Zi - on, O Sav - iour for Thee,.....
 2. Thou art ex - alt - ed for - ev - er on high,.....
 3. Praise waits in Zi - on Thy dwell - ing so fair,.....
 4. Praise waits in Zi - on, O Sav - iour for Thee,.....



There in its beau - ty Thy face we shall see,.....
 An - gels a - dore Thee, arch - an - gels re - ply,.....
 Proph - ets and mar - tyrs Thy tri - umph de - clare,.....
 There shall the wea - ry from sor - rows be free,.....



Thou art ex - alt - ed, all oth - ers a - bove,.....
 Ev - er re - peat - ing, the joy - ful ac - claim,.....
 Arm - ies are com - ing their tro - phies to bring,.....
 There with the faith - ful u - nit - ed and blest,.....

rall.



Truth is Thy scep - ter, Thy bau - ner is love.....
 Great is Je - ho - vah and ho - ly His name.....
 Shout - ing all glo - ry to Je - sus our King.....
 Soon we shall en - ter the ha - ven of rest.....

Thy Banner Is Love.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Might - y in bat - tle, grand and vic -
 Might - y in bat - tle, might - y in bat - tle, grand and vic - to - rious,

to - rious Thou art di - rect - ing our
 grand and vic - to - rious, Thou art di - rect - ing, Thou art di - rect - ing,

path - way be - fore us, Thou art ex -
 Thou art di - rect - ing our path - way be - fore us, Thou art ex - alt - ed,

alt - ed all oth - ers a - bove,.....
 Thou art ex - alt - ed, Thou art ex - alt - ed all oth - ers a - bove,

rall.
 Truth is Thy seep - ter Thy ban - ner is love.....
 Truth is Thy scepter, truth is thy scepter Thy banner, Thy banner, Thy banner is love.

Awakening Chorus.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

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CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. A - wake! (A-wake!) a - wake! (a-wake!) and sing the bless - ed sto - ry;
2. Ring out! (Ring out!) ring out! (ring out!) O bells of joy and glad - ness!

A - wake! (A-wake!) a - wake! (a-wake!) and let your song of praise a - rise;
Re - peat, (Re-peat,) re - peat (re'-peat) a - new the sto - ry o'er a - gain,

A - wake! (a - wake! a - wake! (a-wake!) the earth is full of glo - ry,
Till all (Till all) the earth (the earth) shall lose its weight of sad - ness,

And light (And light) is beam - (is beam-) ing from the ra - diant skies;
And shout (And shout) a - new (a - new) the glo - ri - ous re - frain;

The rocks and rills, the vales and hills resound with glad-ness, All na - ture
With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal - va - tion He wrest - ed
MALE VOICES. *Unison.*

Awakening Chorus.—Concluded.

Full harmony.

joins to sing the tri-umph song. } The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns and
from the hand of sin and death. }

Unison.

sin is backward hurled! Re-joice! re-joyce! lift heart and
sin is backward hurled!

Full harmony.

voice, Je - ho - vah reigns! Pro-claim His sov-'reign pow'r to all the
pow'r to

world, And let His glo - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je-
all the world, And let the grand and glorious ban-ner be unfurled! Je - ho-vah

ho - vah reigns! Re-joyce! re-joyce! re-joyce! Je - ho-vah reigns!
reigns! Je-ho-vah reigns! Re-joyce! re-joyce! re-joyce!

The Tide is Rolling In.

RALPH BUNSEN.

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B. D. ACKLEY.

1. From out the o - cean blue, of God's great love so true,
 2. It lifts the strand - ed boat, up - on the sea to float,
 3. Then spread your i - dle sail, to greet the wel - come gale,
 4. A - long the bar - ren beach, be - yond all hu - man reach,

A might - y tide of sav - ing power is roll - ing in;
 A might - y tide of sav - ing power is roll - ing in;
 A might - y tide of sav - ing power is roll - ing in;
 A might - y tide of sav - ing power is roll - ing in;

Each crest is white with grace, to cleanse a sin - ful race,
 I feel it lift - ing me, from ship - wreck I am free,
 Pre - pare to brave the deep, and test His power to keep,
 Each strand - ed, shipwrecked crew its voy - age may re - new,

A ris - ing tide, an o - cean wide, is roll - ing in.
 The bound - less sea, of par - don free, is roll - ing in.
 A tide of love, from heaven a - bove, is roll - ing in.
 For ev - 'ry hour the Spir - it's power is roll - ing in.

The Tide is Rolling In.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

'Tis roll - ing in, the tide is roll - ing in,
The tide is roll - ing, roll - ing in, the

The tide of God's sal - va - tion is roll - ing in; 'Tis
roll - ing, roll - ing in; The

roll - ing in. the tide is roll - ing in, Each
tide is roll - ing, roll - ing in, the

might-y wave, with pow'r to save is roll - - ing, roll - - ing,
roll - ing, roll - ing, roll - ing, roll - ing,
roll - ing in, roll - ing in,

in. is roll - ing in, is roll - ing in.
roll - ing, roll - ing in.....
in, is roll - ing in, is roll - ing in.
in.....

* A few selected high Sopranos may sing small notes.

223 Master, the Tempest is Raging.

H. R. P.

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H. R. PALMER.

1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag - ing! The bil-lows are toss - ing high!
 2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
 3. Mas-ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e-ments sweet-ly rest;

The sky is o'er-shadowed with black-ness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
 The depths of my sad heart are trou - bled—O, wak-en and save, I pray;
 Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir - re-ored, And heaven's within my breast;

Car - est Thou not that we per - ish? How canst Thou lie a - sleep,
 Tor - rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;
 Lin - ger, O, bless-ed Re - deem - er! Leave me a - lone no more;

When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
 And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas - ter O hast-en, and take con - trol.
 And with joy I shall make the blest har - bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.

CHORUS.

The winds and the wavesshall o - bey Thy will, *p* Peace... be still! . . .
pp Peace, be still, peace, be still!

Master, the Tempest is Raging.

Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what

cres.
ev - er it be, No wa-ters can swal-low the ship where lies The

ff *m*
Mas-ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweet-ly o -

m *p*
bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall

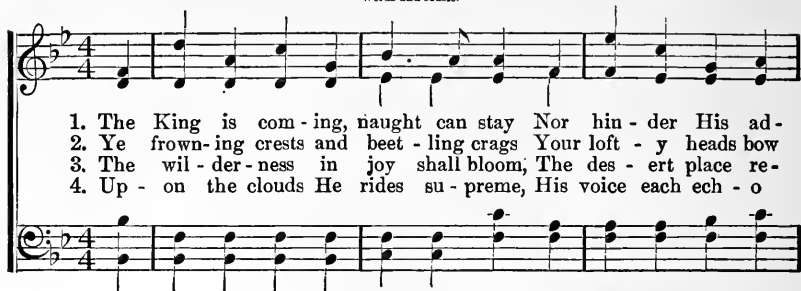
p *pp*
sweet-ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

Make Way For the King.

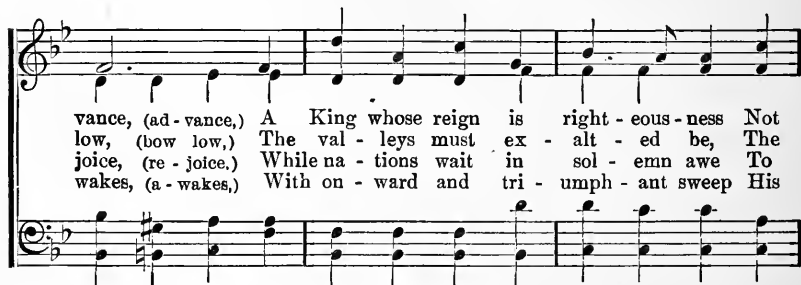
LAURENE HIGHFIELD.

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Words and Music.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL, JR.



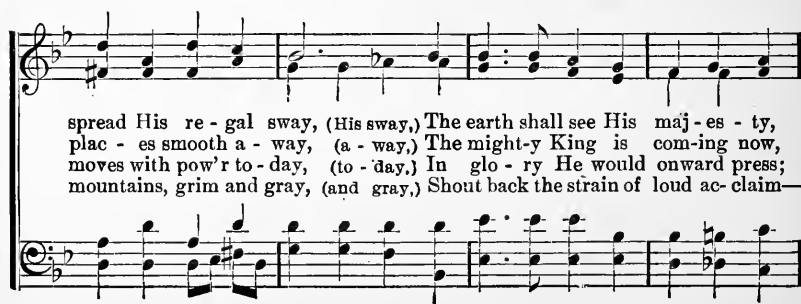
1. The King is com - ing, naught can stay Nor hin - der His ad -
 2. Ye frown - ing crests and beet - ling crags Your loft - y heads bow
 3. The wil - der - ness in joy shall bloom; The des - ert place re -
 4. Up - on the clouds He rides su - preme, His voice each ech - o



vance, (ad - vance,) A King whose reign is right - eous - ness Not
 low, (bow low,) The val - leys must ex - alt - ed be, The
 joice, (re - joice,) While na - tions wait in sol - emn awe To
 wakes, (a - wakes,) With on - ward and tri - umph - ant sweep His



gained with sword or lance; But by the might - y pow'r of God Shall
 crook - ed plain shall grow; Make straight a high - way for the Lord, Rough
 hear their Monarch's voice; A - long the paths of ho - li - ness He
 roy - al way He takes; Deep call - eth un - to deep "Rejoice," The



spread His re - gal sway, (His sway,) The earth shall see His maj - es - ty,
 plac - es smooth a - way, (a - way,) The might - y King is com - ing now,
 moves with pow'r to - day, (to - day,) In glo - ry He would onward press;
 mountains, grim and gray, (and gray,) Shout back the strain of loud ac - claim -

Make Way For the King.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Make way! Make way! Make way!
 Make way! Make way! Make way!
 Make way! Make way! Make way!
 "Make way! Make way! Make way!"

Make way! Make way! The
 Make way! Make way!

mighty hills Shall be bro't low be - fore Him; Make way! Make
 might - y hills Shall be bro't low be - fore Him; Make way!

way! The rocks and rills And vales shall all a - dore Him;
 Make way! rocks and rills And vales shall all a - dore Him;

Make straight the highway of the Lord, Proclaim His re - gal sway,
 make way!

The King of earth and heav'n is He, Make way! Make way! Make way!

King of Kings.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

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Words and Music.

B. D. ACKLEY.

Unison.

1. Thou art ex - alt - ed, King of kings,.....
 2. Thou art ex - alt - ed, King of kings,.....
 3. Thou art ex - alt - ed, King of kings,.....
 4. Thou art ex - alt - ed, King of kings,.....

bless - ed for - ev - er - more:..... Glad -
 Mak - er and Lord of all;..... Mon -
 Crown'd with e - ter - nal light;..... Dwell -
 Yet from Thy throne a - bove,..... Thou

ly our souls bow down to Thee,..... Joy - ful Thy
 archs and em - pires own Thy sway,..... Princ - es be -
 ing in maj - es - ty su - preme,..... Cloth'd in Thy
 dost be - hold and keep Thine own,..... Safe in Thy

CHORUS.
 SOP. AND ALTO. *Unison.*

name a - dore.....
 fore Thee fall..... } Ho - ly, ho - ly,
 pow'r and might.....
 arms of love..... }

King of Kings.—Concluded.

TEN. AND BASS. *Unison.*

an - gels cry;..... Ho - ly, ho - ly, the saints

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef and the bottom staff is a bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The music is in a unison setting for Tenor and Bass. The lyrics are: "an - gels cry;..... Ho - ly, ho - ly, the saints".

Unison.

re - ply;..... Heav - en and earth with shouts pro -

This system contains the next two staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef and the bottom staff is a bass clef. The key signature has two flats. The music is in a unison setting. The lyrics are: "re - ply;..... Heav - en and earth with shouts pro -".

Parts.

claim,..... Heav - en and earth with shouts pro -

This system contains the next two staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef and the bottom staff is a bass clef. The key signature has two flats. The music is in a parts setting. The lyrics are: "claim,..... Heav - en and earth with shouts pro -".

claim,..... Glo - ry and hon - or to Thy great

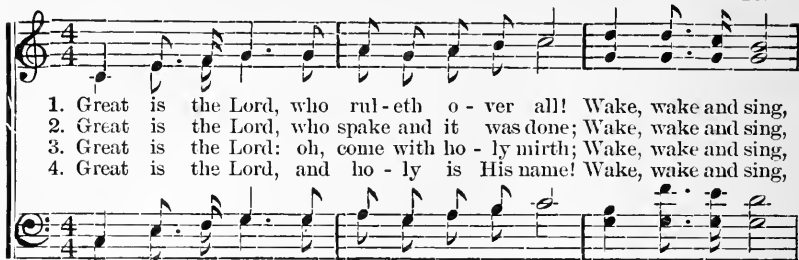
This system contains the next two staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef and the bottom staff is a bass clef. The key signature has two flats. The music is in a parts setting. The lyrics are: "claim,..... Glo - ry and hon - or to Thy great".

name..... To Thy great name, To Thy great name.
be the glory

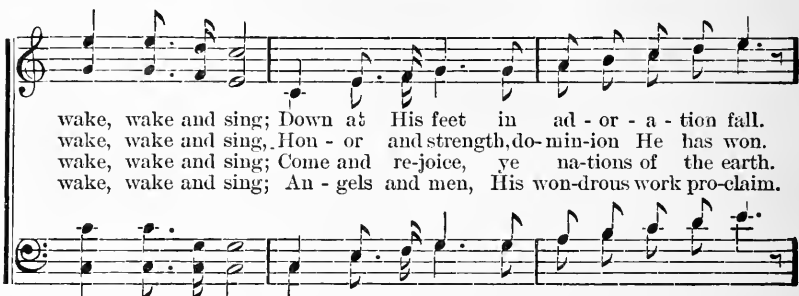
This system contains the final two staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef and the bottom staff is a bass clef. The key signature has two flats. The music is in a parts setting. The lyrics are: "name..... To Thy great name, To Thy great name. be the glory".

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Great is the Lord, who rul-eth o-ver all! Wake, wake and sing,
 2. Great is the Lord, who spake and it was done; Wake, wake and sing,
 3. Great is the Lord: oh, come with ho-ly mirth; Wake, wake and sing,
 4. Great is the Lord, and ho-ly is His name! Wake, wake and sing,

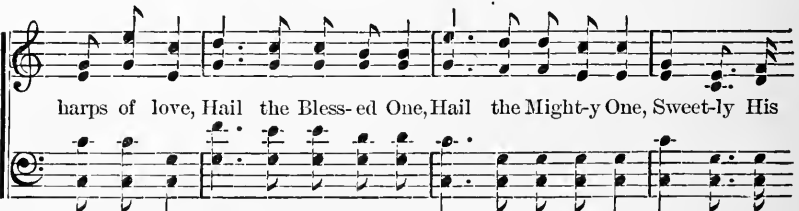


wake, wake and sing; Down at His feet in ad-or-a-tion fall.
 wake, wake and sing, Hon-or and strength, do-min-ion He has won.
 wake, wake and sing; Come and re-joice, ye na-tions of the earth.
 wake, wake and sing; An-gels and men, His won-drous work pro-claim.

CHORUS.



Praise and magni-fy our King. O ye redeemed above, Strike, strike your



harps of love, Hail the Bless-ed One, Hail the Might-y One, Sweet-ly His



won-ders tell, Loud-ly His glo-ry swell, Praise and magni-fy our King.

Invitation and Familiar Hymns

227

Jesus is Calling.

Copyright, 1911, by Geo. C. Stebbins, Renewal. By per.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

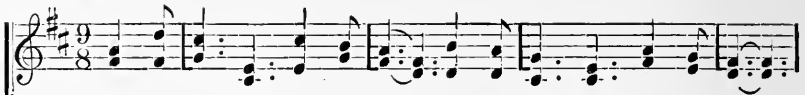
1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wea-ry to rest—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
3. Je-sus is wait-ing, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is plead-ing, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, Hear Him to-day;

Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and farther a - way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no long-er de-lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice, Quickly a - rise and a - way.

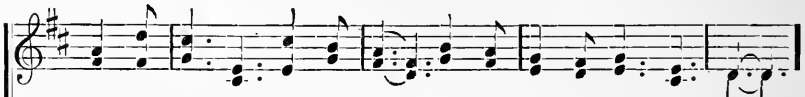
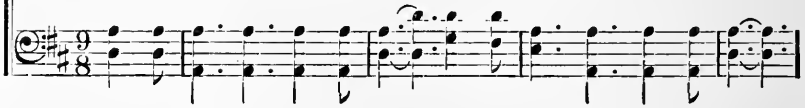
CHORUS.

Call - ing to - day! Call - ing to - day!
Call-ing, call-ing to - day, to-day! Call-ing, call-ing, to - day, to-day!

Je - sus is call - ing, is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day.
Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day,



1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've fail'd to find Aught of peace for troub - led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ, and par - don take;



While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth - er come?
Do not turn from God your face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.



CHORUS.



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? Why not now?



There's a Great Day Coming.

By per. Hope Pub. Co., owners of copyright.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
 2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
 3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a

great day com-ing by and by; When the saints and the sinners shall be
 bright day com-ing by and by; But its brightness shall on-ly come to
 sad day com-ing by and by; When the sinner shall hear his doom, "De-

part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 part, I know ye not." Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS. *m* *pp*

Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the

m *pp*

judg-ment day? Are you ready? Are you read-y? For the judgment day?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Copyright property of W. H. Doane.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit -
 2. Tho' they are slight - ing Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen -
 3. Down in the hu - man heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feel - ings lie bur -
 4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de - mands it; Strength for thy la -

y from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
 i - tent child to receive; Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gently,
 ied that grace can re - store; Touch'd by a loving heart, Wakened by kindness,
 bor the Lord will pro - vide; Back to the narrow way Pa - tient - ly win them; -

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
 He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve.
 Chords that were brok - en will vibrate once more. } Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
 Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav - iour has died.

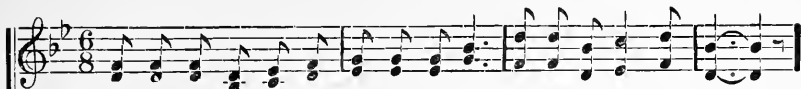
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful Je - sus will save.

231 Is Thy Heart Right with God?

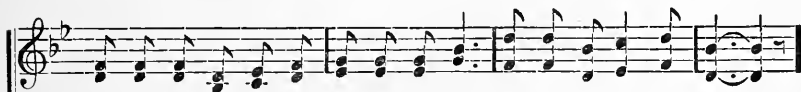
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E. A. H.

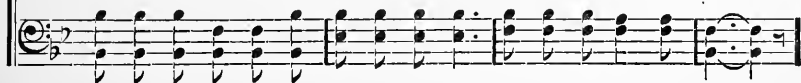
Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



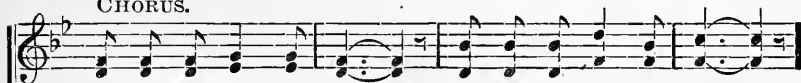
1. Have thy af-fec-tions been nail'd to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?



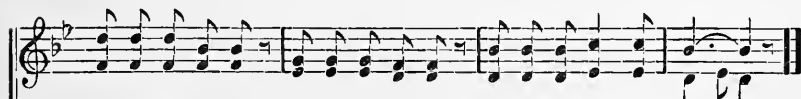
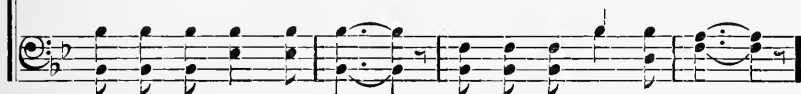
Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O - ver all e - vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je - sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each moment a-bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?



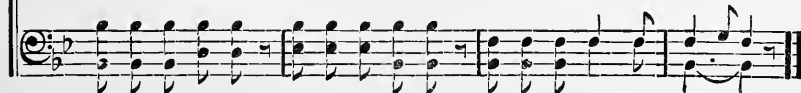
CHORUS.



Is thy heart right with God? Wash'd in the crim-son flood,



Cleans'd and made holy, humble and lowly, Right in the sight of God?
of God?



Copyright property of Mrs. H. R. Palmer. By per.

H. R. P.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
 2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis - dai'n, God's name hold in
 3. To him that o'ercom-eth, God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall

help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward,
 rev - 'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be tho't - ful and earn - est,
 con - quer, Tho' of - ten cast down; He who is our Sav - iour,

Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll carry you thro'.
 Kind - heart - ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll carry you thro'.
 Our strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - 'sus, He'll carry you thro'.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav - iour to help you, Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;

He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you thro'.

233 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder

Copyright, 1893, by Chas. H. Gabriel. By per. of J. M. Black, owner.

B. M. J.

J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set of sun,

And the morning breaks, eternal bright and fair; When the sav'd of earth shall
And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His chosen ones shall
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is

gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is call'd up yon - der,
gath - er to their home be - yond the skies, And the roll is call'd up yon - der,
o - ver and our work on earth is done, And the roll is call'd up yon - der,

D.S.—roll is call'd up yon - der,

FINE. CHORUS.

I'll be there. When the roll . . . is call'd up yon - der, When the roll . . . is
When the roll is call'd up yonder. I'll be there, When the roll is

I'll be there.

call'd up yon - der, When the roll is call'd up yonder, When the
call'd up yonder, I'll be there, When the roll is call'd up yon - der, When the

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.



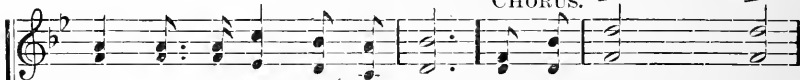
1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood;
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood;
3. Would you be whiter—much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood;
4. Would you do serv-ice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood;



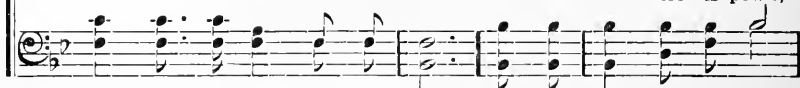
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win? There's
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va-ry's tide, There's
 pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv-ing flow, There's
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai-ly, His prais - es to sing, There's



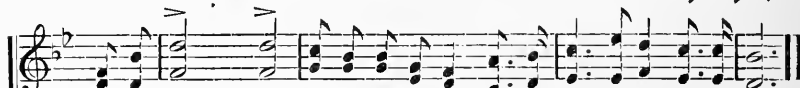
CHORUS.



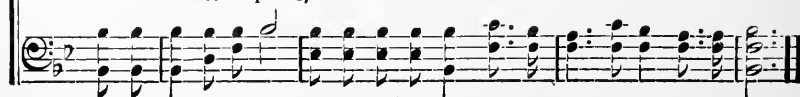
won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
 there is pow'r,



won-der-work-ing pow'r, In the blood of the Lamb;
 in the blood of the Lamb;



There is pow'r, . pow'r, wonder-working pow'r, In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
 there is pow'r,



235 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

Copyright, 1898, by H. L. Gilmour. By per.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
 2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
 3. If there's a temp - est your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come
 4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come

in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
 in - to your heart; Fountains for cleansing are flow - ing near by,
 in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
 in - to your heart; If you would eu - ter the mansions of rest,

CHORUS.

Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now your

doubtings give o'er, Just now re - ject Him no more, Just now, throw

o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

R. M. MCCHEYNE.

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H R. PALMER.

1. I once was a stran-ger to grace and to God; I knew not my
 2. Like tears from the daughters of Zi - on that roll, I wept when the
 3. When free grace a - woke me, by light from on high, Then le - gal fears
 4. My ter - rors all van-ished be - fore the sweet name; My guilt - y fears

dan - ger, I felt not my load; Tho' friends spoke in rap - ture of
 wa - ters went o - ver His soul; Yet thought not that my sins had
 shook me, I trem - bled to die: No ref - uge nor safe - ty in
 ban - ished, with bold - ness I came To drink at the fount - ain, life -

Christ on the tree: Je - ho - vah Lord Je - sus was noth - ing to me.
 nail'd to the tree, Je - ho - vah Lord Je - sus 'twas noth - ing to me.
 self could I see: Je - ho - vah Lord Je - sus my Sav - iour must be.
 giv - ing and free: Je - ho - vah Lord Je - sus was all things to me.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - iour died, Down where for cleansing from
 2. I am so wondrous - ly saved from sin, Je sus so sweet - ly a -
 3. Oh, pre - cious fountain, that saves from sin! I am so glad I have
 4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to His name.
 bides within; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His name.
 en - tered in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to His name.
 Saviour's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to His name.

Glory to His Name.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry to His name,..... Glo - ry to His name;.....

There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to His name.

238

Shall I Let Him In?

H. R. P.

Copyright property of Mrs. H. R. Palmer. By per.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Christ is knocking at my sad heart; Shall I let Him in?
2. Shall I send Him the lov - ing word; Shall I let Him in?
3. Yes, I'll o - pen this heart's proud door, Yes, I'll let Him in;

Pa-tient-ly pleading with my sad heart; Oh! shall I let Him in?
Meek-ly ac-cept-ing my gracious Lord; Oh! shall I let Him in?
Glad-ly I'll welcome Him ev-er-more; Oh! yes, I'll let Him in.

Cold and proud is my heart with sin; Dark and cheerless is all with-in:
He can in - fi-nite love im-part; He can par-don this reb - el heart;
Bless-ed Saviour, a - bide with me, Cares and tri-als will light - er be;

Christ is bid-ding me turn un - to Him, Oh! shall I let Him in?
Shall I bid Him for - ev - er de-part, Or shall I let Him in?
I am safe if I'm on - ly with Thee, Oh! bless-ed Lord, come in.

Mrs. H. M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Sav-iour say, "Thy strength in-deed is small, Child of
 2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy power, and Thine a-lone, Can
 3. For noth- ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim- I'll
 4. And when, be- fore the throne, I stand in Him com-plete, "Je- sus

CHORUS.

weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all." } Je- sus paid it all,
 change the lep-er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
 wash my garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
 died my soul to save," My lips shall still repeat.

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

WM. B. BRADBURY

1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 Fight-ing and fears within, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need in Thee I find, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 Be - cause Thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

241

I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H.

Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy
 2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
 3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To perfect faith and love, To perfect hope, and

CHORUS.

precious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
 full - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure. } I am coming, Lord! Com - ing
 peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n above. }

now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry!

242

I Gave My Life for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

P. P. BLISS.

1. I gave My life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed,
 2. My Fa - ther's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne
 3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
 4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a - bove,

That thou migh't ransomed be, And quickened from the dead;
 I left for earth - ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone;
 Of bit - t'rest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;
 Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and My love;

I gave, I gave My life to thee, What hast thou giv'n for Me?
 I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

W. J. K.

Copyright, 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home; The paths of
 2. I've wast-ed man-y pre-cious years, Now I'm coming home; I now re-
 3. I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm coming home; I'll trust Thy
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home; My strength re-
 5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm coming home; That Je - sus
 6. I need His cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm coming home; O wash me

CHORUS.

sin too long I've trod; Lord, I'm coming home.
 pent with bit-ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
 love, believe Thy word; Lord, I'm coming home.
 new, my hope re-store; Lord, I'm coming home.
 died, and died for me; Lord, I'm coming home.
 whit-er than the snow; Lord, I'm coming home.

Coming home, coming home,

Nev-ermore to roam; Open wide Thine arms of love; Lord, I'm coming home.

CHARLES WESLEY.

(C. M.)

Arranged.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee; No oth - er help I know;
 2. On Thy dear Son I now be-lieve, O let me feel Thy pow'r;
 3. Au - thor of faith! to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes.

Cho.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve That Je - sus died for me,

If Thou with-draw Thy-self from me, Ah, with-er shall I go?
 And all my va - ried wants re-lieve, In this ac-cept - ed hour.
 O let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul with-out it dies.

And that He shed His precious blood From sin to set me free.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry, Un - less Thou help me I must die;
 2. Help - less I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
 3. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;
 4. If Thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my heart re - new,

O bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
 And Thou can'st make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am!
 But since to Thee I can - not move, O take me as I am!
 And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am!

CHORUS.

Take me as I am,..... Take me as I am;.....
 Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;

O bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!

246 I Am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

WM. McDONALD.

By permission.

W. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with-in;
 3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time and earth - ly store;

Cho. - I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, - "I will cleanse you from all sin."
 Soul and bod - y Thine to be, Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.

Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

247 While Jesus Whispers to You.

WILL. E. WITTER.

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H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
 2. Are you too heav - y la - den? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
 3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re -

pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
 bear your burden, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not deceive you,
 ceive the blessing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you,

Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

248 "Whosoever Will."

P. P. B.

Copyright, 1898, by The John Church Co. By per.

P. P. BLISS.

1. "Who - so - ev - er heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed tid - ings
 2. Who - so - ev - er com - eth need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen,
 3. "Who - so - ev - er will!" the promise is se - cure; "Who - so - ev - er will," fer -

all the world a - round; Tell the joy - ful news wher - ev - er man is found:
 en - ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:
 ev - er must en - dure; "Who - so - ev - er will!" 'tis life for - ev - er - more:

CHORUS.

"Who - so - ev - er will may come." "Who - so - ev - er will, who - so - ev - er will;"

"Whosoever Will."

send the proc - la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov - ing

Fa - ther calls the wand'rer home: "Who - so - ev - er will may come."

249

Come, Thou Fount.

GEO. ROBINSON.

JOHN WYETH.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
2. Here I'll raise my Eb - e - nez - er, Hith - er by Thy help I'll come;
3. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home:
Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee;

Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love:

Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it! Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

KNOWLES SHAW.

GEORGE A. MINOR.

1. Sow-ing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the
 2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fear-ing nei-ther
 3. Go then, ev - er weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-

noon - tide and the dew - y eve; Wait-ing for the har - vest
 clouds ner win - ter's chill - ing breeze; By and by the har - vest
 tained, our spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weep-ing's o - ver,

and the time of reap-ing, We shall come rejoic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
 and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come rejoic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
 He will bid us welcome, We shall come rejoic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.

Bring-ing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoic - ing,

bringing in the sheaves. We shall come re - joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves.

WM. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
 2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
 4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and

Revive Us Again.

REFRAIN.

died and is now gone a-bove.
Sav-iour and scattered our night.
sins, and has cleans'd ev'ry stain.
sought us, and guid-ed our ways.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry; Hal-le-

lu-jah! A-men! Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry; Re-vive us a-gain.

252

Hold the Fort.

P. P. B.

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P. P. BLISS.

1. Ho, my com-rades! see the sig-nal Wav-ing in the sky!
2. See the might-y host ad-vanc-ing, Sa-tan lead-ing on;
3. See the glo-ri-ous ban-ner wav-ing! Hear the trum-pet blow!
4. Fierce and long the bat-tle ra-ges, But our help is near;

Re-in-forcements now ap-pear-ing, Vic-to-ry is nigh.
Might-y men a-round us fall-ing, Cour-age al-most gone.
In our Lead-er's name we'll tri-umph O-ver ev-'ry foe.
On-ward comes our great Com-mand-er, Cheer, my comrades, cheer.

CHORUS

"Hold the fort, for I am com-ing," Je-sus sig-nals still;

Wave the an-swer back to heav-en, "By Thy grace we will."

DOROTHY A. THRUPP.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Sav-our, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care, }
 { In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare, }
 2. { We are Thine, do Thou be-friend us, Be the Guar-dian of our way; }
 { Keep Thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray, }

Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
 Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray;

Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse and power to free;
 Blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
 Early let us do Thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill;
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

254

Where He Leads Me.

1. I can hear my Sav-our call-ing, I can hear my Sav-our call-ing,
 2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
 4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

CHO.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,

Ad lib *D. C. for Chorus.*
 I can hear my Sav-our call-ing, "Take thy cross and follow, fol-low me."
 I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

I Need Thee Every Hour.

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ANNIE R. HAWES.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
 2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions lose their
 3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour Teach me Thy will, And Thy rich promis -
 4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in -

CHORUS.

Thine Can peace af - ford.
 pow'r When Thou art nigh.
 es In me ful - fill. } I need Thee, O I need Thee! Ev - 'ry hour I
 deed, Thou bless - ed Son!

need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav - iour, I come to Thee!

I'm Going Home.

Rev. Wm. HUNTER.

Wm. MILLER.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, Nor pain nor death can en - ter there;
 2. My Father's house is built on high, Far, far a - bove the star - ry sky;
 3. Let oth - ers seek a home be - low, Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;

CHO.-I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more,

D. C. for Chorus.

Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine, That heav'nly man - sion shall be mine.
 When from this earth - ly pris - on free, That heav'nly man - sion mine shall be.
 Be mine a hap - pier lot to own A heav'nly man - sion near the throne.

To die no more, to die no more; I'm go - ing home to die no more.

Hold Thou My Hand.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

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HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Hold Thou my hand; so weak I am, and help - less, I dare not
 2. Hold Thou my hand; and clos - er, clos - er draw me To Thy dear
 3. Hold Thou my hand; the way is dark be - fore - me With - out the
 4. Hold Thou my hand, that when I reach the mar - gin Of that lone

take one step without Thy aid; Hold Thou my hand; for then, O lov - ing
 self—my hope, my joy, my all; Hold Thou my hand, lest hap - ly I should
 sun - light of Thy face di - vine: But when by faith I catch its ra - diant
 riv - er Thou didst cross for me, A heav'nly light may flash a - long its

Sav - iour, No dread of ill shall make my soul a - fraid.
 wan - der, And miss - ing Thee, my trem - bling feet should fall.
 glo - ry, What heights of joy, what rapturous songs are mine!
 wa - ters, And ev - 'ry wave like crys - tal bright shall be.

258 Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

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GEO. F. ROOT.

Joyfully.

1. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For a soul re -
 2. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For the wan - d'rer
 3. Ring the bells of heav - en! spread the feast to - day, An - gels swell the

D. C.—'Tis the ran - somed ar - my, like a might - y sea, Peal - ing forth the

FINE.

turn - ing from the wild; See! the Fa - ther meets him out up - on the way,
 now is re - con - ciled; Yes, a soul is res - cued from his sin - ful way,
 glad triumphant strain, Tell the joy - ful tid - ings! bear it far a - way,
 an - them of the free.

Ring the Bells of Heaven.

CHORUS.

Wel - com - ing His wea - ry wand'ring child.
 And is born a - new a ransomed child. } Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the
 For a pre - cious soul is born a - gain. }

D. C.

an - gels sing; Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the loud harps ring,

259 Come, Great Deliverer, Come.

FANNY J. OROSBY.

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W. H. DOANE.

1. O hear my cry, be gracious now to me, Come, Great De - liv - 'rer, come;
 2. I have no place, no shel - ter from the night, Come, Great De - liv - 'rer, come;
 3. My path is lone and wea - ry are my feet, Come, Great De - liv - 'rer, come;
 4. Thou wilt not spurn con - trition's broken sigh, Come, Great De - liv - 'rer, come;

My soul bowed down is long - ing now for Thee, Come, Great De - liv - 'rer, come.
 One look from Thee would give me life and light, Come, Great De - liv - 'rer, come.
 Mine eyes look up Thy lov - ing smile to meet, Come, Great De - liv - 'rer, come.
 Re - gard my prayer and hear my humble cry, Come, Great De - liv - 'rer, come.

CHORUS.

I've wandered far away o'er mountains cold, I've wandered far away from home;

O take me now, and bring me to Thy fold, Come, Great De - liv - 'rer, come.

260 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

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Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

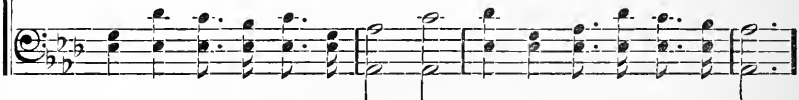
W. H. DOANE.



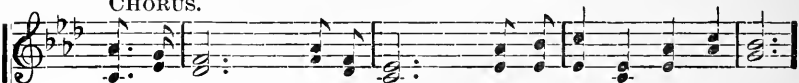
1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe,
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing prostrate at His feet,



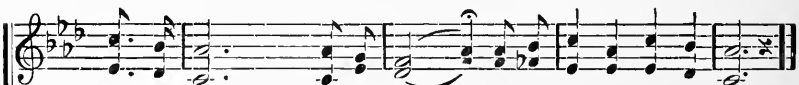
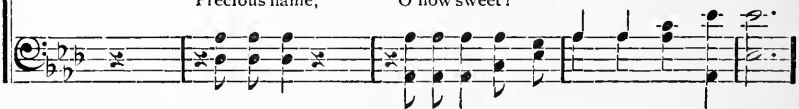
It will joy and com - fort give you, Take it then, where'er you go.
 If temp - ta - tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.
 When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
 King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our journey is com - plete.



CHORUS.



Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
 Precious name, O how sweet!



Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
 Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!



Awake, Ye Saints.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

(ZERAH. O. M.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. A - wake, ye saints, and lift your eyes, And raise your voices high;
2. Swift on the wings of time it flies; Each moment brings it near;
3. Not many years their round shall run, Not many mornings rise,

A - wake, and praise the sov'reign love That shows sal - va - tion nigh;
Then wel - come each de - clin - ing day, Wel - come each clos - ing year;
Ere all its glo - ries stand revealed To our ad - mir - ing eyes,

A - wake, and praise the sov'reign love That shows sal - va - tion nigh.
Then welcome each de - clin - ing day, Welcome each clos - ing year.
Ere all its glo - ries stand re - vealed To our ad - mir - ing eyes.

Break Thou the Bread.

MARY ANN LATHBURY.

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis -

break the loaves Be - side the sea. Be - yond the sa - cred page
bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shalt all bond - age cease,
ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee, Then all my strug - gles o'er,

I seek, Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word.
All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My all in all.
Then, vic - t'ry won, I shall be - hold Thee, Lord, The Liv - ing One.

Beautiful Valley of Eden.

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Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den, Sweet is thy noon - tide calm,
 2. O - ver the heart of the mourn - er Shin - eth the gold - en day,
 3. There is the home of my Sav - iour, There with the blood - wash 'd throng,

O - ver the hearts of the wear - y, Breath - ing thy waves of balm.
 Wait - ing the songs of the an - gels, Down from the far a - way.
 O - ver the highlands of glo - ry, Roll - eth the great new song.

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den, Home of the pure and blest, ...
 the pure and blest.

rit.
 How oft - en a - mid the wild bil - lows I dream of thy rest, sweet rest.

To-Day the Saviour Calls.

S. SMITH.

(TO-DAY. 6s. 4s.)

L. MASON.

1. To - day the Sav - iour calls; Ye wan - d'rers, come;
 2. To - day the Sav - iour calls; Oh, hear Him now;
 3. To - day the Sav - iour calls; For ref - uge fly,
 4. The Spir - it calls to - day, Yield to His pow'r,

O ye be - night - ed souls, Why lon - ger roam?
 With - in these sa - cred walls, To Je - sus bow.
 The storm of jus - tice falls, And death is nigh.
 Oh, grieve Him not a - way, 'Tis mer - cy's hour.

O Worship the King.

ROBERT GRANT.

(LYONS. 10s. 11s.)

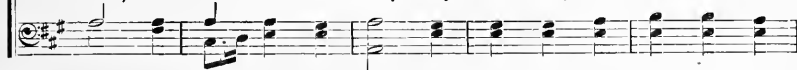
F. J. HAYDN.



1. O wor-ship the King, all glo-rious a - bove, And grate-ful - ly
2. O tell of His might and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care, what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we



sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
light, whose can - o - py space; His char - iots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de -
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies, how ten - der! how



An - cient of Days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
thun - der clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweet - ly dis - tils in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend.



266 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Saviour's brow; His head with
2. No mor - tal can with Him compare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is
3. He saw me plung'd in deep distress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have: He makes me
5. Since from His bounty I re - ceive Such proof of love di - vine, Had I a



ra - diant glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
He than all the fair That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
bore the shameful cross, And car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.
tri - umph over death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.
thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine, Lord, they should all be Thine.



I. WATTS.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King, Let
 2. Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns; Let men their songs employ; While
 3. No more let sin and sorrow grow, Nor thorns infest the ground; He
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The

ev-'ry heart prepare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
 fields and flocks, rocks, hills and plains, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re-
 comes to make His blessings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
 glo-ries of His righteousness, And wonders of His love, And

r. And heav'n and nature.

heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
 Re-peat the sounding joy, Re-peat, re-peat the sounding joy.
 as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 wonders of His love, And wonders, wonders of His love.
 Sing,

sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

Rev. JOHN FAWOETT.

Arr. from Hans G. Nægeli, by LOWELL MASON.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love: The
 2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar-dent pray'rs; Our
 3. We share our mu-tual woes, Our mu-tual bur-dens bear; And
 4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain; But

fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
 fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
 oft-en for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
 we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

Mrs. ELIZABETH CODNER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free;
 2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa-ther, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be;
 3. Pass me not, O gra-cious Sav-i-our, Let me live and cling to Thee;
 4. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich and free;

Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me;
 Thou mightst leave me, but the rath-er; Let Thy mer-cy light on me;
 I am long-ing for Thy fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me;
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless Mag-ni-fy them all in me;

E-ven me, e-ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
 E-ven me, e-ven me, Let Thy mer-cy light on me.
 E-ven me, e-ven me, Whilst Thou'rt call-ing, O call me.
 E-ven me, e-ven me, Mag-ni-fy them all in me.

COWPER.

(MANOAH. C. M.)

HAYDN.

1. O for a clos-er walk with God! A calm and heav'nly frame,
 2. Re-turn, O ho-ly Dove! re-turn, Sweet mes-sen-ger of rest;
 3. What peaceful hours I once en-joyed! How sweet their mem'ry still!
 4. The dear-est i-dol I have known, Whate'er that i-dol be,

A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb.
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drive Thee from my breast.
 But they have left an ach-ing void The world can nev-er fill.
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And wor-ship on-ly Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

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W. H. DOANE.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care,
 3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.
 Safe from the world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.
 Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
 Free from the blight of ser - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
 Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

D.C. for Chorus.

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
 On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
 Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Be - neath Mo - ri - ah's rock - y side A gen - tle fountain springs:
 2. The thirst - y A - rab stoops to drink Of the cool and qui - et wave—
 3. Si - lo - am is the fountain's name: It means *One sent of God*;
 4. Oh, grant that I, like this sweet well, May Je - sus' im - age bear,

Beneath Moriah's Rocky Side.

Si - lent and soft its wa-ters glide, Like the peace the Spir - it brings.
 And the thirst-y spir - it stops to think, Of Him who came to save.
 And thus the ho - ly Saviour's name It gent - ly spreads a - broad.
 And spend my life, my all, to tell How full His mer - cies are.

273 Safely Through Another Week.

JOHN NEWTON.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
 2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
 3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy presence near:
 4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com - fort saints;

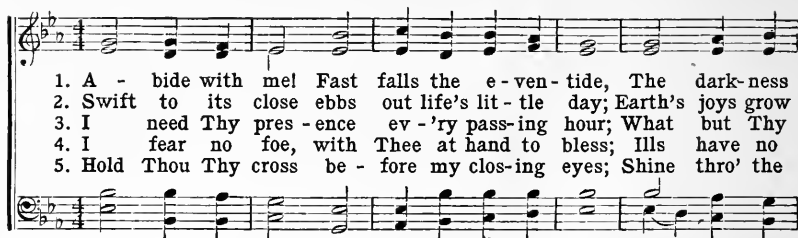
Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in the courts to - day:
 Show Thy re - con - cil - ed face, Take a - way our sin and shame;
 May Thy glo - ries meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear:
 Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief to all complaints:

Day of all the week the best, Em - ble - m of e - ter - nal rest,
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee,
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast,
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove,

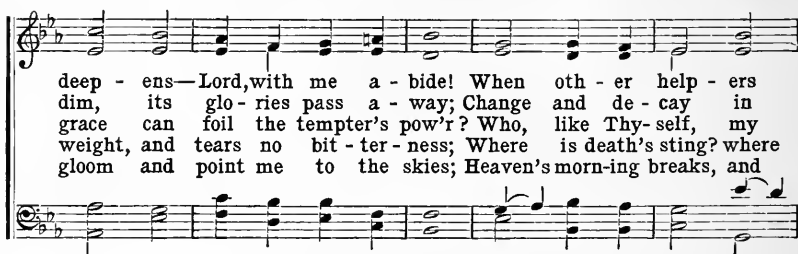
Day of all the week the best, Em - ble - m of e - ter - nal rest.
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove.

H. F. LYTE.

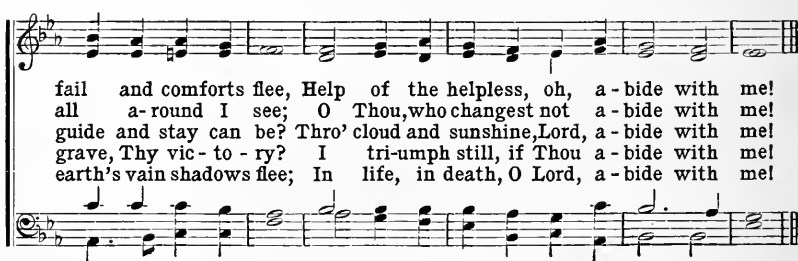
(EVENTIDE. 10s.)



1. A - bid with me! Fast falls the e-ven-tide, The dark-ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need Thy pres-ence ev-'ry pass-ing hour; What but Thy
 4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
 5. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro' the



deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bid! When oth - er help - ers
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
 grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like Thy-self, my
 weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where
 gloom and point me to the skies; Heaven's morn-ing breaks, and



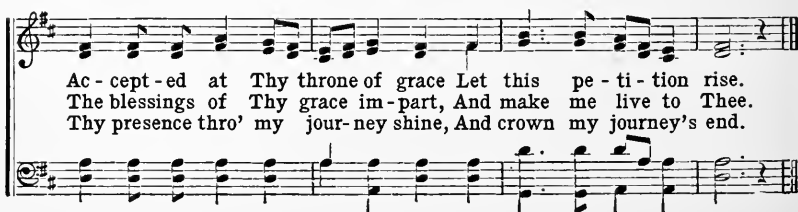
fail and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bid with me!
 all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not a - bid with me!
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bid with me!
 grave, Thy vic - to - ry? I triumph still, if Thou a - bid with me!
 earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bid with me!

ANNE STEELE.

(NAOMI. C. M.)



1. Fa - ther, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sovereign will de-nies,
 2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev - 'ry mur - mur free;
 3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My life and death at - tend;



Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace Let this pe - ti - tion rise.
 The blessings of Thy grace im - part, And make me live to Thee.
 Thy presence thro' my jour - ney shine, And crown my journey's end.

276 We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS.

Dr. WM. MILLER.

1. O land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the moment come, When I shall
 2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful shelt'ring dome, This world's a
 3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam, And lean for
 4. I sought at once my Saviour's side, No more my steps shall roam; With Him I'll

CHORUS.

lay my ar - mor by And dwell in peace at home?
 wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home. } We'll work till Jesus comes,
 suc - cor on His breast, Till He conduct me home. }
 brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home. We'll work

We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, And we'll be gather'd home.
 We'll work We'll work

277 Jesus Christ is Passing By.

J. DENHAM SMITH.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Je - sus Christ is pass - ing by, Sin - ner, lift to Him thine eye;
 2. Lo! He stands and calls to thee, "What wilt thou have now of Me?"
 3. "Lord, I would Thy mer - cy see; Lord, re - veal Thy love to me;
 4. Oh, how sweet the touch of pow'r In this glad sal - vation's hour!

Rit.

As the pre - cious mo - ments flee, Cry "Be mer - ci - ful to me."
 Rise, and tell Him all thy need; Rise, He call - eth thee in - deed.
 Let it pen - e - trate my soul, All my heart and life con - trol."
 Je - sus gives from guilt re - lease: "Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"

Saviour, More Than Life.

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FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



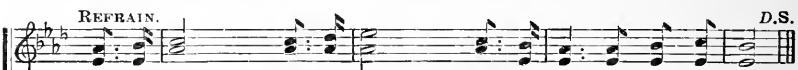
1. Sav-iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thre' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;



Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a-bove.



D.S.—May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.



Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
Ev-'ry day and hour, ev-'ry day and hour,



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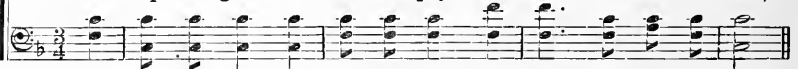
Remember Me.

ISAAC WATTS.

ASA HULL.



1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo-ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face, Whilst His dear cross ap-pears,
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;



CHO.—Help me, dear Sav-iour, Thee to own, And ev - er faith-ful be;



Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz-ing pit - y! grace unknow! And love be-yond de-gree.
When Christ, the might-y Mak-er died For man, the creature's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way; 'Tis all that I can do.



And when Thou sit - test on Thy throne, O Lord re - mem - ber me.

C. H. M.

Mrs. O. H. MORRIS.

1. Near-er, still near-er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Sav-iour, so
 2. Near-er, still near-er, noth-ing I bring, Naught as an off-'ring to
 3. Near-er, still near-er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin with its fol-lies, I
 4. Near-er, still near-er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo-ry my

prec-ious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel-ter me
 Je - sus, my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now con-trite heart, Grant me the
 glad - ly re-sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but
 an - chor is cast; Thro' end- less a - ges, ev - er to be, Near-er, my

safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest."
 cleansing Thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.
 Je - sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied.
 Sav-iour, still near-er to Thee, Near-er, my Saviour, still nearer to Thee.

281 My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

GEORGE HEATH.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise; The
 2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er; Re -
 3. Ne'er think the vic-t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar-mor down: The
 4. Thine ar-mor is di - vine, Thy feet with vic-t'ry shod, And

hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw Thee from the skies.
 new it bold - ly ev - ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
 work of faith will not be done Till thou ob-tain the crown.
 on thy head shall quick - ly shine The di - a - dem of God.

H. BONAR.

C. O. CONVERSE.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear.
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?
 3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cum - bered with a load of care?

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Saviour, still our ref - uge, — Take it to the Lord in prayer.

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,
 Can we find a Friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a so - lace there.

Unknown.

1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now;

Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

2 He is able.

3 He is willing.

4 He will save you.

5 He will hear you.

6 He'll forgive you.

7 He will cleanse you.

8 He'll renew you.

9 Jesus loves you.

10 Only trust Him.

Mrs. CATHARINE J. BONAB.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Fade fade, each earth-ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break, ev - 'ry
 2. Tempt not my soul a-way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I
 3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this
 4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, e -

ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness,
 ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
 dawn - ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul had tried
 ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest,

Earth has no resting place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
 Born for but one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
 Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

Old Time Religion.

CHO. - 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion,
 1. Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y,
 2. It has saved our moth - ers, It has saved our moth - ers,

'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, And it's good e - nough for me.
 Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, And it's good e - nough for me.
 It has saved our moth - ers, And it's good e - nough for me.

3 It has saved our fathers.

4 Makes me love the good old Bible.

5 It will lead me to Jesus.

6 It was good for the prophet Daniel.

7 It was tried in the fiery furnace.

8 It was good for Paul and Silas.

9 It will do when I am dying.

10 It will take us all to heaven.

J. H. GILMORE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead-eth me! O bles-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom,
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur or re-pine,
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,

What-e'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 Con-tent, whatev-er lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.

CHORUS.

He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me;

His faith-ful follow'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

287 Thus Far the Lord Has Led Me On.

I. WATTS.

(HEBRON. L. M.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far His pow'r prolongs my days,
 2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home;
 3. I lay my bod-y down to sleep; Peace is the pil-low for my head:

And ev-'ry ev-ning shall make known Some fresh memo-rial of His grace.
 But He forgives my fol-lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.
 While well-ap-point-ed an-gels keep Their watchful sta-tions round my bed.

C. WESLEY.

GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
 4. Thrice ho - ly Three in One, On earth Thy will be done

Help us to praise. Fa - ther all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our pray'r at - tend. Come and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
 In this glad hour: Thou who al - might - y art, Rule now in
 From shore to shore. Thy sov'-reign maj - es - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
 Word suc - cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness On us de - scend.
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.
 glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

One There Is.

(WILMOT. 8s. & 7s.)

1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers Well deserves the name of Friend;
 2. Which of all our friends to save us Could or would have shed his blood?
 3. When He lived on earth, a - bas - ed, Friend of Sin - ners was His name;
 4. Oh, for grace our hearts to soft - en! Teach us, Lord! at length to love;

His is love be - yond a broth - er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end.
 But this Sav - iour died, to have us Rec - on - ciled in Him to God.
 Now, a - bove all glo - ry rais - ed, He re - joic - es in the same.
 We a - las! for - get too oft - en What a Friend we have a - bove.

REGINALD HEBER.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 gold - en crowns a-round the glass - y sea; Cher-u - bim and ser-a-phem
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly!
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in power, in love, and pur - i - ty.
 mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

291 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

(HAMBURG, L. M.)

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross, On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down;
 4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

P. DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap - py day! that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God; }
 { Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. }
 2. { 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine; }
 { He drew me, and I fol - lowed on, Charm'd to confess the voice di - vine. }
 3. { Now rest, my long di - vid - ed heart, Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - ter, rest; }
 { Nor ev - er from thy Lord de - part, With Him of ev - 'ry good possessed. }

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way!

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

(WILDMERE. L. M.)

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

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WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Just as I am with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd about With many a con - flict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 6. Just as I am,—Thy love unknown Has bro - ken ev - 'ry barrier down;

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fightings with - in, and fears with - out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Be - cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

294 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. HEBER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand Where Afric's sunny
 2. What tho' the spi - cy breezes, Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle; Tho' ev'ry prospect
 3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high, Shall we to men be-
 4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story, And you, ye wa-ters, roll, Till, like a sea of

fount-ains, Roll down their golden sand; From many an an-cient riv - er, From
 pleas-es, And on - ly man is vile? In vain with lav-ish kind-ness The
 night-ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va-tion! O sal - va-tion! The
 glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole: Till o'er our ransomed na-ture The

many a palm-y plain, They call us to de - liver Their land from error's chain.
 gifts of God are strown, The heathen in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.
 joy-ful sound proclaim, Till earth's remotest nation Has learn'd Messiah's name.
 Lamb for sinners slain, Redeemer, King, Cre-a - tor, In bliss returns to reign.

295

Go, Labor On.

H. BONAR.

(MISSIONARY CHANT.)

1. Go, la-bor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Father's will;
 2. Go, la-bor on; 'tis not for naught; Thine earthly loss is heav'n-ly gain;
 3. Go, labor on; your hands are weak; Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
 4. Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and pray! Be wise the erring soul to win;
 5. Toil on, and in thy toil re-joyce; For toil comes rest, for ex - ile home;

It is the way the Mas-ter went; Should not the servant tread it still?
 Men heed thee, love, thee, praise thee not; The Master praises,—what are men?
 Yet fal-ter not; the prize you seek Is near,—a king-dom and a crown!
 Go forth in - to the world's highway; Compel the wanderer to come in.
 Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice, The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

By permission.

W. H. DOANE.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
 2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
 3. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the

prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear-nest plea:
 lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be:
 part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be:

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

OLD MELODY.

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in glo-ry stand,
 2. Bright, in that hap-py land, Beams ev-'ry eye; Kept by a Father's hand,
 3. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come away; Why will you doubting stand?

Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, "Wor-thy is our
 Love can-not die. On, then, to glo-ry run; Be a crown and
 Why still de-lay? Oh, we shall hap-py be, When from sin and

Sav-iour King," Loud let His prais-es ring, Praise, praise for aye!
 king-dom won; And bright, a-bove the sun, Reign ev-er-more.
 sor-row free, Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Blest ev-er-more.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
 2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I lov'd to
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I
 choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar- ish
 fen, o'er crag and tor- rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis- tant scene; one step e- nough for me.
 day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.
 an- gel fac- es smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

MARGARET MACKAY.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. A-sleep in Je- sus! blessed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep!
 2. A-sleep in Je- sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet!
 3. A-sleep in Je- sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest!
 4. A-sleep in Je- sus! O for me May such a bliss-ful ref-uge be!

A calm and un - disturbed re - pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes.
 With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing, That death has lost his venom'd sting.
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man - i - fests the Saviour's pow'r.
 Se - cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, Wait - ing the summons from on high.

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H. R. PALMER.

1. Gone, gone, gone from our home, God hath re-called thee
 2. Gone, gone, gone to thy tomb; But 'tis not cheer-less,
 3. Gone, gone, gone to the blest; Earth had its pleas-ures,

{ In thy youth - ful bloom. } Death's i - cy fin - gers Rest up -
 { In thy manhood's bloom. }
 { In thy life's bright noon. }
 Hope dis - pels its gloom, While we are weep - ing O'er the
 But 'twas not thy rest; Sin and temp - ta - tion Were thy

on thee now; Our fond gaze lin - gers On thy pal - lid brow.
 hallow'd ground, Thou art but sleep - ing Till the trump shall sound.
 sor - row here, Then full sal - va - tion Is thy por - tion there.

JOHN KEPLER.

(HURSLEY, L. M.)

HENRY MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near:
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gen - tly steep,
 3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;
 4. Watch by the sick; en - rich the poor With blessings from Thy boundless store;
 5. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Saviour's breast.
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
 Be ev - 'ry mourner's sleep to - night, Like infant's slumbers, pure and light
 Till in the o - cean of Thy love, We lose our-selves in heaven a - bove.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

(UXBRIDGE. L. M.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. God, in the gos-pel of His Son, Makes His e - ter - nal coun-sels known:
 2. Here sinners, of an hum-ble frame, May taste His grace, and learn His name;
 3. The pris'ner here may break his chains; The wea-ry rest from all his pains;

Where love in all its glo - ry shines, And truth is drawn in fair - est lines.
 May read, in char-ac-ters of blood, Thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace of God.
 The cap-tive feel his bondage cease, The mourner find the way of peace.

- 4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
 A brighter world beyond the skies;
 Here shines the light which guides our way
 From earth to realms of endless day.
- 5 Oh, grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
 To read and mark Thy holy word;
 Its truth with meekness to receive,
 And by its holy precepts live.

303

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

S. B. MARSH.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }
 { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high. }

D.C. - Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

{ Hide me, O, my Saviour hide, }
 { Till the storm of life is past. }

- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
 Grace to cover all my sin:
 Let the healing streams abound:
 Make me, keep me, pure within.
 Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

304 O Day of Rest and Gladness.

WORDSWORTH.

LOWELL MASON.

1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and
 2. On thee at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth; On thee, for our sal -
 3. To - day on wea - ry na - tions The heav'nly manna falls; To ho - ly con - vo -
 4. New grac - es ev - er gain - ing From this our day of rest, We reach the rest re -

sadness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright; On thee, the high and low - ly, Thro' va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth; On thee, our Lord, vic - to - rious, The ca - tions The sil - ver trumpet calls, Where gos - pel light is glow - ing With maining To spir - its of the blest; To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To

a - ges join'd in tune, Sing "Holy, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri - une. Spirit sent from heav'n; And thus on thee, most glorious, A triple light was giv'n pure and radiant beams, And living wa - ter flow - ing With soul - refreshing streams. Fa - ther, and to Son; The church her voice upraises To Thee, blest Three in One.

305 Awake, My Soul.

P. DODDRIDGE.

(CHRISTMAS. O. M.)

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve, And press with vigor on; A heav'nly
 2. A cloud of wit - ness - es around Hold thee in full sur - vey; For - get the
 3. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mating voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis His own
 4. That prize, with peerless glories bright, Which shall new luster boast, When victors'
 5. Blest Saviour, in - troduced by Thee, Have I my race be - gun; And crown'd with

race demands thy zeal, And an im - mortal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown. steps al - read - y trod, And onward urge thy way, And onward urge thy way. hand presents the prize To thine as - pir - ing eye: To thine as - pir - ing eye: — wreaths and monarchs' gems Shall blend in common dust, Shall blend in common dust. vic - tory, at Thy feet I'll lay my hon - ors down, I'll lay my hon - ors down.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

G. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey; Forth to the mighty
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of

ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
 con - flict, In this His glorious day, "Ye that are men, now serve Him," A -
 fail you; Ye dare not trust your own, Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each
 bat - tle, The next the victor's song; To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A

arm - y shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd And Christ is Lord indeed.
 gainst unnumbered foes; Your courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
 piece put on with pray'r; Where duty calls, or danger, Be nev - er wait - ing there.
 crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

CHARLES WESLEY.

(BOYLSTON. C. M.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,
 3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live;
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit - it for the sky.
 Oh, may it all my pow'rs en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will.
 And oh, my ser - vant, Lord, pre - pare, A strict ac - count to give.
 As - sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

He is Calling.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wideness of the sea:
 2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good;
 3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
 4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word

There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice Which is more than lib - er - ty.
 There is mer - cy with the Saviour; There is heal - ing in His blood.
 And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful and kind.
 And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweetness of our Lord.

CHORUS.

He is call-ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad-ly haste to Thee.

My Saviour Knows.

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[Anon.]

3

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. He knows the bit-ter, wea-ry way, The end-less striv-ing day by day,
 2. He knows when faint and worn we sing, How deep the pain, how near the brink
 3. He knows how hard the fight has been, The clouds that come our lives between,
 4. He knows! O tho't so full of bliss, For tho' on earth, our joy we miss,
 5. He knows! O heart, take up thy cross, And know earth's treasures are but dross,

The souls that weep, the souls that pray, He knows, my Saviour knows.
 Of dark de-spair we pause and shrink, He knows, my Saviour knows.
 The wounds the world has nev - er seen, He knows, my Saviour knows.
 We still can bear it, feel - ing this: He knows, my Saviour knows.
 And all will prove as gain, not loss, He knows, my Saviour knows.

BERNARD OF CLUNY.

(EWING. 7s. & 6s. D.)

ALEXANDER EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and honey blest, Beneath thy contem-
 2. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care release, The song of them that
 3. O sweet and blessed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect! O sweet and blessed

pla - tic Sink heart and voice oppressed: I know not, O I know not What
 triumph, The shout of them that feast; And they who with their Leader, Have
 coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect! Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To

ho - ly joys are there; What radian - cy of glo - ry, what bliss beyond compare.
 conquerd in the fight, For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
 that dear land of rest; Who art with God the Father, And Spirit ev - er blest.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

(ARIEL. O. P. M.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. O could I speak the matchless worth, O could I sound the glo - ries forth
 2. I'd sing the precious blood He spilt, My ran - som from the dreadful guilt
 3. I'd sing the char - ac - ter He bears, And all the forms of love He wears,
 4. Well, the de - light - ful day will come, When my dear Lord will take me home

Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with
 Of sin and wrath di - vine; I'd sing His glorious righteousness, In which all
 Ex - alt - ed on His throne; In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to
 And I shall see His face; Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest e -

O Could I Speak.

Gabriel while he sings In notes almost di-vine, In notes almost di-vine,
perfect, heav'nly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.
ev-er-last-ing days Make all His glories known, Make all His glo-ries known.
ter-ni-ty I'll spend, Triumphant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace.

312

How Firm a Foundation.

(PORTUGUESE HYMN.)

- How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
- "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy
- "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
- "The soul that on Je-sus hath lean'd for re- pose, I will not, I

faith in His ex-cel-lent word What more can He say, than to
God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy
will not de-sert to His foes: That soul, tho' all hell should en-

you He hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have
cause thee to stand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent
tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-
deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er, for-

fied? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand."
tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress."
sake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake."

1 My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
 3. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing - with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

314 I Love to Steal Awhile Away.

(AVON. C. M.)

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - 'ry cum - b'ring care,
 2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear,
 3. I love to think of mer - cies past, And fut - ure good im - plore,
 4. I love by faith to take a view Of bright - er scenes in heav'n;
 5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er, May it's de - part - ing ray

And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful pray'r.
 And all His prom - is - es to plead Where none but God can hear.
 And all my cares and sor - rows cast On Him whom I a - dore.
 The pros - pect does my strength re - new While here by tem - pests driv'n.
 Be calm as this im - pres - sive hour, And lead to end - less day.

WILLIAM W. HOW.

JUSTIN H. KNECHT.

1. O Jesus, Thou art standing Outside the fast-clos'd door, In low-ly patience
 2. O Jesus, Thou art knocking: And lo! that hand is sear'd, And thorns Thy brow en-
 3. O Jesus, Thou art pleading In accents meek and low, "I died for you, my

waiting To pass the threshold o'er: We bear the name of Christians, His name and
 circle, And tears Thy face have marr'd: Oh, love that passeth knowledge, So patient-
 children, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sorrow We o-pen

sign we bear: Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us! To keep Him standing there.
 ly to wait! Oh, sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
 now the door: Dear Saviour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more!

C. WESLEY.

(FEDERAL STREET, L. M.)

H. K. OLIVER.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man ashamed of Thee?
 2. Ashamed of Je - sus, that dear friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
 3. Ashamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way,
 4. Till then—nor is my boasting vain—Till then I boast a Saviour slain;

Ashamed of Thee whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days!
 No, when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
 And oh, may this my glo - ry be, That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

L. MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en though it
 2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be
 3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou
 4. Then with my waking thoughts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
 5. Or if, on joy - ful wing Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

be a cross That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be,
 o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be
 send-est me In mer-cy given, An - gels *to beck - on me
 sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
 stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

Fling Out the Banner.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
 2. Fling out the ban-ner! heathen lands Shall see from far the glorious sight,
 3. Fling out the ban-ner! sin-sick souls, That sink and per-ish in the strife,
 4. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide;

The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-iour died.
 And na-tions crowding to be born, Baptize their spir-its in its light.
 Shall touch in faith its ra-diant hem, And spring immor-tal in - to life.
 Our glo - ry, on - ly in the cross; Our on - ly hope, the Cru - ci - fied!

319 There is a Land of Pure Delight.

(VARINA. C. M. D.)

1. { There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immor - tal reign; }
 { In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain. }

There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - with'ring flow'rs;

Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heav'n - ly land from ours.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.
 But timorous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea;
 And linger, shivering on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.</p> | <p>3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unbeckoned eyes:
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
 Should fright us from the shore.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

320 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

(ZION.)

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je - hovah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land: } Bread of heaven,
 { I am weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold me with Thy pow'ful hand: }

Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
 Lead me all the journey through:
 Strong Deliverer,
 Be Thou still my strength and shield,</p> | <p>3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Bear me through the swelling current;
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises
 I will ever sing to Thee.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

321

Love Divine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

JOHN ZUNDEL,

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
 2. Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spir-it In-to ev-'ry trou-bled breast!
 3. Come, Al-might-y to de-liv-er, Let us all Thy grace re-ceive;
 4. Fin-ish then Thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spot-less let us be;

Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwelling; All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown;
 Let us all in Thee in-her-it, Let us find the promised rest.
 Sud-den-ly re-turn, and nev-er, Nev-er more Thy tem-ple leave:
 Let us see Thy great sal-va-tion, Per-fect-ly re-stored in Thee:

Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art;
 Take a-way the love of sin-ning; Al-pha and O-me-ga be;
 Thee we would be al-ways bless-ing; Serve Thee as Thy hosts a-bove,
 Chang'd from glory in-to glo-ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart!
 End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty!
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceas-ing, Glo-ry in Thy per-fect love!
 Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love and praise.

322

The Lord Bless Thee.

(For closing, or other service, in the absence of a minister.)

Numbers 6: 24-26.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious

unto thee: The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. A - men.

323 Jesus, I my Cross have Taken.

HENRY F. LYTE.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low Thee;

Na - ked, poor, despised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be: FINE.

D.S.—Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heaven are still my own.

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've hoped and sought and known; *D.S.*

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show Thy face, and all is right.</p> | <p>3 Hasten Thou on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

324 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

(ARLINGTON, C. M.)

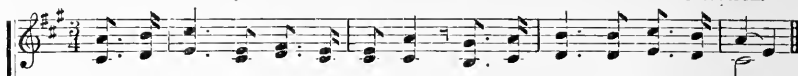
1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - low'r of the Lamb,
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'r - y beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In - crease my cour - age, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause? Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

Shall We Meet?

H. L. HASTINGS.

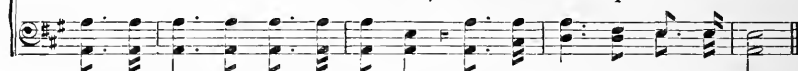
ELISHA S. RICE.



1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm - y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys - tal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own?



Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
 Shall we meet and cast the an - chor By the bright ce - les - tial shore?
 Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work - man - ship di - vine?
 Shall we know His bless - ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?

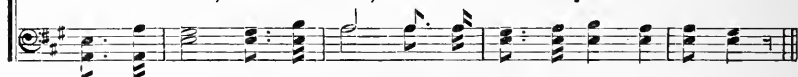


D.S.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?

CHORUS.

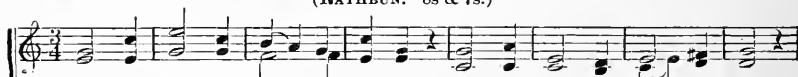
D.S.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er?

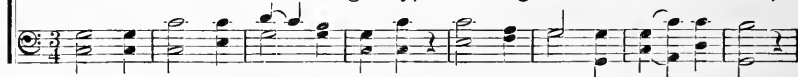


In the Cross of Christ.

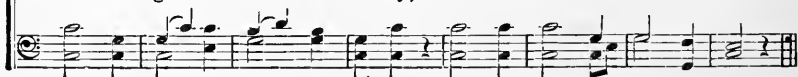
(RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.)



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de - ceive and fears an - noy;
3. Bane and bless - ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
4. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;



All the light of sa - cred sto - ry, Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.
 All the light of sa - cred sto - ry, Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.



327 Watchman, Tell Us of the Night.

Sir JOHN BOWRING.

(WATCHMAN. 7s D.)

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are; Trav'ler, o'er yon
 2. Watchman, tell us of the night; Higher yet that star ascends. Trav'ler, blessed-
 3. Watchman, tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn, Trav'ler, darkness

mountain's height See that glo-ry-beaming star! Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of
 ness and light, Peace and truth, its course portends! Watchman, will its beams alone Gild the
 takes its flight; Doubt and terror are withdrawn. Watchman, let thy wand'ring cease; Hie thee

hope or joy fore-tell? Trav'ler, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra-el.
 spot that gave them birth? Trav'ler, ages are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth!
 to thy quiet home! Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come.

328 Rock of Ages.

(TOPLADY. 7s)

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 2. Not the la - bor of my hands, Can ful - fill the law's de - mands;

D.C. - Be of sin the doub - le cure, - Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
D.C. - All for sin could not a - tone, - Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.

Let the wa - ter and the blood From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
 Could my zeal no re - spite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
 Simply to Thy cross I cling;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace, -
 Vile, I to the fountain fly,
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my heart-strings break in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne -
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

H. F. HEMY, adpt.

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
 2. Our fathers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free
 3. Faith of our fa - thers, God's great pow'r Shall soon all nations win for thee;
 4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,

O how our hearts beat high with joy, When'er we hear that glo - rious word:
 How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!
 And thro' the truth that comes from God Mankind shall then be tru - ly free.
 And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life.

Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

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S. D. PHELPS, D. D.

ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.

1. Sav - iour, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
 2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead - ing for me, My ree - ble
 3. Give me a faith - ful heart, — Like - ness to Thee, — That each de -
 4. All that I am and have, Thy gifts so free, — In joy, in

ought with - hold; Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow,
 faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear,
 part - ing day Hence - forth may see Some work of love be - gun,
 grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see

Something for Jesus.

My heart - fill it's vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
 Thy wondrous love de - clare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Something for Thee.
 Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Something for Thee.
 My ransomed soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee.

331

What Did He Do?

Dr. J. M. GRAY.

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W. OWEN.

1. O lis - ten to our wondrous sto - ry, Counted once a - mong the lost;
 2. No an - gel could His place have tak - en, High - est of the high tho' he;
 3. Will you sur - ren - der to this Sav - iour? To His sceptre hum - bly bow?

Yet, One came down from heaven's glo - ry Sav - ing us at aw - ful cost!
 The loved One on the cross for - sak - en Was one of the God - head three!
 You, too shall come to know His fav - or, He will save you, save you now.

CHORUS.

Who saved us from e - ter - nal loss? What did He do?
 Who but God's Son up - on the cross? He

Where is He now? In heav - en in - ter - ced - ing!
 died for you? Be - lieve it thou, In heav - en in - ter - ced - ing!

S. FILLMORE-BENNETT

Used by permission.

JOS. P. WEBSTER.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a-far;
 2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The mel-o - di-ous songs of the blest,
 3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa-ther a-bove, We will of - fer our trib-ute of praise.

For the Fa-ther waits o-ver the way, To pre-pare us a dwelling-place there.
 And our spir-its shall sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.
 For the glo - ri-ous gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days.

CHORUS.

In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
 In the sweet by-and-by, by-and-by,

In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.
 in the sweet, by-and-by.

A. H. A.

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ALFRED H. ACKLEY.

1. In the morn-ing, Lord, I come For Thy dai - ly bless - ing;
 2. May my pray'r for grace di - vine, Breath'd in deep con - tri - tion,
 3. Where the poor and lone - ly dwell. In Thy foot-steps lead me;
 4. Seal my life with pure in - tent, Vain de - sire sup-press - ing;

Let my soul be filled with love, Naught but Thee pos - sess - ing.
 Sanc - ti - fy my heart a - new To life's ho - ly mis - sion.
 I would strive this day to win Way-ward souls that need Thee.
 Crown the la - bor of to - day With Thy rich - est bless - ing.

RAY PALMER.

(OLIVET.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine!
 2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in - spire!
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide;

Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt a - way; Oh, let me
 As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and
 Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a - way, Nor let me

from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
 changeless be—A liv - ing fire!
 ev - er stray From Thee a - side.

- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour! then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove;
 Oh, bear me safe above—
 A ransomed soul!

(HARWELL. 8s & 7s. D.)

1. { Hark! ten thousand harps and voic - es Sound the note of praise a - bove; }
 { Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joic - es: Je - sus reigns, the God of love: }

D.C.—Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

See He sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
 See He sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.

- 2 King of glory! reign forever;
 Thine an everlasting crown;
 Nothing, from Thy love, shall sever
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine own:
 Happy objects of Thy grace,
 Destined to behold Thy face.

- 3 Saviour! hasten Thine appearing;
 Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away;
 Then, with golden harps we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King!"

THOMAS MOORE.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish; Come to the
 2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
 3. Here see the bread of life; see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the

mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel; Here bring your wound - ed hearts,
 pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure. Here speaks the Com - fort - er,
 throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love;

here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.
 ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not cure."
 come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor - row but heav'n can re - move.

(DORRANCE. 8s & 7s.)

1. Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend, —
 2. Here I'll sit for - ev - er view - ing Mer - cy's streams in streams of blood,
 3. Tru - ly bless - ed is this sta - tion, Low be - fore His cross to lie, —
 4. Here it is I find my heav - en, While up - on the cross I gaze;
 5. Love and grief my heart di - vid - ing, With my tears His feet I bathe;

Life and health, and peace pos - sess - ing, From the sin - ners dy - ing Friend.
 Pre - cious drops, my soul be - dew - ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
 While I see di - vine com - pas - sion Floating in His lan - guid eye.
 Love I much? I'm much for - giv - en, — I'm a mir - a - cle of grace.
 Con - stant still in faith a - bid - ing, Life de - riv - ing from His death.

Rev. WILLIAM W. WALFORD.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe-ti-tion bear

And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wish-es known;
To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait-ing soul to bless:

D.S.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-tur,n,sweet hour of pray'r.
D.S.—I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee,sweet hour of pray'r.

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief My soul has oft - en found re-lief;
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word,and trust His grace,

Mrs. J. O. YULE.

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JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The tran- qu'il hours steal by On drow - sy wings and slow, And
2. No gath-'ring clouds I see, I hear no ris - ing blast, I
3. Yet wheth - er so or not, O Lord, Thou know-est best, This
4. This night I will lie down In peace be-neath Thine eye: Nor
5. I will lie down to sleep, From ev - 'ry ter - ror free, Nor

o - ver all the peace-ful sky The stars of eve - ning glow.
fold my tired hands rest-ful - ly, As though all storms were past.
night let ev - 'ry anx - ious tho't And trem-b-ling fear have rest.
heed what ills un - seen may frown, Since Thou art ev - er nigh.
wake to trem-ble or to weep, Se - cure, O Lord, in Thee!

340

Awake, My Soul.

MEDLEY.

(LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.)

1. A-wake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
 2. He saw me ru-ined in the fall, Yet loved me not-withstanding all;
 3. Thro' might-y hosts of cru-el foes, Where earth and hell my way op- pose,
 4. When trouble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,

He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
 He saved me from my lost es-tate, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!
 He safe-ly leads my soul a-long, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how strong!
 He near my soul has al-ways stood, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how good!

Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free.
 Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!
 Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how strong.
 Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how good!

341

Jesus Calls Us.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

W. F. JUDE.

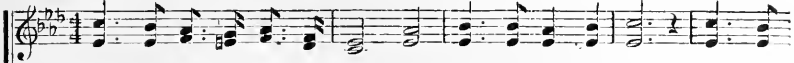
1. Je-sus calls us: o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea,
 2. Je-sus calls us from the wor-ship Of the vain world's golden store;
 3. In our joys and in our sor-rows, Days of toil and hours of ease;
 4. Je-sus calls us: by Thy mer-cies, Sav-iour, make us hear Thy call,

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say-ing, "Christian, fol-low Me."
 From each i-dol that would keep us, Say-ing, "Christian, love Me more."
 Still He calls, in cares and pleas-ures, That we love Him more than these.
 Give our hearts to Thine o-be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

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W. H. DOANE.



1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing
3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me; Whom have



- oth-ers Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
 there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief.
 wounded, brok-en spir-it, Save me by Thy grace. } Sav-iour, Sav-iour,
 I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?



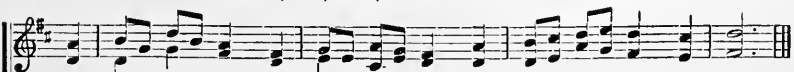
Hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.



(WARWICK. C. M.)



1. A - maz-ing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan-gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease,



- I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
 How pre-cious did that grace ap-pear, The hour I first be-lieved.
 'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 I shall pos-sess with-in the vail A life of joy and peace.



WM. COWPER.

American Melody.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
 2. O Lamb of God! Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r.
 3. For since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
 4. And when this lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave,

And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 Till all the ran-somed church of God Are saved, to sin no more.
 Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 Then, in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;
 Are saved to sin no more, Are saved to sin no more;
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;
 I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save:

345 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

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A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-er-

last-ing arms; What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine, Lean-ing on the
 last-ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Lean-ing on the
 last-ing arms; I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Lean-ing on the

Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

CHORUS.

ev-er-last-ing arms. Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and secure from
 Lean-ing on Je-sus, lean-ing on Je-sus,
 all alarms; Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
 Lean-ing on Je-sus, leaning on Je-sus,

346 Is My Name Written There?

M. A. K.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I care not for rich-es, Neith-er sil-ver nor gold; I would
 2. Lord, my sins they are ma-ny, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy
 3. Oh, that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With its man-sions of light, With its
 make sure of heav-en, I would en-ter the fold; In the book of Thy
 blood, O my Sav-iour, Is suf-fi-cient for me; For Thy prom-ise is
 glo-ri-fied be-ings, In pure gar-ments of white; Where no e-vil thing
 king-dom, With its pag-es so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-iour,
 writ-ten In bright let-ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
 com-eth To de-spoil what is fair; Where the an-gels are watch-ing,
 D.S.—In the book of Thy king-dom,
 FINE. REFRAIN. D.S.
 Is my name written there?
 I will make them like snow." } Is my name written there, On the page white and fair?
 Is my name written there?
 Is my name written there?

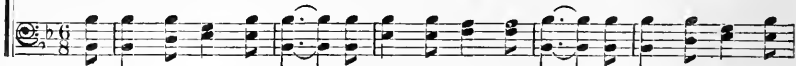
347 One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

PHOEBE CAREY.

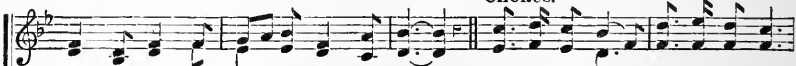
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



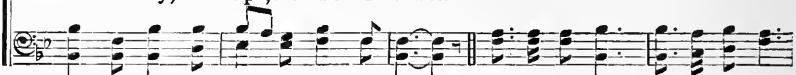
1. One sweet-ly sol-ern tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er, I'm near-er home to -
2. Near-er my Father's house, Where many mansions be; Near-er the great white
3. Near-er the bound of life, Where burdens are laid down; Nearer to leave the
4. Be near me when my feet Are slipping o'er the brink; For I am near-er



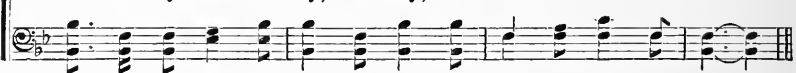
CHORUS.



day, to-day, Than I have been be - fore.
 throne to-day, Near-er the crys - tal sea.
 cross to-day, And near-er to the crown. } Nearer my home, Nearer my home,
 home to-day, Per - haps, than now I think.



Near - er my home to-day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.

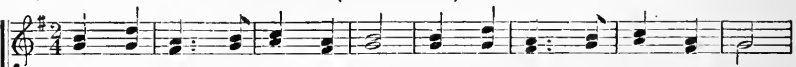


348 Depth of Mercy!

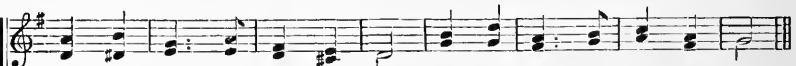
CHARLES WESLEY.

(PLEYEL. 7s.)

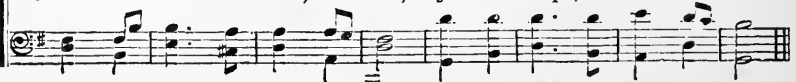
IGNACE PLEYEL.



1. Depth of mer - cy can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me ?
2. I have long withstood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face;
3. Now in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins la - ment;
4. Kin - dled His re - lent - ings are; Me He now de - lights to spare;
5. There for me the Sav - iour stands, Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;



Can my God His wrath for - bear, — Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare ?
 Would not heark - en to His calls; Grieved Him by a thou - sand falls.
 Now my foul re - volt de - plore, Weep, be - lieve, and sin no more.
 Cries, 'how can I give thee up?' Lets the lift - ed thun - der drop.
 God is love! I know, I feel; Je - sus weeps, and loves me still.



Come, My Soul.

JOHN NEWTON.

(HENDON. 7s.)

1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus loves to
 2. Lord, I come to Thee for rest; Take pos - ses - sion
 3. While I am a pil - grim here, Let Thy love my
 4. Show me what I have to do; Ev - 'ry hour my

an - swer pray'r; He Him - self in - vites thee near, Bids thee
 of my breast; There Thy blood-bought right main - tain, And with -
 spir - it cheer; As my guide, my guard, my friend, Leads me
 strength re - new; Let me live a life of faith, Let me

ask Him, waits to hear, Bids thee ask Him, waits to hear.
 out a ri - val reign, And with - out a ri - val reign.
 to my jour - ney's end, Leads me to my jour - ney's end.
 die Thy peo - ple's death, Let me die Thy peo - ple's death.

Jesus Shall Reign.

I. WATTS.

(DUKE STREET. L. M.)

J. HATTON.

1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Doth his suc - ces - sive journeys run;
 2. To Him shall end - less pray'r be made, And praises throng to crown His head;
 3. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue, Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
 4. Blessings a - bound where'er He reigns; The pris - ner leaps to burst his chains,
 5. Let ev - 'ry crea - ture rise and bring Pe - cu - liar hon - ours to our King;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 His Name like sweet per - fume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
 And in - fant voic - es shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His Name.
 The wea - ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
 An - gels de - scend with songs a - gain, And earth re - peat the loud A - men.

351 The Son of God Goes Forth.

REGINALD HEBER.

Dr. H. S. OUTLER

1. The Son of God goes forth to war A king-ly crown to gain:
 2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
 3. A no-ble ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,

His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far, Who fol-low in His train?
 Who saw His Mas-ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
 A-round the Saviour's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed;

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umph-ant o-ver pain;
 Like Him, with par-don on his tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain,
 They climb'd the steep as-cent of heav'n Thro' per-il, toil and pain:

Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train.
 He pray'd for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in His train?
 O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train!

352 Now the Day is Over.

Rev. S. BARING-GOULD.

J. BARNBY.

1. Now the day is o-ver, Night is draw-ing nigh, Shad-ows of the
 2. Je-sus, give the wea-ry Calm and sweet re- pose; With Thy tend'rest

eve-ning Steal a-cross the sky.
 bless-ing May our eye-lids close.

- 3 Through the long night-watches,
 May Thine angels spread
 Their white wings above me,
 Watching round my bed.
 4 When the morning wakens
 Then may I arise,
 Pure, and fresh, and sinless
 In Thy holy eyes.

353 Work, for the Night is Coming.

ANNIE L. WALKER.

L. MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the
 2. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest
 3. Work, for the night is com-ing, Un-der the sun-set skies; While their bright

dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs. Work when the day grows brighter,
 hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev-'ry fly-ing min-ute,
 tints are glow-ing, Work for day-light flies, Work till the last beam fad-eth,

Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
 Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
 Fad-eth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

354 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

HANDEL.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode;
 2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
 3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend:
 4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways,
 5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n

The Church our blest Re-deem - er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
 Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
 Her sweet com - mu - nion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
 The bright-est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of heav'n.

My Saviour.

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DORA GREENWELL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am not skill'd to understand, What God hath will'd, what God hath plann'd;
 2. I take Him at His word indeed: "Christ died for sinners," this I read;
 3. That He should leave His place on high, And come for sin-ful man to die,
 4. And O that He ful-filled may see The tra-vail of His soul in me,
 5. Yea, liv-ing, dy-ing, let me bring My strength, my solace from this spring.

I on-ly know at His right hand Is One who is my Sav-iour!
 For in my heart I find a need Of Him to be my Sav-iour!
 You count it strange?—so once did I, Be-fore I knew my Sav-iour!
 And with His work con-tent-ed be, As I with my dear Sav-iour!
 That He who lives to be my King Once died to be my Sav-iour!

While Shepherds Watched.

N. TATE.

(CHRISTMAS. O. M.)

G. F. HANDEL.

1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night All seated on the ground,
 2. "Fear not," said he,—for might-y dread Had seized their troubled mind,—
 3. "To you, in Da-vid's town this day, Is born of Da-vid's line,
 4. "The heav'n-ly babe you there shall find, To hu-man view dis-played,

The an-gel of the Lord came down And glo-ry shone a-round,
 "Glad ti-dings of great joy I bring, To you and all man-kind,
 The Sav-iour, who is Christ, the Lord, And this shall be the sign;—
 All mean-ly wrapped in swathing bands, And in a man-ger laid,

And glo-ry shone a-round.
 To you and all man-kind.
 And this shall be the sign.
 And in a man-ger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, who thus
 Addressed their joyful song.—

6 "All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace;
 Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
 Begin, and never cease!"

F. J. CROSBY.

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Anon.

1. Lord, at Thy mer - cy-seat Hum-bly I fall; Plead-ing Thy
 2. Tears of re - pent - ant grief Si - lent - ly fall; Help Thou my
 3. Still at Thy mer - cy-seat Sav - iour, I fall; Trust-ing Thy

prom - ise sweet, Lord, hear my call; Now let Thy work be - gin,
 un - be - lief, Hear Thou my call; Oh, how I pine for Thee!
 prom - ise sweet, Heard is my call; Faith wings my soul to Thee;

Oh, make me pure within, Cleanse me from ev - 'ry sin, Je - sus, my all.
 'Tis all my hope and plea: Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.
 This all my song shall be, Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.

358 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

(ROCKINGHAM, L. M.)

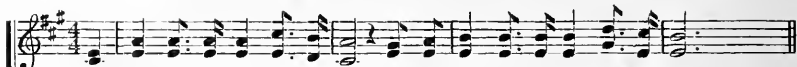
WEBBE.

1. When I sur - vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
 4. His dy - ing crim - son, like a robe, Spreads o'er His bod - y on the tree;
 5. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were an of - fering far too small;

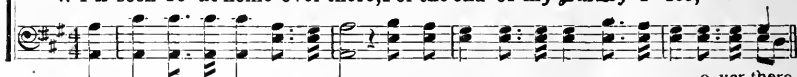
My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet? Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 Then I am dead to all the globe, And all the globe is dead to me.
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

The Home Over There.

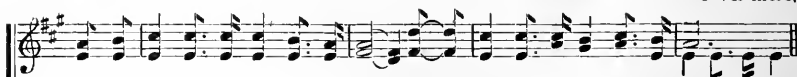
TULLIUS C. O'KANE.



1. Oh, think of the home over there, By the side of the riv- er of light,
2. Oh, think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod,
3. My Saviour is now over there, There my kindred and friends are at rest;
4. I'll soon be at home over there, For the end of my journey I see;



o- ver there,



Where the saints, all immortal and fair, Are rob'd in their garments of white.
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God.
 Then a-way from my sorrow and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.
 Ma - ny dear to my heart, o-ver there, Are watching and waiting for me.

over there.



REFRAIN.

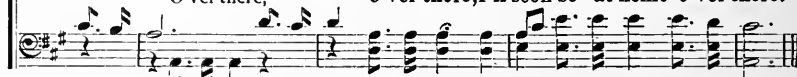


O- ver there, o- ver there, Oh, think of the home o- ver there;
 Oh, think of the friends o- ver there;
 My Saviour is now o- ver there;
 I'll soon be at home o- ver there;

over there;



O- ver there, o- ver there, o- ver there, Oh, think of the home o- ver there.
 Oh, think of the friends o- ver there.
 My Saviour is now o- ver there.
 I'll soon be at home o- ver there.



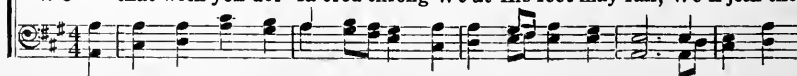
All Hail the Power.

EDWARD FERRONET.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je- sus' name, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the
2. Crown Him, ye morning stars of light, Who fix'd this earthly ball; Now hail the
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, To Him all
4. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall; We'll join the



All Hail the Power.—Concluded.

roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
 strength of Israel's might, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
 maj - es - ty ascribe, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
 ev - er - lasting song, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

361

Faithful Guide.

M. M. WELLS.

FINE

1. Ho - ly Spir - it faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side;
 2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,
 3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease,

D. C.—Whisp'ring soft - ly, wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.

Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land;
 Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear,
 Noth - ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names were there;

D. C.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
 When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing nought but Je - sus' blood;

362

Take My Life, and let it Be.

(Tune above.)

- 1 Take my life, and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
 Take my moments and my days,
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise;
 Take my hands, and let them move
 At the impulse of Thy love;
 Take my feet, and let them be
 Swift and beautiful for Thee.
- 2 Take my voice, and let me sing
 Always, only, for my King;
 Take my lips, and let them be
 Filled with messages from Thee;

- Take my silver and my gold,
 Not a mite would I withhold;
 Take my intellect, and use
 Every power as Thou shalt choose.
- 3 Take my will, and make it Thine,
 It shall be no longer mine;
 Take my heart, it is Thine own,
 It shall be Thy royal throne;
 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
 At thy feet its treasure-store;
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for Thee.

—F. R. Havergal.

E. H. STOKES.

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JNO. R SWENEY.

1. Ho - ver o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
 2. Thou canst fill me, gra - cious Spir - it, Though I can - not tell Thee how;
 3. I am weak - ness, full of weak - ness, At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
 4. Cleanse and com - fort, bless and save me, Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow,

Fill me with Thy hallowed pres - ence, Come, O come, and fill me now.
 But I need Thee, great - ly need Thee, Come, O come, and fill me now.
 Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
 Thou art com - fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

D.S.—Fill me with Thy hallowed pres - ence, Come, O come, and fill me now.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come, and fill me now;

364 Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

A. REED.

GOTTSCHALK.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
 2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
 3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my darkness in - to day.
 Long hath sin with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
 Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wounded, bleed - ing heart.
 Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol - throne, Reign supreme—and reign a - lone.

P. P. B.

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P. P. BLISS.

1. More ho-li-ness give me, More striv-ing with-in; More pa-tience in
 2. More grat-i-tude give me, More trust in the Lord; More pride in His
 3. More pu-ri-ty give me, More strength to o'er-come; More free-dom from

suf-f'ring, More sor-row for sin; More faith in my Sav-iour,
 glo-ry, More hope in His word; More tears for His sor-rows,
 earth-stains, More long-ings for home; More fit for the king-dom,

rit.
 More sense of His care; More joy in His ser-vice, More pur-pose in pray'r.
 More pain at His grief; More meekness in tri-al, More praise for re-lief.
 More used would I be; More bless-ed and ho-ly, More, Saviour, like Thee.

366 'Tis Midnight; and on Olive's Brow.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

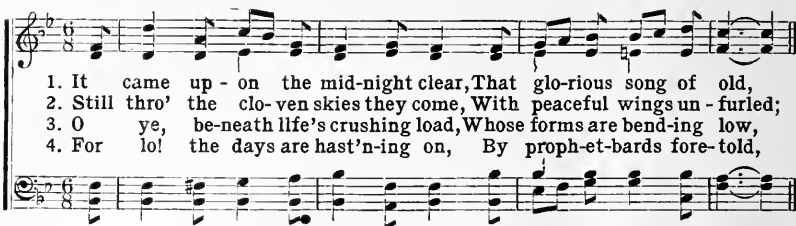
1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol-ive's brow, The star is dimm'd that lately shone;
 2. 'Tis midnight; and from all removed, The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
 3. 'Tis midnight; and for oth-ers' guilt The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
 4. 'Tis midnight; and from eth-er-plains Is borne the song that an-gels know;

'Tis midnight; in the gar-den, now, 'The suff'ring Sav-iour prays a-lone.
 Ev'n that dis-ci-ple whom He lov'd Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.
 Yet He that hath in an-guish knelt, Is not for-sak-en by His God.
 Un-heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

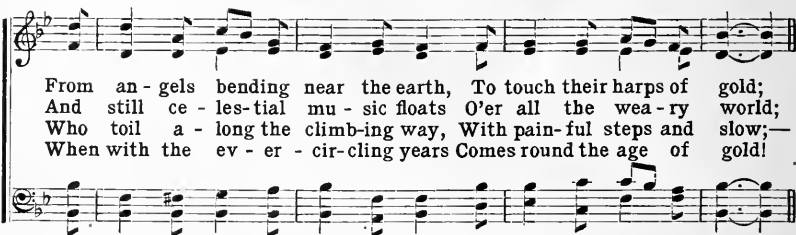
367 It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

EDMUND H. SEARS.

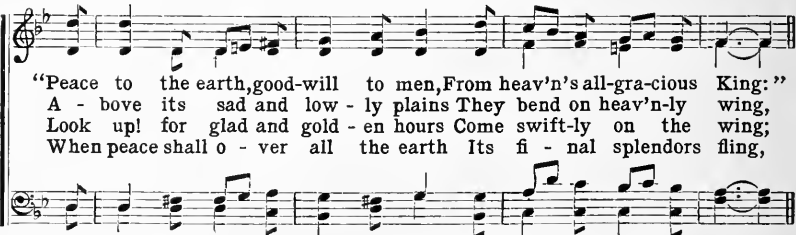
RICHARD S. WILLIS.



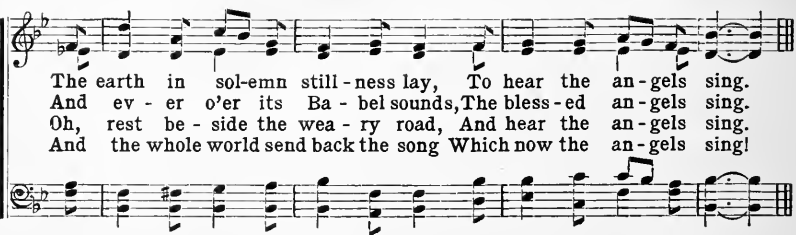
1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo-ri-ous song of old,
 2. Still thro' the clo-ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un - furled;
 3. O ye, be-neath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bend-ing low,
 4. For lo! the days are hast'n-ing on, By proph-et-bards fore-told,



From an-gels bend-ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold;
 And still ce - les-tial mu - sic floats O'er all the wea-ry world;
 Who toil a - long the climb-ing way, With pain-ful steps and slow;
 When with the ev - er - cir-cling years Comes round the age of gold!



"Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all-gra-cious King:"
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on heav'n-ly wing,
 Look up! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift-ly on the wing;
 When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its fi - nal splendors fling,

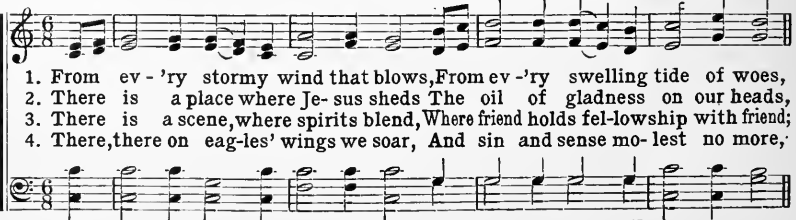


The earth in sol-lemn still-ness lay, To hear the an-gels sing.
 And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds, The bless-ed an-gels sing.
 Oh, rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an-gels sing.
 And the whole world send back the song Which now the an-gels sing!

368 From Every Stormy Wind.

HUGH STOWELL.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. From ev - 'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swelling tide of woes,
 2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads,
 3. There is a scene, where spirits blend, Where friend holds fel-lowship with friend;
 4. There, there on eag-les' wings we soar, And sin and sense mo - lest no more;

From Every Stormy Wind.—Concluded.

There is a calm, a sure retreat—'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy - seat.
 A place, than all besides, more sweet—It is the blood-bought mer-cy - seat.
 Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A - round one common mer-cy - seat.
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo-ry crowns the mer-cy - seat.

369 I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

CHARLES WESLEY.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.

1. I know that my Re - deem-er lives, And ev - er prays for me:
 2. I find Him lift - ing up my head; He brings sal - va - tion near:
 3. He wills that I should ho - ly be: What can with-stand His will?
 4. Je - sus, I hang up - on Thy word: I stead-fast-ly be-lieve

A to - ken of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
 His pres - ence makes me free in - deed, And He will soon ap - pear.
 The coun - sel of His grace in me He sure - ly shall ful - fill.
 Thou wilt re - turn, and claim me, Lord, And to Thy-self re - ceive.

370 There is a Fold.

JOHN EAST.

HOWARD W. GREATOREX.

1. There is a fold whence none can stray And pas-tures ev - er green,
 2. Far up the ev - er - last-ing hills In God's own light it lies;
 3. One nar-row vale, one darksome wave, Di - vides that land from this:
 4. Far from this guilt - y world to be Ex - empt from toil and strife—

Where sul - try sun, or storm-y day, Or night is nev - er seen.
 His smile its vast di - mension fills With joy that nev - er dies.
 I have a Shep-herd pledg'd to save And bear me home to bliss.
 To spend e - ter - ni - ty with Thee—My Sav-iour, this is life!

371

Gloria Patri, No. 1.

CHARLES MEINEKE.

Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it

was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen, Amen.

372

Gloria Patri, No. 2.

Gregorian.

{ Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost; }
{ As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end, A- men. }

373

Doxology.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

374 All People That on Earth Do Dwell.

PSALM 100.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth; His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.</p> <p>2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.</p> | <p>3 O enter then His gates with joy;
Within His courts His praise proclaim.
Let thankful songs your tongues employ;
O bless and magnify His name.</p> <p>4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

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Responsive Readings

The Love of God

The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love:

Therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee.

Thy Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; He will save,
He will rejoice over thee with joy;

He will rest in His love, He will joy over thee with singing.

O righteous Father, the world hath not known Thee:

But I have known Thee, and these have known that Thou has sent me.

And I have declared unto them Thy name, and will declare it:

That the love wherewith Thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them.

Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God;

And every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.

He that loveth not knoweth not God;

For God is love.

In this was manifested the love of God toward us,

Because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him.

Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us,

And sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.

Beloved, if God so loved us,

We ought also to love one another.

No man hath seen God at any time.

If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us.

For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son,

That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

For when we were yet without strength,

In due time Christ died for the ungodly.

For scarcely for a righteous man will one die:

Yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die.

But God commendeth His love towards us,

In that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

Salvation by Faith

As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness,
Even so must the Son of Man be lifted up:

That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish,
But have eternal life.

For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son,
That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but
have everlasting life.

He that believeth on Him is not condemned:
But he that believeth not is condemned already, because he
hath not believed in the name of the only begotten
Son of God.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth My word, and
believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life,
and shall not come into condemnation;
But is passed from death unto life.

For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ:
For it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that
believeth.

For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to
faith:
As it is written, The just shall live by faith.

For what saith the Scripture?
Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for
righteousness.

By grace are ye saved through faith;
And that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God.

Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through
this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins:
And by Him all that believe are justified from all things,
from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses.

Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see
Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable
and full of glory:

Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your
souls.

What must I do to be saved?
Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.

Obedience

If ye love Me, keep My commandments.

If ye keep My commandments, ye shall abide in My love;

Even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in His love.

He that hath My commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me:

And he that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him.

If a man love Me, he will keep My words:

And My Father will love him, and we will come unto Him, and make our abode with Him.

Ye are My friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.

And hereby we do know that we know Him, if we keep His commandments.

By this we know that we love the children of God,

When we love God, and keep His commandments.

For this is the love of God that we keep His commandments:

And His commandments are not grievous.

And whatsoever we ask, we receive of Him,

Because we keep His commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in His sight.

If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.

Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only.

And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men.

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

He that keepeth the commandment keepeth his own soul;

But he that despiseth his ways shall die.

The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him,

And His righteousness unto children's children;

To such as keep His covenant, and to those that remember His commandments to do them.

Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life,

And may enter in through the gates into the city.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep His commandments:

For this is the whole duty of man.



